Question 1

OSHO,

SEEING AND HEARING YOU SPEAK, ONE THING CONTINUES TO STRIKE ME: FROM YOUR EARLIEST CHILDHOOD, UP UNTIL THE LATEST SPLIT SECOND, YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD SO MUCH SELF-RESPECT AND SO MUCH SELF-DELIGHT. ARE WE ALL CAPABLE OF SO MUCH?

MAN is not aware of what he is capable unless he comes to realize it.

It is just like a small young bird. The bird, sitting in the shelter the mother and the father have made, watches them fly, can see the delight of their flight. He himself would also like to fly in the same way, be on the wing in the infinite sky, under the sun. Seeing them going higher, moving with the winds, a great urge arises in him also. But he is not aware that he is capable of the same flight, the same delight, the same dance. He is not even aware that he has wings.

It takes a little time for the mother and the father to persuade him. And they have a certain methodology to persuade him. The mother may sit just a little higher on another branch and give a call to the child. The child tries to fly but is afraid he may fall. But the mother goes on calling him; that gives him confidence. Sometimes it is needed for the father to actually push him out of the shelter. There is fear, he is nervous, but one thing is certain: for the first time he knows he has wings.

He flutters his wings. He does not know how to fly, but the mother is not far away; he manages to reach her -- the miracle has happened.

Now the mother's call will be coming from a second tree, and then the call will be coming from a far-off forest. But once he knows that he has wings, then distances don't matter. Slowly there is no need for the mother to call or the father to push him.

One day comes when he simply says goodbye to his father and mother and flies and never comes back. He has become an individual on his own.

Whatever you see in me, feel in me, is there in you, but only as a potential. Nobody has called you from a distance and given you the confidence that you have wings. Nobody has pushed you and of course in the beginning it will look as if he is your enemy, pushing you to your death: you will fall! But unless you are pushed, and you see that by fluttering your wings you remain in the air and you don't fall.... Then a great potential has become actual: the first vision of your own flying. Now it is no longer a dream, you can realize it.

This is the problem -- that man is not as alert as the birds are, that the child has to be made aware of his potentiality.

Man's misfortune is this -- that the father is not interested in the child's potentiality. He is interested in his own investment. He would like the child to be part of his business, of his religion, of his politics, of his ideology. The mother is not interested in the child's development because that's an unknown factor.

It is not as simple as a bird's; man is a complex being, multi dimensional. The child is capable of becoming so many things, but the mother has her own investment -- she would like the child to become someone in particular. I

Man's parents, because of their own investment -- business, politics, religion, philosophy -- are less interested in the potential of the child. They are more interested in how to mold the child so that he fits in their world, becomes respectable in their world, is not an outcast, is not a misfit.

All this arises out of good intentions, but the result is not good. It is almost slaughtering the child, destroying, killing him. Most of his potential will always remain only potential. He will never be even aware what treasures he has brought with his life. He wi!l die, and those treasures will remain unopened.

He lived his whole life according to somebody else's dictates: he lived a borrowed life. He smiled because it was expected; he paid respect to people because that was what he was taught. He went to the church, to the synagogue, to the temple because his parents were going there, everybody else was going there. This was the thing to do, this was the in thing.
With me something went wrong from the very beginning.
The reason was that for seven years I was not with my parents, I lived with my maternal grandfather and grandmother.

Those two old persons had no investment -- they simply loved me. They knew perfectly well that sooner or later I would be gone, I was only a guest. You don't start investing in a guest -- tomorrow morning he will be gone. They acted out of a space which parents cannot. That's where things went wrong with me. They allowed me total freedom to be myself because they had no desire to mold me. In fact, they wanted me to go back to my parents, so whatsoever my parents wanted me to become I would be available. My maternal grandfather actually said to me many times, "Our whole effort is to return you to your parents the same clean slate as they gave us. We don't want to write anything on you. Who knows? -- it may be against your parents' wishes. You belong to them, to us you are a guest: all that we can do is give you freedom, our love, space to grow."
But the first seven years are the most important in life; never again will you have that much opportunity. Those seven years decide your seventy years, all the foundation stones are laid in those seven years. So by a strange coincidence I was saved from my parents -- and by the time I reached them, I was almost on my own, I was already flying. I knew I had wings. I knew that I didn't need anybody's help to make me fly. I knew that the whole sky is mine.
I never asked for their guidance, and if any guidance was given to me I always retorted, "This is insulting.

Do you think I cannot manage it myself? I do understand that there is no bad intention in giving guidance -- for that I am thankful -- but you do not understand one thing, that I am capable of doing it on my own. Just give me a chance to prove my mettle. Don't interfere."
In those seven years I became really a strong individualist: hard-core. Now it was impossible to put any trip on me.
I used to pass through my father's shop, because the shop was in front -- at the back was the house where the family lived. That's how it happens in India: house and shop are together so it is easily manageable. I used to pass through my father's shop with closed eyes.
He asked me, "This is strange. Whenever you pass through the shop into the house, or from the house" -- it was just a twelve foot space to pass -- "you always keep your eyes closed. What ritual are you practising?"
I said, "I am simply practicing so that this shop does not destroy me as it has destroyed you. I don't want to see it at all; I am absolutely uninterested, totally uninterested." And it was one of the most beautiful cloth shops in that city -- the best materials were available there -- but I never looked to the side, I simply closed my eyes and passed by.I
He said, "But in opening your eyes there is no harm."
I said, "One never knows -- one can be distracted. I don't want to be distracted by anything."

Naturally, he wanted me -- I was his eldest son -- he wanted me to help him. He wanted me, after my education, to come and take charge of the shop. The shop he had managed well; it had become a big place, slowly, slowly. He said, "Of

course, who else is going to look after it? I will be getting old; do you want me continually to be here?"
I said, "No, I don't, but you can retire. You have your younger brothers who are interested in the shop, in fact too interested -- even afraid that you may give the shop to me. I have told them,'Don't be afraid of me; I am no one's competitor.' Give this shop to your younger brothers."
But in India the tradition is that the eldest son inherits everything. My father was the eldest son of his father; he inherited everything. All that he had now was for me to take care of Naturally he was worried... but there was no way. He tried in every possible way, somehow to get me interested.
He would say to me, "Even if you become a doctor you cannot earn as much in the whole month as I can earn in a day. If you become an engineer, what salary are you going to get? If you become a professor -- I can hire your professors, no problem. And you know there are so many thousands of graduates, post-graduates, Ph.D.s, unemployed."
First he tried to persuade me not to go to the university because he was very much afraid that it would make me absolutely independent for six years -- going far away.

Then he would not even be able to keep an eye on me. He had already been regretting that for seven years he left me with my mother's parents.
I told him, "Don't be afraid. What has to happen has happened: I am really graduated. Those seven years.... No university is needed to corrupt me; I am corrupted completely -- out of your hands. And these means of persuasion -- salaries, respect, money -- I don't give any value to them. And I am not going to become a doctor or an engineer, so don't be worried. In fact, I am going to remain a vagabond my whole life."
He said, "That is even worse! It is better you be come an engineer or you become a doctor, but vagabond? -- that is a new profession. You have got some mind to find such things. You want to become a vagabond! Even those who are vagabonds feel humiliated if you say,'You are a vagabond,' but you are telling your own father that all your life you want to be just a vagabond."
I said, "That is what is going to be."
Then he started saying, "Then why do you want to go to the university?"
I said, "I want to be an educated vagabond, not a vagabond out of weakness. I don't want to do anything in my life out of weakness: because I could not be anything, that's why I am a vagabond -- that is not my way. First I want to prove to the world that I can be anything that I want to be, Still I choose to be a vagabond -- out of strength.

Then there is respectability even if you are a vagabond, because respectability has nothing to do with your vocation, your profession; respectability has something to do with you are acting out of strength, clarity, intelligence.
"So be perfectly aware that I am not going to the university to be able to find some good job; I am not born to do such stupid things. And there are so many to do those things. But a very cultured, sophisticated, educated vagabond is very much needed because you don't see any around. There are vagabonds but they are just third-grade people, they are failures. I want first to be absolutely successful and then to kick all that success and just be a vagabond."
He said, "I cannot understand your logic, but if you have decided to be a vagabond I know that there is no way to change you."
Those seven years... he reminded me again and again, That was our basic fault. That was the time we could have managed to make you something of worth. But your Nana and your Nani, those two old fellows destroyed you completely."

And after my Nana's death, my Nani never went back to the village; she was so heartbroken. I have seen thousands of couples very intimately because I have been staying with so many families, wandering around India, but I could never find anybody who could be compared with those two old people: they really loved each other.

When my Nana died, my Nani -- my maternal grandmother -- wanted to die with him. It was a difficult task to prevent her. She wanted to sit on the funeral pyre with her husband. She said, "My life is gone -- now what is the point of being alive?" Everybody tried, and by that time.... This is an ancient tradition in India called suttee.
The word suttee means the woman who dies sits on the funeral pyre, alive, with her dead husband. The word suttee means truthfulness. Sut means "truth," also "being"; suttee means "who has a true being -- whose being is of truthfulness." She has loved the person so deeply that she has become identified with his life; there is no point in her living. But after the British Raj the suttee tradition was declared illegal.
To the Western eye it looked almost like committing suicide; literally it was so. And for almost ninety-nine percent of women who became suttees it was nothing but suicide. But for one percent I cannot say it was suicide. For one percent, to live without the person whom they had loved totally and from whom they had never thought for a single moment to be separated, living was suicide.
But law is blind and cannot make such fine distinctions. What Britishers saw was certainly ugly and had to be stopped. The one percent went on the funeral pyre of their own accord. But it became such a respectable thing that any woman who was not willing to do it.

.. and it was really a very dangerous, torturous way of dying -- just entering the funeral pyre alive!
Ninety-nine percent were not willing to do it but their families, their relatives felt awkward because this meant the woman never loved the man totally. It would be a condemnation of the whole family: the honor of the family was at stake. So what these people did was they forced the woman; and a certain climate was created in which you would not be able to discover that the woman was being forced. She was of course in a terrible state, in a great shock.
She was taken to the funeral pyre and on the funeral pyre so much ghee, purified butter, was poured that there was a cloud of smoke all over the place; you could not see what is happening. Around that cloud there were hundreds of brahmins loudly chanting Sanskrit sutras, and behind the brahmins there was a big band with all kinds of instruments making as much noise as possible -- so to hear the woman screaming or crying or trying to get out of the funeral pyre was impossible. Around the funeral pyre the brahmins were standing with burning torches to push the woman back in.
When Britishers saw this -- this was certainly not only suicide but murder too. In fact, it was murder; the woman was not willing. The whole atmosphere was created so that you could not hear her screams, you could not see that she was trying to escape -- everybody else was out of the circles of brahmins.

When Britishers found out that this was something criminal and ugly, they made it illegal: if any woman tried it and was found out and caught alive, she would be sentenced for her whole life. And anybody who persuaded her -- the family, the priests, the neighbors -- they were also partners in the crime and they would also be punished according to whatsoever part they had played in it.

So the institution slowly slowly disappeared; it had to disappear. But once in a while those one percent of women were always there for whom it didn't matter, because their lives were now a sentence unto death. Why not take the chance of finishing it with your loved one?
So they all tried, everybody, to persuade my Nani not to do it, but she said, "I have nothing to live for. I cannot go back to my village because in that same house where we both lived our whole life for sixty years, I cannot live alone. He will be too much there. I have not eaten a single meal before he did; it will be impossible for me to eat. In the first place, impossible to cook because I used to cook for him; he loved delicious foods and I enjoyed cooking for him. Just to see him delighted was my delight. Now for whom am I going to cook?
"And I have never taken my meal before him. Even if it was very late if he had gone to some other village for some work, or to the court in a faraway town -- I had to wait the whole day, but it was a joy to wait for him.

In sixty years of married life I have not eaten a single meal before him."
That has been a tradition in India: how can you eat unless the person you love and for whom you have cooked and prepared has eaten? Just the other day my mother was saying.... She told me that she had wanted to tell me before but could not gather courage to tell, that day she wanted to say it because it was like a heavy weight on her heart.
I said, "You should have told me before; if just by telling me that weight disappears, why should you keep it?"
She said, "I felt so ashamed to mention it to you, but I cannot bear it any more, for the simple reason that if any day I die, I will die with this heavy weight, so it is better I should tell it."
And what was the matter? The matter was nothing -- to the Western eye it is meaningless. The matter was this, that she had also never eaten before my father, but on the last day, when my father died.... She used to come from the hospital in the night and in the early morning she used to go back. She was just preparing tea before she went to the hospital, just about to take a cup of tea when the phone call came that my father's condition was serious, so without drinking the tea she went to the hospital. He was going up and down the whole day, so she completely forgot about eating.
By the evening my father was better. I went to see him nearabout three, and he was as good as one could hope -- and that was a dangerous signal because it always happens before a man dies that he becomes absolutely okay.

When death is coming, somehow the whole life flame gathers together to face death as the last challenge. That's why before death people become almost cured. It is just like before a flame disappears from the candle: in that last moment before disappearing it burns really bright, and with full vigor, with intensity.
Life is almost a flame. Even scientifically too it is a flame; that's why you need constant oxygen -- oxygen is needed by every flame. If you cover a candle with a glass, soon the candle will be gone because inside the glass there is only a little bit of oxygen. Once that oxygen is burned by the flame, the flame is finished. You need constant oxygen just to keep your flame burning. So scientifically also you are a flame, not only poetically.
When I went to see him at three o'clock he was perfectly cured. He was laughing, sitting up, enjoying himself; and he said to me, "Now I am feeling perfectly good, and I think tomorrow I can come home." I could see what was going to happen. He was going home but he was not coming home.
So I tried to change the subject of home, because it was difficult for me to say, "Yes, tomorrow you are coming home" -- because what I was seeing was that he

was going home that day. But I said, "That is perfectly okay. Why wait for tomorrow? If you are feeling good and there is no problem, and the doctor allows it, you can come today."

And I tried to talk about mundane things. I told him, "We have brought a new, very big car for you. It has come, and whenever you are ready you will be coming home in your own new car."
He was almost childlike as he went deeper into meditation. And he took sannyas only when he had touched the rock bottom of meditation, not before it. People take sannyas to enter into meditation; he waited. My mother took sannyas, my uncles took sannyas, but he waited.
Everybody was asking me, "Why don't you tell your father?" My uncle was saying it, my mother was saying it. I said, "He has never told anything to me, never forced me to do anything. Now this would be absolutely unfair on my part to tell him to do something -- and particularly to take sannyas. Whenever he wants, he will say; I am not going to tell him. And I know he is waiting" -- because he was continuously reporting about his meditation to me: how he was going, what he experienced, for how many seconds his thoughts disappeared and what kind of thoughts came when they came.
Whenever he came to me he was mentioning his meditation -- and that was a clear indication that he was waiting; until he had touched rock bottom he would not say anything about sannyas. And he knew perfectly well that I was not going to say anything.
One day, in the morning... he used to meditate from three o'clock in the night up to six -- three hours.

So just nearabout six, Laxmi came running and said, "Your father wants you immediately, and he also says,'Bring a mala and the sannyas form.' I don't know what has happened to him." He had been sitting for three hours; he was staying in the room where afterwards Laxmi stayed -- in Lao Tzu house in Poona, the same room. He had just come for a few days, so Laxmi had moved out and he was staying there. I went into the room. He said, "Now the time has come: give me sannyas.
After that day he became more and more childlike -- interested in any small thing, just like a child. But that day when I mentioned, "We have brought a very big car for you, perhaps the biggest available in India" -- and you can find the biggest cars in India because elsewhere, all over the world, they have disappeared -- "and now you will not feel any discomfort, any trouble," he took no notice. That was another indication to me that he was feeling something. I left him after ten minutes and I told him, "I will inquire of the doctor, and if you are cured then why wait for tomorrow? -- you come home today."
When my mother saw him he was looking perfectly well. He said that he wanted to go out and sit on the veranda and just see the outside world. After my leaving they took him out. At that time my mother realized that she had not eaten the whole day. She felt so hungry that she told Sohan, or somebody who was there, "I am feeling very hungry, my stomach is almost hurting."

She told my father, "Sohan is coming soon with the food so you eat first -- my stomach is hurting."
But my father said, "I am not feeling like eating. I am feeling so good that I don't want to disturb my body by anything; I simply want to sit and look at the sky. Don't be worried -- you go and eat" -- and she was so hungry that she ate before my father.

This weight she had been carrying -- that for the whole of her life she never ate

before my father, and on the last day she did. As she finished, my father came in and she brought his food: he took one bite and said, "My body doesn't feel to take anything." Within half an hour he was gone; his body came home that night -- he came home in that car that Laxmi had been trying to bring.
But my mother just said the other day, "Relieve me of this pain because this hurts. That last day I completely forgot that he has to eat first."
I said, "Perhaps he could see better, that now you will be eating alone; it will not be possible any longer to give him food first and then eat. So just out of compassion he told you,'You eat, don't be worried. There is nothing in it -- who eats first, and who eats later. It is all the same.'
"My feeling is that he was also feeling that there was not much time left, and then you would have to eat afterwards without giving food to him. He must have been happy to see that you had eaten, that you would not be in the same position as my mother's mother was."

For almost ten or twelve days my grandmother didn't eat. First it was difficult to prevent her from going on the funeral pyre. Finally they all, my whole family, told me, "Only you can persuade her; you have been with her for seven years." And certainly I succeeded. All that I had to do -- I said to her, "You are saying constantly,'For what do I have to live?' Not for me? Just tell me: you don't want to live for me? Then I will tell the whole family that we both are going on the funeral pyre."
She said, "What!"
I said, "Then why am I going to be here? For what? It is good we both go."
She said, "Stop this nonsense. Who has ever heard of a boy, seven years old...? It is not for you, it is for a woman whose husband has died."
I said, "Your husband has died, my Nana has died, and my Nani is going to die -- it is enough reason for me. And anyway, any day I will have to die, so why wait so long? Finish it quickly."
She said, "I know you are mischievous and even though your Nana is dead you are playing a trick on me."
I said, "Then stop harassing the whole family, otherwise I am coming with you."
She agreed that she wouldn't go to the funeral, she would live for me.
She stayed in my father's town, but she was a very independent woman: she did not like the big joint family; my father's brothers, their wives, their children -- it was a huge caravan.

She said, "This is not the place for me. I have lived my whole life with my husband, in silence. Only for seven years were you there, otherwise there has not been much conversation either, because there was nothing to say. We had talked about all those things before, so there was nothing to say -- we just sat silently."
And it was a beautiful place where they lived, facing a very big lake, so they would sit looking at the lake and the water birds flying, coming in thousands in certain seasons. She said, "I would like to live alone." So a house was found for her near the river where she would find some similarity; in this town we had no lake but we had a beautiful river.
The whole day I was in school or roaming around the town or doing a thousand and one things, and at night I always stayed with my Nani. Many times she said, "Your parents may feel bad. We took you from them for seven years, for which they cannot forgive us. We thought that we should return you as clean as we had got you, not trying to impose anything on you. But they are angry; they don't say so but I can feel it and I hear from other people that we spoiled you. And now you don't go to sleep with your father and mother and your family; you come here every night. They will think that the spoiling is continuing -- the old man is gone

but the old woman is still here."
I said to her, "But if I don't come can you really sleep? For whom do you prepare the second bed every night before I come? -- because I do not tell you that tomorrow I will be coming.

About tomorrow, from the very beginning I have been uncertain because who knows what will happen tomorrow? Why do you prepare the second bed? And not only the second bed...."
I had a long habit which Devaraj somehow had to manage to finish; it took him almost two or three years. I had, from my very childhood, as long as I remember, needed sweets before going to bed, otherwise I could not sleep. So she was not only preparing my bed, she used to go out and buy sweets, the sweets that I liked, and she would keep the sweets by my bed so that I could eat; even in the middle of the night if I felt like it again, I could eat. She would put enough so that if you ate the whole night there would be no problem.
I asked her, "For whom do you bring these sweets? -- you don't eat them; since Nana died you have not tasted sweets." My Nana loved sweets. In fact it seems he gave me this idea of sweets; he also used to eat before going to sleep. That is not done in any Jaina family. Jainas don't eat in the night; they don't even drink water or milk or anything. But he lived in a village where he was the only Jaina, so there was no problem. And it is perhaps from him that I got the habit. I don't remember even how I started it: it must have been he, eating and calling me also to join him. I must have joined him, and by and by it became a routine thing. For seven years he trained me!
I could not go to my house for two reasons.

One reason was those sweets -- because in my mother's place it was not possible: there were so many children that if you allowed one child, then all the children would ask. And anyway it was against the religion -- you simply could not even ask. But my difficulty was this, that I could not go to sleep without them. Secondly, I felt, "My Nani must be feeling to be alone, and here it is difficult to be alone so many people, it is always a marketplace. Nobody will be missing me if I am not here" -- nobody ever missed me. They just made certain that I was sleeping with my Nani, then there was no problem.
So even after those seven years I was not under the influence of my parents. It was just accidental that from the very beginning I was on my own. Doing right or wrong -- that was not the important thing, but doing on my own. And slowly slowly, that became my style of life, about everything -- for example, about clothes.
In my town I was the only non-Mohammedan dressed liked a Mohammedan. My father said, "You can do anything but at least don't do this, because I have to live in the society, I have to think of the other children. And from where did you get this idea?"
Mohammedans in my town used instead of the dhoti that Indians use, a certain kind of pajama that is called a salvar. That is used by Pakhtoons in Afghanistan and Pakhtoonistan -- those faraway places near the Himalayas, beyond the Himalayas.

But it is a beautiful pajama, and not made in a miserly way, like a pajama; it has so many folds. If you have a real salvar you can make at least ten pajamas out of it; it has so many folds. Those folds give it its beauty, when they all become gathered. And I wore a long Pakhtoon kurtha -- not an Indian kurtha. The Indian kurtha is short and the sleeves are not very loose. The Pakhtoon kurtha sleeves are very loose and the kurtha is very long; it goes below the knees. And I had got a Turkish cap.

My father used to tell me, "You enter the shop anyway with closed eyes, and with closed eyes you go out. Why don't you use the back door?" He said, "You can come in from the back door, you can go out from the back door; you can have the key to yourself because nobody uses the back door. At least we will be saved the trouble of answering every customer,'Who is the Mohammedan going inside with closed eyes?' And you get these strange ideas. We have a cloth shop -- all kinds of cloths are there, ready-made clothes are there -- you can have any style, but Mohammedan?"
In India, a Mohammedan is the worst thing. I said, "This is why, because all you people think that the Mohammedan is the worst thing. I am protesting against you all, that the dress of the Mohammedan is the best. And you can see it; wherever I go only I am noticed, nobody else is notice&. Whenever I enter the classroom I am noticed; anywhere I go I am immediately noticed."

And the way I was using that dress.... It was a really graceful dress, and with a Turkish cap. The Turkish cap is long and has a tassel of hair hanging by the side; very rich Turkish people use it. I was so small, but that dress helped me in many ways.
I might go to meet the collector, and the man, the peon, guarding the gate would just look at me and he would tell me, "Come on." Seeing that dress.... He would not have allowed me, a small boy, to enter, but, "With this dress he must be a sheik or somebody very important." And even the collector would stand up, seeing my dress. "Sheik" is used for very respectable people, and he would say, "Sheikji, betye -- Sheikji, please sit down."
I told my father, "This dress helps me in so many ways. Just the other day I went to see a minister and he also thought that I am a sheik belonging to some rich Arabian family or Persian family. And you want me to drop this dress and just use a dhoti and kurtha which nobody is going to notice?" I continued to wear that dress up to my matriculation.
They tried hard to stop me, but the harder they tried, the more.... I said, "If you stop trying perhaps I may drop it; while you continue to try I am the last person to drop it."
One day my father put all my salvars and my kurthas and my three Turkish caps in a bundle and went into the godown, the basement, and put them there somewhere where many kinds of things were broken, useless.

I could not find anything, so when I came out of the bathroom I simply went naked, with my eyes closed into the shop. As I was going out my father said, "Wait! Just come in. Take your clothes."
I said, "You bring them, wherever they are."
He said, "I had never thought you would do this. I thought you would look around and search for the clothes; and you would not find them because I had put them in such a place you wouldn't find them. Then naturally you would wear the normal clothes that you are supposed to wear. I never thought that this would be your action."
I said, "I take direct action. I don't believe in unnecessary talk; I didn't even ask anybody where my clothes were. Why should I ask? My nakedness will serve the same purpose."
He said, "You have your clothes, and nobody is going to bother you about your clothes, but please, don't start walking naked because that will create more trouble -- that a cloth-merchant's son has no clothes to wear. You are notorious and you will make us notorious also with you:'Look at the poor child!' Everybody will think that we are not giving you clothes."
Since they had stopped, by the time I passed matriculation I dropped that dress.

As I left the town I changed my dress to be more suited to my college life. I had found that in the first college I went to, the cap was compulsory -- you could not come without a cap.

That was a great idea. You have to come very properly dressed: shoes, buttons closed, with a cap. I went there with no buttons, with no cap, with my wooden sandals -- and immediately I became a celebrity.
The principal immediately called me. He said, "What is this?"
I said, "This is just a way to get introduced to you, otherwise it may take years. Who bothers about a first-year student?"
He said, "You have some idea behind it, but it is not allowed; you will have to wear a cap, and buttons have to be closed."
I said, "You will have to prove to me what the scientific grounds are for wearing a cap. Does it help in any way to increase your intelligence? Then I can even use a turban -- why a cap? -- if it increases your brain power. But the fact is that the most idiots in India are in Punjab, and they use a turban, tied tightly. Perhaps they are the only people in the whole world who use the turban so tightly; their mind is completely imprisoned, finished. And the most intelligent people in India are the Bengalis, who don't use caps." I said, "You just tell me what are the fundamental, scientific reasons that I have to wear a cap."
He said, "This is strange -- nobody ever asked the fundamental, scientific reasons about caps. This is simply our convention in this college."
I said, "I don't bother about convention. If the convention is unscientific and destroys people's intelligence, I am the first to rebel against it.

And soon you will see caps disappearing from the college because I am going to tell people,'Look -- Bengalis have the best intelligence and they don't use caps.'
"In India, two Nobel prizes have gone to Bengal. To Punjab, I don't think ever in the future there is going to be a single Nobel prize. I am going to spread this movement, but if you keep silent and allow me the way I am, I won't create a nuisance; otherwise there will be a movement. You will see bonfires, caps burning, in front of your office."
He looked at me and he said, "Okay, don't create any nuisance, just go on the way you are. But I will be in trouble because sooner or later others are going to ask, 'Why did you allow him?"'
I said, "The fact is that if you are an honest man, you should stop wearing the cap yourself, because you don't have any scientific grounds for it. Otherwise, whosoever comes, tell him to find scientific, fundamental reasons for it -- that in some way it helps intelligence. The college is meant to help people's intelligence; it should be sharpened. In what way does the cap help? It imprisons."
But he said, "At least buttons...."
I said, "I don't like them. I like the air going directly to my chest, I enjoy it; I don't like buttons. And nowhere in your college code is a cap mentioned, so for the cap I need scientific reasons. Nowhere is it mentioned that you have to have buttons."

But nobody there had ever thought that people would come to college without buttons. I said, "You can see: I don't even have the holes for the buttons."

I won the first prize in my first year in an inter-university debate competition, and this principal was very happy. He said, "I knew that you would win because you find proofs and reasons which nobody even suspects exist. But now there is a problem: we need your photograph with the trophy and everything; it is going to be published. The cap I cannot say anything about, leave it; but buttons, without

buttons.... The picture will be going to all the newspapers."
I said, "Then you can stand in my place, with buttons, proper dress and cap. I am not interested. And when I was debating I did not have buttons; I won the trophy without buttons. And in the photo I have to be without the buttons, otherwise you are not being fair. You should have told me there that without buttons I could not participate in the debate.
"You had chosen me to participate out of all the candidates in the college -- at that time also I had no buttons. I participated in the debate, I won the competition; now the trophy is there. If you cannot stand in my place because everybody will recognize that you are the principal, then just hang your coat with the buttons by the side of it. I have no interest in it. But if I am going to stand, I am going to stand the way I am.

Even with the buttons I am not the same person."
He was shocked but he agreed that it was true. Even with buttons it would not be the same person. The personality consists of very small things; just a slight change.... I said, "Just think" -- he had a good mustache -- "if we shave your mustache and tell you, 'Please pose for us because your photo is going to be printed,' would you be willing?"
He said, "But that would not be like me."
I said, "Exactly. With buttons it would not be me."
It went on -- I never missed a single opportunity to sharpen my intelligence. I turned every possible opportunity to sharpening my intelligence, individuality. You can understand now, looking at the whole picture, but in fragments.... The people who had come in contact with me of course were unable to understand what kind of man I am -- crazy, nuts -- but I was going very methodically.
Each fragment may not give you the idea because it is out of context, but if you put it in the whole context.... I was being expelled from one college, another college, but I was enjoying it -- and that's what was shocking to them.
When I was expelled from one college, my first college, it was this same principal who had to expel me. He felt very sorry, because it was not right to expel me; and by and by he had come to have a certain liking for me, for my absolute determination to be myself whatsoever the cost.

He had grown, by and by, a certain respect: "This man can sacrifice anything even for buttons, just for the cap."
He tried to persuade me, "If you wear the cap I guarantee you that you will get the first class first in the intermediate examination, because it is in my hands."
I said, "I would prefer to be failed now, but the cap I am not going to use. I am ready for the consequences: it is in your hands; fail me." But before he could fail or pass me he had to expel me, because one professor insisted he would resign or I had to be expelled. He felt sorry because the professor was just being illogical -- and strangely, he was the professor of logic! He was being absolutely illogical, because all his complaint was, was that I continually argued.
I told the principal, "The class of logic is meant to argue. We have come to learn logic, not to sit there like dodos. And that old fellow goes on saying any absurd thing. I cannot tolerate it. If anything illogical is said in the logic class, I am going to fight, I am going to stand for logic. It is a question of defending logic and its reputation. Just for an ordinary professor I cannot tolerate any illogical thing.
"And this is absolutely illogical: he gives no reason why I should be expelled, what crime I have committed. He just says that I argue -- but is argument a crime? And ask him whether he has been able to answer my argument.

Is it my argument that hurts him or that he cannot answer it?"
He said, "I can understand and I feel sorry for you."

I said, "Never feel sorry for me, because I enjoy being expelled -- it is creditable -- and expelled for no reason at all, expelled for being right. I feel proud.
Don't feel sorry for me, I feel sorry for you all that none of you have guts. You are the principal of the college and you don't have guts. And remember that Life is a very strange phenomenon: today you are in a position of power; tomorrow I may be in a position of power."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I don't mean anything, I am simply saying that one day it is possible you may be in trouble and only I can save you."
He said, "That is almost impossible. What trouble could I be in? Don't try to confuse me." He was already becoming afraid: "What trouble and what power is he talking about?"
I said, "One day, God willing, we will see."
And, strangely, it happened that ten years after that incident I became a professor. One of the colleges near Gwalior was opened by a Jaina family. The family donated all the money, all that the college needed. And they were very much in love with me, so they put me on their managing committee. This principal -- I had completely forgotten about him. Ten years is a long time, and in ten years I had been expelled so many times.

There had been so many principals and vice-chancellors that I had been fighting and fighting; but it went on helping me to become more and more solid, confident.
This principal had lost his job; his was a private college, and the managing committee decided to throw him out, so he applied for this new college. I had no idea. I was on the committee to interview principals and professors for the college. When he came up -- his name was Principal Paranjape... when he came up and saw me sitting in the place of the chairman of the managing committee he started trembling.
I said, "Principal Paranjape, don't be afraid."
Then he said, "Forgive me. What I did with you was absolutely unfair and wrong. Please forget about it."
I said, "There is no question... I cannot forget it, I am going to reward you for it. You are chosen as the principal for this college because you expelled me. Now I cannot in any case not choose you because that would be simply, in your mind, revenge. Although you are not the best candidate -- there are more qualified people than you -- I have to choose you.
"Do you remember, I had said to you that one day things can be just upside down? That day you were sitting in the chair and I was standing in front of you. Today I am sitting in the chair and you are standing in front of me.
"Life is a very strange drama... but I appoint you to be the principal of this college, only because you expelled me.

How can I forget it? Forgive?, that is perfectly okay -- I have forgiven you long ago because no harm has been done to me -- but forget?, that I cannot do. If I forget it you will not be appointed. Now tell me, should I forget it? -- then you cannot be appointed. There are far better candidates, you can see. This is the list: there are Ph.D.s there are D.Litt.s -- you are only a double M.A.

"Your only qualification is that I remember that you expelled me without any reason. Now being the principal of this college don't do any idiotic thing like that."
He could not believe it. In the evening he came to see me where I was staying, in the family who had made this college. He had tears in his eyes; he said, "I cannot believe it! I was certain that I was finished. Seeing you there I had lost all hope. I

have been out of a job for one and a half years -- I am in a terrible state. And you saved me, knowing perfectly well that I have been unfair to you."
I said, "Forget about it. That is your problem -- to be fair or to be unfair -- but it helped me immensely. If you had not expelled me I would not have found a better college, a better principal, better professors. I am really thankful to you."
Actually that was the thing: because of his expulsion I found a better college. But from there also I was expelled, and finally I had to leave Jabalpur because no college was ready to give me admission.

But that was also a great blessing. In my whole life, looking backwards, I find that if you are just a little alert everything turns into a blessing. I don't remember anything in my whole life which turned out to be a curse. All nights have proved to be the beginnings of a brighter day.
When all the colleges refused me, I was living in Jabalpur with one of my father's sisters who was married. She started crying and her husband was in tears. They said, "We have been telling you; why do you unnecessarily get into trouble? And it is not just one college -- in four years how many colleges have there been? And you again do something. It surprises us that whatever you do you are righteous about it. And in fact we cannot say that you are wrong; you are right too. We have never seen such a thing happening to any student -- who is always right and is expelled. If you are wrong and expelled it is understandable." I said, "This is the beauty in my case. I am never wrong; but in this whole wrong society, to be right is to be wrong. Here, wrong is acceptable, right is not acceptable; hence I don't feel that it is any insult. These are all certificates for my character." And that's how it turned out to be.
I moved to another city, Saugar, and gave all my certificates of expulsion to the vice-chancellor of the university. He said, "But why are you telling me all these terrible things?"
I said, "I am telling you: these are my character certificates.

And I don't want to keep you in the dark; first you should know about me, only then give me admission. Otherwise it is safer not to give me admission, rather than expel me later on, because then it will be your responsibility. And you will be condemned for it, because I always do the right thing; perhaps at the right moment, the right thing done rightly is too much, and the people who have been continually doing wrong things freak out. So I am telling you these are my character certificates."
He said, "You are a strange young man but I cannot refuse you, because who else would give such character certificates? And I am the last to think of expelling you, because each time you are right. I am not going to deny you admission."
He gave me admission -- not only admission, he gave me scholarships. He gave me free food, lodging, boarding, everything free. He said, "You should be given all respect, because so much injustice has been done to you."
I told him, "One thing you should remember: you are doing all these things; it is so compassionate of you; but if sometimes a problem arises then I am going to give you a tough time. I will not think of your favors -- that you must keep in your mind -- I cannot be bribed."
He said, "I am not bribing you, these are not bribes. I really am impressed." He was the only person who did not expel me for two years continuously.

And those two years were the hardest for my professors because those were the two last years, the post-graduate years. So many complaints....
But that man, Doctor Tripathi -- he was a very great historian. He was a professor of history at Oxford, and from there, when he retired, he became vice-chancellor of Saugar university. He kept his word.

He simply went on throwing all complaints into the wastepaper basket, although every day when I used to go for a morning walk, passing his house, he would tell me, "So many complaints came yesterday; they are all in the wastepaper basket." And he was so happy that he had been able to keep his word against all odds. It was really difficult for him; there were complaints from students, from superintendents, from the proctor, from professors. But he went on inquiring, "Was he wrong or right?"
One professor was delivering a lecture. He said in his lecture -- it was the anniversary celebration of the founder of the university -- he said, "There was a time when India was known as a golden bird. It was so rich and so religious that there was no need to lock your doors -- locks were not invented even."
I stood up and asked him, "If this is true -- that people were not keeping locks on their houses because there was no question of anybody stealing, of thieves, of criminals -- then why does Gautam Buddha go on continually teaching people, 'Don't steal, don't be a thief'? Do you think you are saner than Gautam Buddha? Mahavira continues, all the teachers from the VEDAS.

... If there was no stealing happening then these people seem to be utterly mad. For forty years Buddha teaches against stealing -- to whom?"
I said, "Take your statement back. I can accept the idea that locks were not invented; that may be the reason why people were not locking their doors. A second reason is: there was nothing to be stolen, people were so poor. And poverty has existed since the days of the VEDAS; it is mentioned in every scripture.
So the only explanation is that people were poor, so poor that what could you steal? -- they had nothing. Moreover, to invent locks some kind of technology is needed -- they don't just grow on trees. The technology was missing. Of course the rich people had no need of locks because they had naked swords guarding their palaces and houses. But guarding against whom? There must have been poverty just on the other side of the road."
He complained. But at the lecture he said, "Okay. I don't want to make this celebration a place of argumentation or discussion. I take my statement back."
I said, "You are not taking it back, you are just trying to save your face. But okay, this will do."
Later he complained, "This man insulted me before the whole university." By chance, when he was complaining I went to see the vice-chancellor for some other reason. I was the prefect of the hostels, and the superintendent of the hostels was continually issuing orders -- of course they had to pass through me.

If I found they were not right I threw them away; if they were right then I pasted them on the board. He was very angry.
He told me, "It is not within your power to throw away my orders."
I said, "You prove that it is not within my power." So I had gone just to explain the whole thing, and that the superintendent would be coming, and that this was the situation: "He issues stupid orders. Now I am not so stupid as to put those orders on the board of the hostel. So either you accept my resignation as a prefect, or when he comes make it clear to him that these orders are stupid and the prefect is doing right."
For example, one order was that exactly at nine all the lights should be out. I said, "This is nonsense. I read up to three o'clock in the night; and I have come to the university to study as much as possible. I am not doing any harm to anybody. I am not going to put my light off at nine o'clock. It will be put off at three o'clock. He can put his lights off at eight o'clock or nine o'clock or whenever he wants. He should put them off forever -- I have no problem.
"And no student has reported that they have any trouble -- because all the

students have their own times and their freedom. Somebody studies up to ten, somebody studies up to twelve. Somebody goes to bed early, gets up early and starts reading at three o'clock; when I am going to sleep he is going to start reading and puts his light on.

Now to change this is nonsense. And I have told the superintendent,'You are trying to control even our sleep. In the day you control us: what to do, how to do it, where to go, where not to go. Even in the night -- soon you will be starting to control our dreams and asking us, "Why did you dream of this?"'"
I told the vice-chancellor, "You are a man of history, you must know that one emperor of Egypt issued an order -- this is an historical fact -- a pharaoh issued an order to the whole kingdom that nobody should enter his dreams. If anybody tried he would be sentenced to death. Naturally, nobody should interfere with his sleep.
"Now, this was a troublesome thing. One of his courtiers appeared the next night in his dream. Immediately he was caught. He tried hard to explain,'I had not gone out of my house.'
The pharaoh said,'That is not the point. Why did you appear in my dream? Who are you to disturb my sleep?' Now, it is the pharaoh's dream, his imagination -- that poor fellow had nothing to do with it; he had not even thought about the pharaoh, but he was given a punishment. Because he was part of the court, of course he was not given the death sentence but just a few years' imprisonment."
I said to the vice-chancellor, "You must remember that. Now this man will soon start ordering,'You have to dream this, you have to dream that'; and 'you should dream only up to this point and then all dreams stop.'

I cannot put up with this kind of nonsense -- students are free. There is no trouble and no problem. Nobody is disturbing anybody."
So I had gone to tell him, "Soon there is going to be trouble and a fight between me and the superintendent. Either you will have to change me or the superintendent; we cannot coexist. And if you remember your word, you have to change the superintendent because he cannot prove that he is right."
At that same time he said, "You see this other professor sitting here -- he says that you disturbed his meeting.
I asked the professor, "You had taken your statement back and I told you that you had not taken it back. If you had taken it back, why are you here, complaining? If you had not taken it back you should have been courageous enough to argue. I cannot sit there just listening to stupid things -- it is insulting to the university. I was not disturbing the meeting. You started the disturbance -- I was trying to put it right."
And the vice-chancellor said to that professor, "Now prove him wrong, because this is my promise to him, that if he is proved wrong only then can any action be taken against him."
But everything helped me. The more I went into conflicts with people of intelligence, education, culture, sharpness, the more I found it immensely helpful... not the textbooks, not the class lectures, but what I used to call -- they don't call them -- extra-curricular activities.

I used to call my activities, extra-curricular; and they were really paying. When on the first day I entered the university's philosophy class, I met Doctor Saxena for the first time. Only for a few professors did I have really great love and respect. These two were my most loved professors -- Doctor S.K. Saxena and Doctor S.S.Roy -- and for the simple reason that they never treated me like a student.
When I entered Doctor Saxena's class the first day, with my wooden sandals, he

looked a little puzzled. He looked at my sandals and asked me, "Why are you using wooden sandals? -- they make so much noise." I said, "Just to keep my consciousness alert."
He said, "Consciousness? Are you trying to keep your consciousness alert in other ways too?"
I said, "Twenty-four hours a day I am trying to do that, in every possible way: walking, sitting, eating, even sleeping. And you may believe it or you may not, that just lately I have succeeded to be aware and alert even in sleep."
He said, "The class is dismissed -- you just come with me to the office." The whole class thought I had created trouble for myself the first day. He took me into his office and took from the shelf his thesis for a doctorate that he had written thirty years before. It was on consciousness. He said, "Take it. It has been published in English, and so many people in India have asked to translate it into Hindi -- great scholars, knowing both languages, English and Hindi, perfectly well.

But I have not allowed anybody, because the question is not whether you know the language well or not; I was looking for a man who knows what consciousness is -- and I can see in your eyes, on your face, by the way you answered... you have to translate this book."
I said, "This is difficult because I don't know English much, I don't know Hindi much either. Hindi is my mother tongue, but I know only as much as everybody knows his mother tongue. And I believe in the definition of the mother tongue. Why is every language called the mother tongue? -- because the mother speaks and the father listens -- and that's how the children learn. That's how I have learned.
"My father is a silent man; my mother speaks and he listens -- and I learned the language. It is just a mother tongue, I don't know much; Hindi has never been my subject of study. English I know just a little bit, and that is enough for your so-called examinations, but for translating a book which is a Ph.D. thesis.... And you are giving it to a student?"
He said, "Don't be worried -- I know you will be able to do it."
I said, "If you trust me, I will do my best. But one thing I must tell you, that if I find something wrong in it then I am going to make an editorial note underneath, putting a star on it, that this is wrong, and how it should be. If I find something missing, I am going to put a star again and a footnote that something is missing, and this is the part that is missing."

He said, "I agree to that. I know there are many things missing in it. But you surprise me: you have not even seen the book, you have not even opened it. How do you know that things will be missing in it?"
I said, "Looking at you... in the way you can see by looking at me, that I am the right person to translate it, I can see perfectly, Doctor Saxena, you are not the right person to write it!"
And he loved that so much that he told it to everybody. The whole university knew about it -- this dialogue that had happened between me and him. In the next two-month summer vacation I translated the book, and I made those editorial notes. When I showed him, there were tears of joy in his eyes.
He said, "I knew perfectly well that something is missing here, but I could not figure it out because I have never practiced it. I was just trying to collect all the information about consciousness in Eastern scriptures. I had collected a lot, and then from that I started sorting it out. It took me almost seven years to finish my thesis." He had done really a great scholarly job -- but only scholarly. I said, "It is scholarly, but it is not the work of a meditator. And I have made all these notes -- that this can be written only by a scholar, not by a meditator."

He looked at all those pages and he said to me, "If you had been one of my examiners for the thesis I would not have got the doctorate! You have found exactly the right places that I was doubtful about, but those fools who examined it were not even suspicious.

It has been praised very much."
He was a professor in America for many years, and his book is really a monumental work of scholarship; but nobody criticized him, nobody has pointed.... So I asked him, "Now what are you going to do with the translation?"
He said, "I cannot publish it. I have found a translator -- but you are more an examiner than a translator! I will keep it but I cannot publish it. With your notes and with your editorial commentary it will destroy my whole reputation -- but I agree with you. In fact," he said, "if it were in my power I would have given you a doctorate just for your editorial notes and footnotes, because you have found exactly the places which only a meditator can find; a non-meditator has no way to find them."
So my whole life from the very beginning has been concerned with two things: never to allow any unintelligent thing to be imposed upon me, to fight against all kinds of stupidities, whatsoever the consequences, and to be rational, logical, to the very end. This was one side, that I was using with all those people with whom I was in contact. And the other was absolutely private, my own: to become more and more alert, so that I didn't end up just being an intellectual.
Intellect and meditation, meeting together, growing together, give you the wholeness of being.
There have been meditators who have not had very grown-up intellects.

They enjoyed their meditation, they were fulfilled, but they were incapable of conveying the message to anyone -- because for that a very sharp intelligence is needed. You will have to cut the whole jungle of the other person's mind, you will have to make a path in the jungle of thoughts. You will need a really sharp, sword-like intelligence.
But if you just create the path, that is not the purpose. A path is meaningless unless there is a traveler.
Intellect can make the path but meditation travels on it.
You ask me, Is that the same potential of all? Yes, absolutely yes. It is everybody's birthright. You have just never tried it.
You have wings but nobody has pushed you.
You have not taken the jump on your own: you are still sitting in the shelter.
The whole sky is yours -- but you are not claiming it.
My function here is to drag you out of your shelter.
Whatever is needed to be done, I am ready to do it If you need a push, good; if you need a hit, good.
I am ready to do anything to give you just a little experience -- to experience that you have wings, then my work is finished.
If you can just flutter from one tree to another, you have got the golden secret in your hands.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS MEDITATION?

IT is the most important question as far as my religion is concerned.

Meditation is the very center of my whole effort.
It is the very womb out of which the new religion is going to be born.
But it is very difficult to verbalize it. To say something about meditation is a contradiction in terms. It is something which you can have, which you can be, but by its very nature you cannot say what it is. Still, efforts have been made to convey it in some way. Even if only a fragmentary, partial understanding arises out of it, that is more than one can expect.
But even that partial understanding of meditation can become a seed. Much depends on how you listen. If you only hear, then even a fragment cannot be conveyed to you, but if you listen.... Try to understand the difference between the two.
Hearing is mechanical. You have ears, you can hear. If you are getting deaf then a mechanical aid can help you to hear. Your ears are nothing but a certain mechanism to receive sounds. Hearing is very simple animals hear, anybody who has ears is capable of hearing -- but listening is a far higher stage.
Listening means: when you are hearing you are only hearing and not doing anything else -- no other thoughts in your mind, no clouds passing in your inner sky -- so whatever is being said reaches as it is being said.

It is not interfered with by your mind; not interpreted by you, by your prejudices; not clouded by anything that, right now, is passing within you -- because all these are distortions.
Ordinarily it is not difficult; you go on managing just by hearing, because the things that you are hearing are common objects. If I say something about the house, the door, the tree, the bird, there is no problem. These are common objects; there is no need of listening. But there is a need to listen when we are talking about something like meditation, which is not an object at all; it is a subjective state. We can only indicate it; you have to be very attentive and alert -- then there is a possibility that some meaning reaches you.
Even if a little understanding arises in you, it is more than enough, because understanding has its own way of growing. If just a little bit of understanding falls in the right place, in the heart, it starts growing of its own accord.
First try to understand the word "meditation." It is not the right word for the state about which any authentic seeker is bound to be concerned. So I would like to tell you something about a few words. In Sanskrit we have a special word for meditation, the word is dhyana. In no other language does a parallel word exist; that word is untranslatable. It has been recognized for two thousand years that this word is untranslatable, for the simple reason that in no other language people have tried it or experienced the state that it denotes; so those languages don't have that word.

A word is needed only when there is something to say, something to designate.
In English there are three words: the first is concentration. I have seen many books written by very well-meaning people but not people who have experienced meditation. They go on using the word "concentration" for dhyana -- dhyana is not concentration. Concentration simply means your mind focused on one point; it is a state of mind. Ordinarily the mind is continuously moving, but if it continuously moves you cannot work with the mind on a certain subject.
For example, in science concentration is needed; without concentration there is no possibility of science. It is not strange that science has not evolved in the East -- I see these deep inner connections -- because concentration was never valued.
For religion something else is needed, not concentration.
Concentration is mind focused on one point. It has its utility, because then you can go deeper and deeper into a certain object.

That's what science goes on doing: finding more and more about the objective world. A man with a mind which is continuously roaming around cannot be a scientist. The whole art of the scientist is that he is capable of forgetting the whole world and putting his whole consciousness on one thing. And when the whole consciousness is poured into one thing then it is almost like concentrating sun rays through a lens: then you can create fire.

Those rays themselves cannot create fire because they are diffused; they are going farther away from each other. Their movement is just the opposite of concentration. Concentration means rays coming together, meeting on one point; and when so many rays meet on one point they have enough energy to create fire. Consciousness has the same quality: concentrate it and you can penetrate deeper into the mysteries of objects.

I am reminded of Thomas Alva Edison -- one of the great scientists of this country. He was working on something so concentratedly that when his wife came with his breakfast she saw that he was so much involved that he had not even heard her coming. He had not even looked at her, he was not aware that she was there, and she knew that this was not the right time to disturb him. "Of course the breakfast will get cold but he will be really angry if I disturb him -- one never knows where he is."

So she simply put the breakfast by his side so that whenever he came back from his journey of concentration he would see the breakfast and take it. But what happened? In the meantime a friend dropped by -- he also saw him so concentrated. He looked at the breakfast getting cold and said, "Better let him do his work. I should finish the breakfast first, it is getting cold." He ate the breakfast and Edison was not even aware that this friend was there and had eaten his breakfast.

When he returned from his concentration, he looked around, saw the friend and saw the empty plates. He told the friend, "Please forgive me. You came a little late and I have already taken my breakfast." Obviously, because the plates were finished somebody had eaten, and who else could have eaten it? He must have! The poor friend could not understand what to do. He was thinking to give him a surprise but this man had given him a bigger surprise: he said, "You came a little late...."

But the wife was watching the whole thing. She came in and she said, "He has not come late, you have come late! He has finished your breakfast. I was watching, but I saw that it was getting cold anyway; at least somebody ate it. You are some scientist! How you manage your science I cannot understand." The wife said, "You don't even know who has eaten your breakfast, and you are asking his apology, 'You came a little late, I am sorry....'"

Concentration is always the narrowing of your consciousness. The narrower it becomes, the more powerful it is. It is like a sword that cuts into any secret of nature: you have to become oblivious of everything. But this is not religion. Many people have misunderstood -- not only in the West, but in the East too. They think that concentration is religion. It gives you tremendous powers, but those powers are of the mind.

For example, the king of Varanasi in India went through an operation in 1920 -- just in this century -- and created news all over the world because of his operation.

He refused to take any anesthetic. He said, "I have taken a vow not to take anything that makes me unconscious, so I cannot be put under chloroform; but

you need not be worried."
It was a major operation -- to remove his appendix. Now, to take out somebody's appendix without giving him anesthetics is really dangerous; you may kill the man. He may not be able to bear the pain, because the pain is going to be terrible. You have to cut his stomach; you have to cut out his appendix, you have to remove it. It will take one hour, two hours -- one never knows in what condition his appendix is.
But he was no ordinary man either -- otherwise they would have forced him -- he was the king of Varanasi. He said to the doctors, "But don't be worried" -- and the best doctors available in India were there; one expert from England was there. They all consulted: nobody was ready to do this operation, but the operation had to be done, otherwise any moment the appendix could kill the man. The state was serious, and both the alternatives seemed to be serious: if you left him without the operation he might die; if you did the operation without making him unconscious -- which had never been done, there was no precedent....
But the king said, "You don't understand me. There has never been any precedent because you have never operated on a man like the man you are going to operate upon.

Just give me my religious book, SHRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA. I wwill read it, and after five minutes you can start your work. Once I am involved in the GITA then you can cut any part of my body -- I will not be even aware of it; there is no question of pain."
When he insisted -- and anyway he was going to die so there was no harm in trying. Perhaps he was right -- he was well-known for his religious practices. So this was done. He read the GITA for five minutes and closed his eyes; the GITA dropped from his hands, and they did the operation. It took one and a half hours. It was really serious: only a few hours more and the appendix may have exploded and killed the man. They removed the appendix, and the man was completely conscious, silent -- not even a flicker of his eyes. He was somewhere else.
That was his life-long practice: just to read for five minutes, then he was on the track. He knew the GITA verbally, he could repeat it without the book. Once he started going into the GITA then he was really in the GITA; his mind was there -- it left his body totally.
That operation made news all over the world; it was a rare operation. But the same mistake was committed again. Every newspaper had it that the rajah, the king of Varanasi, was a man of great meditation. He was a man of great concentration, not of meditation.
He also was in the same confusion; he also thought that he had reached to the state of meditation.

It was not. It is just that your mind is so focused that everything else falls out of its focus; you are unaware of it. It is not a state of awareness, it is a state of narrowed consciousness -- so narrowed that it becomes one-pointed and the rest of existence falls out of it.
So before I answer your question, What is meditation? you have to understand what it is not. First: it is not concentration. Second: it is not contemplation. Concentration is one-pointed; contemplation has a wider field. You are contemplating about beauty.... There are thousands of things which are beautiful; you can go on moving from one beautiful thing to another. You have many experiences of beauty; you can go on from one experience to another. You remained confined to the subject matter. Contemplation is a wider concentration, not one-pointed, but confined to one subject. You will be moving, your mind will be moving, but it will remain within the subject matter.
Philosophy uses contemplation as its method; science uses concentration as its

method. In contemplation also you are forgetting everything else other than your subject matter. The subject matter is bigger, and you have more space to move; in concentration there is no space to move. You can go deeper and deeper, narrower and narrower, you can become more pointed and more pointed, but you don't have space to move around.

Hence scientists are very narrow-minded people. You will be surprised when I say this.
One would think that scientists would be very open-minded. That is not the case. As far as their subject is concerned, they are absolutely open-minded: they are ready to listen to anything contrary to their theory, and with absolute fairness. But except in that particular matter, they are more prejudiced, more bigoted than the ordinary, common man, for the simple reason that they have never bothered about anything else: they have simply accepted whatsoever society believes in. Many religious people brag about it: "Look, he is such a great scientist, a Nobel prize-winner," and this and that, "and yet he comes to church every day." They forget completely that it is not the Nobel prize-winning scientist who comes to the church. It is not the scientist who comes to the church, it is the man without his scientific part who comes to the church. And that man, except for the scientific part, is far more gullible than anybody else -- because everybody is open, available, thinks about things; compares, what religion is good; sometimes reads also about other religions, and has some common sense, which scientists don't have.
To be a scientist you have to sacrifice a few things -- for example, common sense. Common sense is a common quality of common people. A scientist is an uncommon person, he has an uncommon sense.

With common sense you cannot discover the theory of relativity or the law of gravitation. With common sense you can do everything else.
For example, Albert Einstein was perhaps the only man in history who dealt with such big figures that only one figure would take up the whole page -- hundreds of zeros following it. But he became so involved with big figures -- which is uncommon, but he was thinking only of stars, light-years, millions, billions, trillions of stars, and counting them -- that about small things he became oblivious.
One day he entered a bus and gave the conductor the money. The conductor returned some change; Einstein counted it and said, "This is not right, you are cheating me. Give me the full change."
The conductor took the change, counted it again and said, "Mister, it seems you don't know figures."
Einstein remembers: "When he said to me, 'Mister, you don't know figures,' then I simply took the change. I said to myself, 'It is better to keep silent. If somebody else hears that I don't know figures, and that too from a conductor of a bus....' What have I been doing my whole life? Figures and figures -- I don't dream about anything else. No women appear, no men appear -- only figures. I think in figures, I dream in figures, and this idiot says to me, 'You don't know figures.'"
When he came back home, he told his wife, "Just count this change.

How much is it?" She counted it and said, "It is the right change."
He said, "My God!.This means the conductor was right: perhaps I DON'T know figures. Perhaps I can only deal with immense figures; small figures have fallen out of my mind completely."
A scientist is bound to lose his common sense. The same happens to the philosopher. Contemplation is wider, but still confined to a certain subject. For example, one night Socrates was thinking about something -- one never knows

what he was thinking about -- standing by the side of a tree, and he became so absorbed in his contemplation that he became completely oblivious that snow was falling; and in the morning he was found almost frozen. Up to his knees there was snow, and he was standing there with closed eyes. He was almost on the verge of death; even his blood might have started freezing.

He was brought home; a massage was given to him, alcohol was given to him, and somehow he was brought to his common senses. They asked him, "What were you doing there, standing outside in the open?"

He said, "I had no idea whether I was standing or sitting, or where I was. The subject was so absorbing that I went totally with it. I don't know when the snow started falling or when the whole night passed. I would have died, but I would not have come to my senses because the subject was so absorbing. I was still unfinished it was a whole theory, and you have awakened me in the middle.

Now I don't know whether I will be able to get hold of the unfinished theory."

It is just like you are dreaming and somebody wakes you up. Do you think you can catch hold of your dream again by just closing your eyes and trying to sleep? It is very difficult to get back into the same dream.

Contemplation is a kind of logical dreaming. It is a very rare thing. But philosophy depends on contemplation. Philosophy can use concentration for specific purposes, to help contemplation. If some smaller fragments in it need more concentrated effort, then concentration can be used; there is no problem. Philosophy is basically contemplation but it can use concentration as a tool, as an instrument, once in a while.

But religion cannot use concentration; religion cannot use contemplation either because it is not concerned with any object. Whether the object is in the outside world or the object is in your mind -- a thought, a theory, a philosophy -- it doesn't matter; it is an object.

Religious concern is with the one who concentrates, with the one who contemplates.

Who is this one?

Now, you cannot concentrate on it.

Who will concentrate on it? -- you are it.

You cannot contemplate on it because who is going to contemplate on it? You cannot divide yourself into two parts so that you put one part in front of your mind, and the other part starts contemplating.

There is no possibility of dividing your consciousness into two parts. And even if there were any possibility -- there is none but just for argument's sake I am saying if there were any possibility to divide your consciousness in two -- then the one that contemplates about the other is you; the other is not you.

The other is never you.

Or in other words: the object is never you.

You are irreducibly the subject.

There is no way to turn you into an object.

It is just like a mirror. The mirror can reflect you, the mirror can reflect everything in the world, but can you manage to make this mirror reflect itself? You cannot put this mirror in front of itself, by the time you put it in front of itself it is no longer there. The mirror itself cannot mirror itself Consciousness is exactly a mirror. You can use it as concentration for some object. You can use it as contemplation for some subject matter.

The English word meditation is also not the right word, but because there is no other word we have to use it for the time being, tin "dhyana" is accepted in the English language just as it has been accepted by the Chinese, by the Japanese --

because the situation was the same in those countries. When, two thousand years ago, Buddhist monks entered China, they tried hard to find any word which could translate their word jhana.
Gautam the Buddha never used Sanskrit as his language, he used a language that was used by common people; his language was Pali.

Sanskrit was the language of the priesthood, of the brahmins and it was one of the basic parts of his revolution that the priesthood should be thrown over; it had no business to exist.
Man can directly connect with existence.
It need not be through an agent.
In fact it cannot be through a mediator.
You can understand it very simply: you cannot love your girlfriend, your boyfriend, through a mediator. You cannot say to somebody, "I will give you ten dollars -- just go and love my wife on my behalf" A servant cannot do that, nobody can do it on your behalf; only you can do it. Love cannot be done on your behalf by a servant -- otherwise rich people would not get bothered with all this greasy affair. They have enough servants, enough money, they could just send the servants. They could find the best servants, but why should they bother themselves? But there are a few things which you have to do yourself A servant cannot sleep for you, a servant cannot eat for you.
How is a priest, who is nothing but a servant, going to mediate between you and existence, or God, or nature, or truth? In the pope's latest message to the world this is counted as a sin, to try to have any direct contact with God -- a sin!
You have to contact God through a properly initiated Catholic priest; everything should go through proper channels. There is a certain hierarchy, a bureaucracy; you cannot just bypass the bishop, the pope, the priest.

If you simply bypass them, you are directly entering into God's house. This is not allowed, this is sin.
I was really surprised that this pope the polack has the nerve to call this a sin, to say that man has not the birthright to be in contact with existence or truth itself; for that too, he needs a proper agency! And who is to decide the proper agency? There are three hundred religions and all have their bureaucracies, their proper channels; and they all say the remaining two hundred and ninety-nine are all bogus!
But the priesthood can exist only if it makes itself absolutely necessary. It is absolutely unnecessary, but it has to force itself upon you as something unavoidable.
Just now the polack pope is again on tour. Yesterday I saw his picture in some Catholic country. He was kissing the earth. He was asked by the news media, "What do you think of the welcome?"
He said, "It was warm but not overwhelming."
Now this man must be expecting; he is not satisfied with the warm, he must have been expecting an overwhelming reception, welcome. And when he says "warm" you can be absolutely certain it must have been lukewarm -- he is trying to exaggerate it as much as he can. Otherwise a warm reception is overwhelming -- what more do you want? Hot dogs? Then it will be overwhelming? A warm reception is enough. But I know what the problem is; it must have been lukewarm or perhaps even cold.

This year this man is going to call a synod -- that is the Catholic senate -- in which all the bishops and cardinals of the whole Catholic world will meet to decide certain urgent matters. And you can be sure what those urgent matters are: Birth

control is a sin, abortion is a sin; and this new sin which has never been mentioned before -- to make an effort to be in direct contact with God is a sin. Now the thesis that he has propounded he is going to put before the synod to get their agreement; then it becomes an appendix, almost as holy as THE BIBLE. If it is unanimously accepted by the synod, then it has the same status. And it is going to be accepted because no priest will say that this is wrong, no cardinal will say that this is wrong. They will be immensely happy that he has a really original mind -- even Jesus was not aware!

When I received the message that any effort to make direct contact with God is sin, I wondered what Moses was doing. It was a direct contact: there was no mediator, there was no one present. There was no eyewitness when Moses met God in the burning bush. He was committing a great sin according to pope the polack.

Who was Jesus' agent? Some agency was needed. He was also trying to contact God directly, praying. And he was not paying somebody else to pray for him, he was praying himself And he was not a bishop, not a cardinal, not a pope; neither was Moses a bishop, nor a cardinal, nor a pope.

These are all sinners according to pope the polack. And the synod is going to sign it -- I can say it before it is signed -- because all over the world the priesthood is in a shaky condition.

And the truth is that it is your birthright to inquire into existence, into life, what it is all about.

Contemplation is theoretical, you can go on theorizing.... It also takes away your common sense. For example, Immanuel Kant was one of the greatest philosophers the world has produced. He remained his whole life in one town, for the simple reason that any change disturbed his contemplation -- new house, new people.... Everything had to be exactly the same so that he would be completely free to contemplate.

He never got married. One woman had even offered, but he said, "I will have to think over it." Perhaps that will be the only answer of its kind; ordinarily the man proposes. She must have waited long enough, and when she found that this man was not going to propose, she proposed. And what did he say? -- "I will have to think over it." He contemplated for three years on all favorable points for marriage, on all unfavorable points against marriage; and the trouble was that they were all equal, balancing, canceling each other.

So after three years he went and knocked on the door of the woman's house to say, "It is difficult for me to come to a conclusion because both sides are equally valid, equally weighty, and I cannot do anything unless I find one alternative more logical, more scientific, more philosophical than the other.

So please forgive me; and you can get married to somebody else."

The father opened the door -- Kant asked about the daughter. The father said, "You have come too late; she got married, she has even got one child now. You are some philosopher -- three years later you have come to give her your answer!"

Kant said, "Anyway the answer was not yes; but you can convey to your daughter my inability to find out. I tried hard to find out, but I have to be fair: I cannot cheat myself by putting up only favorable reasons and dropping unfavorable reasons. I cannot cheat myself "

Now this man used to go to the university to teach at the exact same time every day. People used to fix their clocks and watches on seeing him: you could be certain second to second -- he moved like the hands of a clock. His servant used to declare, not "Master, your breakfast is ready," no, but "Master, it is seven-

thirty"; "Master, it is twelve-thirty." There was no need to say that it was time for lunch; twelve-thirty... only the time had to be told.
Everything was fixed. He was so absorbed in his philosophizing that he became dependent -- almost a servant to his own servant, because the servant would threaten him any moment saying, "I am going to leave." And the servant knew that Kant could not afford to let him go. For a few days it had happened that because he was threatening, Kant would say, "Yes, you can go.

You are thinking yourself too important. You think I cannot live without you, that I cannot find another servant?"
The servant said, "You try."
But it did not work out with the other servant because he had no idea that the time had to be announced. He would say, "Master, lunch is ready" -- and that was enough of a disturbance for Kant. He had to be awakened early in the morning, at five o'clock, and the instructions to the servant were, "Even if I beat you, scream, and say to you, 'Get lost, I want to sleep!' you are not to leave. Even if you have to beat me, beat me, but pull me out of bed.
"Five means five; if I am late getting out of bed you will be responsible. You have all the freedom to do whatsoever you want to do. And I cannot say anything, because sometimes it is too cold and I feel like sleeping... but that is a momentary thing -- you need not bother about it. You have to follow the clock and my orders, and at that moment when I am asleep you need not bother about what I am saying. I may say, 'Go away! -- I will get up.' You are not to go away, you have to get me out of the bed at five o'clock."
Many times they used to fight, and the servant used to hit him and force him out of the bed. Now a new servant could not do that, beat the master; and the very order seemed to be absurd. "If you want to sleep, sleep; if you want to get up, get up.

I can wake you up at five, but this seems to be strange, that there has to be this wrestling." So no servant survived. Kant had to go to the same servant again and ask him, "Come back! Just don't die before me, otherwise I will have to commit suicide." And each time this happened the servant would ask for more pay. And that's how it went on.
One day when Kant was going to the university, it was raining and one of his shoes got stuck in the mud. He left the shoe there because if he tried to take the shoe out he would be a few seconds late, and that was not possible. With only one shoe on he entered the class. The students looked at him; what had happened? They asked, "What happened?" He said, "Just one shoe got stuck in the mud, but I cannot be late: so many people fix their watches and clocks by me. My shoe is not that important. When I return home I will get it back because who is going to steal one shoe?"
Now these people have lost their common sense; they are living in a different world. And as far as his theoretical world is concerned, he is a topmost logician; you cannot find any flaw in his logic. But in his life... that is just insane.
Somebody purchased a house next door, and Kant became sick, badly sick. The doctors could not find what the problem was because there seemed to be no sickness, but Kant was almost on the verge of death -- for no reason at all.

One of his friends came by and he said, "There is no problem. As far as I see the house next door has been taken by somebody, and they have grown their trees so Kant's window is covered. And it was his absolute timetable, part of his absolute timetable, that he would stand in the window at the time of sunset and look at the sunset. Now the trees have grown too high, they have covered the

window. That is the cause of his sickness and nothing else: his timetable is disturbed, his whole life is disturbed."
Kant stood up; he said, "I was also thinking something was wrong, why am I sick? -- because doctors say there is no sickness and yet I am on the verge of death. You are right, it is those trees: since those trees have grown I have not seen the sunset. And I have been missing something but I could not figure it out, what it is that I am missing." Those neighbors were asked, and they were willing. If just because of those trees such a great philosopher is going to die.... They cut the trees, and the next day Kant was perfectly okay. His timetable, his schedule -- or should I say skedule? I don't know what is right here.
The first American girl I met was some time in 1960. She asked me, "What is your skedule?"
I said, "My God! What is a skedule?" -- because in Britain, in India, it is shedule. I could not figure out that it had something to do with schedule.

She said, "You don't understand what I am saying?"
I said, "This word I have never heard. Please try and explain to me some other way, use some other word." It is better to let me use shedule.
His schedule was disturbed. If it was perfect then he was absolutely free to contemplate. He wanted life to be almost robot-like so his mind would be absolutely free from ordinary mundane affairs.
But religion is not contemplation.
It is not concentration.
It is meditation.
But meditation has to be understood as meaning "dhyana," because the English word meditation again gives a wrong notion. First try to understand what it means in the English language itself, because whenever you say "meditation" you can be asked, "Upon what? upon what are you meditating?" There has to be an object: the very word has a reference towards an object, that I am meditating upon beauty, upon truth, upon God. But you can't simply say, "I am meditating"; the sentence is incomplete in the English language. You have to say upon what -- what are you meditating upon? And that is the trouble.
Dhyana means "I am in meditation" -- not even meditating. If you come even closer, then "I am meditation" -- that is the meaning of dhyana. So when in China they could not find any word, they borrowed the word, the Buddhist word, jhana. Buddha used jhana; it is a Pali transformation of dhyana.

Buddha used people's language as part of his revolution because, he said, "Religion has to use the ordinary, common language, so that the priesthood can be simply dropped out; there is no need for it. People understand their scriptures, people understand their sutras, people understand what they are doing. There is no need for a priest."
The priest is needed because he uses a different language which people cannot use, and he goes on enforcing the idea that Sanskrit is the divine language and not everybody is allowed to read it. It is a special language, just like a doctor's. Have you ever thought about it? -- why doctors go on prescribing in Latin and Greek words? What kind of foolishness is this? They don't know Greek, they don't know Latin, but their medicines and the names of their medicines are always in Greek and Latin. This is the same trick as the priesthood.
If they write in the common people's language they cannot charge you as much as they are charging, because you will say, "This prescription -- you are charging me twenty dollars for this prescription?" And the chemist, the druggist, cannot charge much money either because they know that they can get the same thing

from the market for just one dollar, and you are charging fifty dollars. But in Latin and Greek you don't know what it is. If they write "onion" then you will say, "Are you joking?" But if it is written in Greek and Latin, you don't know what it is; only he knows or the chemist knows.

And their way of writing is also important. It has to be written in such a way that you cannot read what it is. If you can read it perhaps you can consult a dictionary and find out what it means. It has to be quite unreadable so you cannot figure it out. In fact, most of the time the chemist knows nothing about what it is, but nobody wants to show his ignorance so he will give you something.
It happened once: A man received a letter from his family physician; it was an invitation to participate in his daughter's marriage. But the doctor wrote in his way, just habitually; the man could not read what this letter was. He thought the best way would be: "I can go to the chemist, because perhaps it is something important, and if I go to the doctor himself he will think that I cannot even read. It is better to go to the chemist."
He went to the chemist and gave him the letter. The chemist simply disappeared with the letter and after ten minutes he came back with two bottles. The man said, "What are you doing? That was not a prescription, that was a letter."
He said, "My God! It was a letter?" But he had figured out -- the bride and bridegroom, he figured out were two bottles. So he prepared some mixtures and he brought those two bottles.
Buddha revolted against Sanskrit and used Pali. In Pali dhyana is jhana. Jhana reached China and became chan.

They had no other word so they took the word -- but in each language the pronunciation is bound to change; it became chan. When it reached Japan, it became zen; but it is the same word, dhyana. And we are using the word meditation in the sense of dhyana, so it is not something you meditate upon.
In English it is something between concentration and contemplation. Concentration is one-pointed; contemplation has a wide area, and meditation is a fragment of that area. When you are contemplating on a certain subject there are a few things which need more attention; then you meditate. That is what in English is meant by meditation: concentration and contemplation are two poles; exactly in the middle is meditation. But we are not using the word in the English sense, we are giving it a new meaning totally. I will tell you a story that I have always loved which will explain what meditation is.
Three men went for a morning walk. They saw a Buddhist monk standing on the hill, and having nothing to do they just started discussing what that fellow was doing. One said, "As far as I can see from here, he is expecting somebody and waiting for him. Perhaps a friend is left behind and he is waiting, expecting him."
The second man said, "Looking at him I cannot agree with you, because when somebody is waiting for a friend who is left behind, once in a while he will look back to see whether he has come yet or not, and how long he will have to wait.

But this man never looks back he is just standing there. I don't think he is expecting anybody. My feeling is that these Buddhist monks have cows." In Japan they have a cow for milk for the morning tea; otherwise you have to go to beg for an early morning cup of tea. And Zen monks drink tea at least five, six times a day: it is almost a religious thing to do because tea keeps you awake, alert, more conscious; so they keep a cow in the monastery.
The second man said, "My feeling is that his cow is lost somewhere, must have gone to graze, and he is just searching for the cow."
The third man said, "I cannot agree, because when somebody searches for a cow

he need not just stand like a statue. You have to move around, you have to go and look from this side and that side. He does not even move his face from side to side. What to say about his face -- even his eyes are half-closed."
They were coming closer to the man, so they could see him more clearly. Then the third man said, "I don't think you are right; I think he is meditating. But how are we to decide who is right?"
They said, "There is no problem. We are just coming close to him, we can ask him."
The first man asked the monk, "Are you expecting a friend who is left behind, waiting for him?"
The Buddhist monk opened his eyes and said, "Expecting? I never expect anything. Expecting anything is against my religion."

The man said, "My God! Forget expecting; just tell me -- are you waiting?"
He said, "My religion teaches that you cannot be certain even of the next second. How can I wait? Where is the time to wait? I am not waiting."
The man said, "Forget expecting, waiting -- I don't know your language. Just tell me, have you left some friend behind?"
He said, "Again the same thing. I don't have any friends in the world, I don't have any enemy in the world -- because they both come together. You cannot sort out one and leave the other. Can't you see that I am a Buddhist monk? I don't have any enemy, I don't have any friend. And you please get lost, don't disturb me."
The second man thought, "Now there is hope for me." He said, "This I had told him already, that 'You are talking nonsense. He is not waiting, not expecting -- he is a Buddhist monk; he has no friends, no enemies.' You are right. My feeling is that your cow is lost."
The monk said, "You are even more stupid than the first man. My cow? A Buddhist monk possesses nothing. And why should I look for somebody else's cow? I don't possess any cow."
The man looked really embarrassed, what to do?
The third man thought, "Now, the only possibility is what I have said." He said, "I can see that you are meditating."
The monk said, "Nonsense! Meditation is not some activity.

One does not meditate, one is meditation. To tell you the truth so that all you fellows don't get confused, I am simply doing nothing. Standing here, doing nothing -- is it objectionable?" They said, "No, it is not objectionable, it just does not make sense to us -- standing here, doing nothing."
"But," he said, "this is what meditation is: Sitting and doing nothing -- not with your body, not with your mind.
Once you start doing something either you go into contemplation or you go into concentration or you go into action -- but you move away from your center. When you are not doing anything at all -- bodily, mentally, on no level -- when all activity has ceased and you simply are, just being, that's what meditation is. You cannot do it, you cannot practice it; you have only to understand it.
Whenever you can find time for just being, drop all doing. Thinking is also doing, concentration is also doing, contemplation is also doing. Even if for a single moment you are not doing anything and you are just at your center, utterly relaxed -- that is meditation. And once you have got the knack of it, you can remain in that state as long as you want; finally you can remain in that state for twenty-four hours a day.
Once you have become aware of the way your being can remain undisturbed, then slowly you can start doing things, keeping alert that your being is not stirred.

That is the second part of meditation. First, learning how just to be, and then learning little actions: cleaning the floor, taking a shower, but keeping yourself centered. Then you can do complicated things.
For example, I am speaking to you, but my meditation is not disturbed. I can go on speaking, but at my very center there is not even a ripple; it is just silent, utterly silent.
So meditation is not against action.
It is not that you have to escape from life.
It simply teaches you a new way of life:
You become the center of the cyclone.
Your life goes on, it goes on really more intensely -- with more joy, with more clarity, more vision, more creativity -- yet you are aloof, just a watcher on the hills, simply seeing all that is happening around you.
You are not the doer, you are the watcher.
That's the whole secret of meditation, that you become the watcher. Doing continues on its own level, there is no problem: chopping wood, drawing water from the well. You can do all small and big things; only one thing is not allowed and that is, your centering should not be lost.
That awareness, that watchfulness, should remain absolutely unclouded, undisturbed.
Meditation is a very simple phenomenon.
Concentration is very complicated because you have to force yourself; it is tiring.
Contemplation is a little better because you have a little more space to move.

You are not moving through a narrow hole which is going to become more and more narrow.
Concentration has tunnel vision. Have you looked in a tunnel? From one side, where you are looking, it is big. But if the tunnel is two miles long, the other side is just a small round light, nothing else: the longer the tunnel, the smaller will be the other end. The greater the scientist, the longer the tunnel. He has to focus, and focusing is always a tense affair.
Concentration is not natural to the mind.
Mind is a vagabond. It enjoys moving from one thing to another.
It is always excited by the new.
In concentration mind is almost imprisoned.
In the second world war, I don't know why, they started calling the places where they were keeping the prisoners "concentration camps." They had their own meaning -- they were bringing all kinds of prisoners and concentrating them there. But concentration is actually bringing all the energies of your mind and body and putting them into a narrowing hole. It is tiring. Contemplation has more space to play around, to move around, but still it is a bounded space, not unbounded.
Meditation, according to me and my religion, has all the space, the whole of existence available. You are the watcher, you can watch the whole scene. There is no effort to concentrate on anything, there is no effort to contemplate about anything.

You are not doing all these things, you are simply there watching, just aware. It is a knack. It is not a science, it is not an art, it is not a craft; it is a knack.
So you have to just go on playing with the idea. Sitting in your bathroom, just play with the idea that you are not doing anything. And one day you will be surprised: just playing with the idea, it has happened -- because it is your nature.
Just the right moment.... You never know when the right moment is, when the right opportunity is, so you go on playing.

Somebody asked Henry Ford -- because he had given a statement that: "My success is through nothing but catching the right opportunity at the right moment. People either think of opportunities which are in the future -- you cannot catch hold of them -- or they think of opportunities which are past. When they are gone and only dust is left on the road, then they become aware that the opportunity is passed."

Somebody asked, "But if you don't think of an opportunity in the future and you don't think of an opportunity which has passed, how suddenly can you get hold of it when it comes? You have to be ready."

He said, "Not ready -- you have to be just jumping. One never knows when it comes. When it comes, just jump upon it!"

What Henry Ford said has tremendous meaning. He said, "You simply keep on jumping. You don't wait; don't bother whether an opportunity is there or not: just go on jumping.

One never knows when it comes. When it comes jump upon it and be gone. If you go on looking into the future: 'When is the opportunity coming?..." The future is unpredictable. If you wait, thinking "When it comes I will catch hold of it," by the time you become aware that it is there, it is gone. Time is fleeting, so fast, only dust will be there.

"Rather, forget about opportunities, simply learn jumping, so whenever it comes...."

That's what I say to you: just go on playing with the idea. I am using the word playing, because I am a nonserious man and my religion is non-serious. Just go on playing -- and you have enough time.

Anytime -- lying in your bed, if sleep is not coming, play with the idea. Why bother about sleep? -- it will come when it will come. You cannot do anything to bring it; it is not in your hands, so why bother about it? Something which is not in your hands, forget about it. This time is in your hands, why not use it? Lying in your bed, on a cold night under your blanket, cozy and enjoying -- just play with the idea. You need not sit in the lotus posture. In my meditation you need not torture yourself in any way.

If you love the lotus posture, good; you can sit in it. But Westerners go to India and it takes them six months to learn the lotus posture, and they are torturing themselves so much. And they think that when they have learned the lotus posture, they have gained something.

The whole of India sits in the lotus posture -- nobody has gained anything. It is just their natural way of sitting. In a cold country you need a chair to sit on, you can't sit on the ground. In a hot country, who bothers about a chair? You sit anywhere.

No special posture is needed, no special time is needed. There are people who think there are special times. No, not for meditation; any time is the right time -- you just have to be relaxed and playful. And if it does not happen it does not matter; don't feel sad.... Because I am not telling you that it will happen today, or tomorrow, or within three months or six months. I am not giving you any expectation because that will become a tension in your mind. It can happen any day, it may not happen: it all depends on how playful you are.

Just start playing -- in the bathtub, when you are not doing anything, why not play? Sitting under your shower, you are not doing anything; the shower is doing its work. You are simply standing there; for those few moments just be playful. Walking on the road, walking can be done by the body; you are not needed, the legs do it. Any moment where you can feel relaxed, non-tense, play with the idea of meditation the way I have explained to you. Just be silent, centered in yourself, and someday.... And there are only seven days -- don't be worried!

So Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or by Sunday at least -- within seven day -- some day it is going to happen.

Just enjoy yourself with the idea and play with the idea as many times as you can. If nothing happens -- I am not promising you anything -- if nothing happens that's perfectly good, you enjoyed yourself. You played with the idea, you gave it a chance.
Go on giving it a chance. Henry Ford said, "Go on jumping and when the chance, the opportunity comes, jump upon it." I say just the reverse. You just go on giving a chance to meditation, and when the right moment comes and you are really relaxed and open, it jumps upon you.
And once meditation jumps upon you it never leaves.
There is no way.
So think twice before you start playing!

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS INITIATION ACCORDING TO YOU?

THE search for truth is as old as man himself.
But there are many kinds of seekers.
The first category I call the curious.
They are the most superficial. They are not read to do anything, sacrifice anything, make any effort. Their curiosity is just like a child's curiosity -- he goes on asking about everything. He does not even bother to listen to your answer; while you are answering him, he is asking about something else. If you don't answer him, he does not persist in questioning. He has no involvement in it -- it is just a little superficial, intellectual irritation, a kind of itching in his mind.
But the curious are many, the majority. They are not ready to pay anything for their question. They want answers given to them ready-made. They are not even ready to thank you for your answer... as if they have obliged you; as if just by asking they have made you important.
The curious go on their whole life like driftwood, just moving in any direction with no idea where they are going, with no sense of direction at all. Why they are going they don't even consider. Their life is accidental. Somebody is going somewhere -- they may start following, imitating. Somebody is asking about truth -- they may start asking about truth. They are more like monkeys than men.

I am reminded of a beautiful story: There was one old man who used to sell caps, and in India particularly, in those days, a certain kind of white cap had become a symbol of revolution. The cap was called the Gandhi cap, although Gandhi himself never used it; you cannot find a single picture in which Gandhi is using that cap. But it became known as the Gandhi cap because the followers of Gandhi were using it as a symbol. The white cap became your declaration against the British Raj.
This old man was doing good business selling white caps to people, so wherever there was any kind of gathering, he would go to sell the white caps. Between two gatherings, two fairs, exhibitions, he would make as many caps as he could. It is a simple thing to make -- the Gandhian cap may be perhaps the simplest cap in the world. It is just like a small bag; then you fold it three times, it becomes a cap. You open it, and you can use it as a small bag for carrying vegetables or

anything. It is multi-purpose.
The old man was earning enough, so his son was doing nothing. But the old man was becoming old and he told the son, "Now I am not capable of moving from one place to another place, walking from one town to another town, so you start. I will simply make the caps in the house, you go and do the selling."
So the son went to sell the caps. On the way -- it was too hot a day, and he was still miles away from the place where he was going -- he thought to have a little rest under a big bo tree.

He kept all his caps that he was carrying in a bag by his side and went to sleep -- and of course, he was wearing a Gandhi cap himself, just as an advertisement.
He didn't see that the whole tree was full of monkeys. The monkeys became curious about the cap, and they came down; the man was asleep. They looked in the bag and found the caps. So all the monkeys put the caps on their heads, and they were really enjoying themselves, and they were looking cute! When the young man woke up he found his bag empty. He looked all around: who had taken his caps? And then he heard the laughter of the monkeys. When he looked up, all over the tree there was revolution: the whole army of monkeys against the British Raj.
Now there was no way to get those caps back. He came back home very sad and told his father, "I was a fool; I went to sleep and this happened. All the caps are lost, I did not reach the place... and those monkeys made such a fool of me! They were giggling and laughing and making all kinds of faces at me, and there was nothing that I could do."
The father said, "It happened to me in my young days too. It was my fault that I forgot to tell you. You forget about it. I will tell you the secret -- the secret that I also had to learn the hard way by once losing all my caps. And then I inquired of an old man and he gave me the secret; and this is the secret.

Tomorrow go again under the same tree. Put your bag in the same place and go to sleep at least pretend, even if you are not sleeping -- and let those monkeys take your caps."
And it happened. He went; he pretended to sleep. The monkeys came one by one, and they were very happy that this man had come again with the same kind of thing. Yesterday's caps they had lost already: it was just a curiosity, it was nothing of any interest to them. They had played a little with them and when the man was gone they threw the caps. But again he had come -- seems to be very stubborn!
But monkeys won't accept defeat so easily; they again did their thing. And when they all had their caps, the man woke up -- he had been simply pretending -- and opened his eyes. When they giggled, he giggled louder than them. They were a little shocked: what had happened? Yesterday this man was just ashamed, afraid.

They tried to make faces, but the man made faces at them. They tried to scream, the man screamed louder. They looked at each other: "What has happened? Something strange...." And then the man in great anger took his cap and threw it away.
All the monkeys in anger took their caps and threw them down on the road! "What does this man think -- only he can throw? We can also throw." The man collected all the caps, and laughing, he left. The monkeys were really at a loss; they have been befooled.

But that's the secret with all monkeys' minds: Imitation.

They simply imitated, with no idea what they were doing, with no idea why this man was throwing his cap. They simply did it to outdo him, with no thought but how to be on top of him; he could not be allowed to do something that they could not do.
He had defeated them by giggling, by laughing louder, by screaming, by making faces; and this was too much. Now they were not going to let him throw his cap while they just sat there ashamed, feeling impotent that they could not do anything. This is the quality of the monkey's mind; whether it is in man or in animals does not matter.
The curious mind is monkeyish, the lowest kind of mind.
The second, a higher category, is the student.
He has an intellectual involvement. When he asks something it is not only out of curiosity, it is genuine interest. He wants to know, he is really in search of an answer, but it is still not very deep; it is intellectual, deeper than curiosity.
Curiosity is not even intellectual; even idiots can be curious -- in fact only idiots are curious. A man of intelligence will not waste his time and energy on unnecessary curiosity.
A Sufi mystic, Bayazid, lived for twelve years with his Master. His Master used to live behind a very big hall in a small cottage. The hall was for meetings, but Bayazid was continually coming to the Master just to sit by his side.

In Sufism this is one of their methodologies: For years the Master will not even ask, "Who are you? What is your purpose? Why have you come?" That sorts out the curious without any wastage of time. If the man is such that you go to him and he does not even ask, "Who are you? Sit down; why have you come?" then the curious are not going to remain there for a year or two years.
Twelve years is a long time. After twelve years the Master asked the first thing of Bayazid. He said, "My son, just go in the hall. You must have observed that on the right hand there is a shelf containing a few books. You have to bring me this book"and he gave its name.
Bayazid said, "I had no idea that on the right side there is a bookshelf because I have never looked to the right or to the left; I was just looking towards you. I was coming to you, I had no interest in looking at anything else. Why should I waste my energy in any way? My whole purpose was just to look at you as much as I could, just to be here with you as much as I could -- just to drink your silent presence."
The Master was happy, and he said, "You are accepted. If you had brought the book you would have been rejected." Very strict, too hard, too inhuman it seems.... The curious person has no place in the world of religion. He should go to circuses, carnivals, movies, television -- and there are thousands of things all around the world football matches, volleyball matches, hockey matches, bullfights, boxing.

For the curious, the whole world is available. He should not bother about truth, he should leave truth alone; that is not his business.
The student has an intellectual involvement. Intellect is not very deep, but in comparison to curiosity it is really very deep. The people who surrounded Socrates were intellectuals, students. They were asking questions Socrates was giving them answers; then they were asking more questions about his answers, and they were trying to go deeper and deeper into the question, into the answer. But it all remained a gymnastics of intellect.
Socrates is one of those unfortunate Masters who wasted his life only with students. He was not a man meant to be just a professor, just a teacher; he was a man born to be a Master. But Athens was not the right place for it -- he should

have been in India; he would have become another Gautam the Buddha -- because in Athens the student was the last category, there was nothing deeper than that.
Socrates had giants of intellect come to him -- Plato, Aristotle -- but they were only intellectuals. A blind man can philosophize about light, there is no trouble about it; intellectually he can know everything about light. But to know light and to know about light are two totally different things.
Intellect is always about and about -- it does not bother whether the man has eyes or not. Yes, the man can hear: you can talk about light, you can give him all theories about light, the latest developments of scientific progress, the latest discoveries about light, its nature, its constituents.

... Everything can be explained to him. He is blind but that does not mean that he is without intelligence.
Most probably a blind man has more intelligence than those who have eyes, for the simple reason that the man who has eyes uses eighty percent of his mind-energy through the eyes. If he wants to know something about light, he will open the door and go into the open and see the sun. If he wants to know about colors he will go to the garden and see all the flowers and all the trees and all kinds of colors. He has eyes -- there is no need to be very intelligent to work out what light is -- but the blind man has only one way, and that is through understanding. Seeing is not possible. And that eighty percent of energy that goes out from the eyes, if one has eyes, is not available for the intellect to use. That's why blind people hear better than people who have eyes, because their ears get more energy. More energy is available, because otherwise eighty percent is used only by the eyes; twenty percent remains for your whole being.
And when one hundred percent is available.... The blind man's touch has more energy, more feeling, more emotion, more warmth. It says something. The man with eyes can shake hands and you can feel that you are shaking hands with a dead tree or something. There is nothing, no message. He can hug you and you can feel pressed, that's all, but there has been no transmission of any kind of energy.

People are without energy; only twenty percent is distributed to all the other senses, so every sense is starving because the eyes are monopolizing your whole energy. It is not without any reason that you become affected, impressed by the eyes more than by anything else. You can simply see that eyes are the most living part in your whole body. What makes your eyes most alive? It is the energy flowing through them. That constant flow of energy makes them so alive.
It is also not a coincidence that if you see a blind man you feel very sad for him. You don't feel so sorry for a deaf man; you don't feel at all sad for somebody who cannot smell. In fact, he is in a far better situation; to him nothing stinks. You don't feel sad if any other sense is missing.
Even if somebody's legs are missing, hands are missing, you don't feel sad the same way as when you see a blind man. Why? Without knowing, without being clearly conscious about it, you feel that eighty percent of his life is cut off, he is only twenty percent alive. Naturally, a blind man gets more sympathy.
I have heard that a blind beggar was spreading his hands at the corner of the street and saying, "Give something to a blind man." And the man who was passing was really generous; he gave him one rupee. And the man said immediately, "But this is not authentic." In India, to find anything authentic is very difficult.

Even if you want to commit suicide, the poison will not work. You cannot find even authentic poison. By the morning you will find yourself perfectly awake and surprised: "What happened to the poison?"

But the blind man saying that the rupee is not authentic.... Naturally the man said, "Are you blind or not? I know the rupee is not authentic, that's why I have given you the rupee; otherwise who gives a rupee to a blind man? I did it because I could not give it to anybody else; wherever I wanted to purchase something, immediately it was returned because it was not authentic, and they even threatened that they would give me to the police! Somehow I said, 'It is not my fault, somebody has given it to me, so please forgive me.' So finally I thought, 'It is better to get rid of it, otherwise somewhere I am going to get into trouble.' So I gave it to you."

The man said, "The real thing is that I am not really a blind man; the real blind man is my friend. Today he has gone to see the movie, and he told me to sit here so nobody takes his place. I am just pretending, I am not blind: the real blind man has gone to see the movie. But sitting in his place I have found that this is far better.

"I have been pretending up to now that I am crippled, but from tomorrow I am going to be blind. This pays far better, and people are more sympathetic. Nobody starts preaching to you that you should work and you should do this and that.

People give more -- and more politely and more nicely; they don't treat you the way people treat a beggar."

In India only the blind man is treated by people with respect; they will call him Surdasji even if he is a beggar. Surdas was one of the most important poets of India. He was blind, and because of his blindness his name became synonymous with blindness. His name does not mean blindness; surdas means a servant of music. And he was a great musician, a great poet, a great singer -- but blind. Ji is used for respect. So people will not even call a blind man just Surdas, because that is not respectful; he will be called Surdasji.

The man said, "Today I have discovered that my friend is doing a far better job. I have been trying to pretend to be crippled and I have been treated as badly as you can imagine but his going to the movie has changed my whole life -- I have decided."

A blind man simply creates a sympathy in your heart because eighty percent of his life is missing. He has no idea of colors, no idea of light, no idea of beauty, no idea of faces. He is living in complete darkness -- that's what you think; but he does not know even darkness, because for that too, eyes are needed. To see darkness you need eyes.

The blind man has no idea what light is, has no idea what darkness is. That makes it even more strange. In what kind of a world is he living? In what kind of surrounding is he living, where there is no idea of light, not even the idea of darkness? But all his other senses are more alive.

The blind man hears better than you, he tastes better than you, he smells better than you, he touches better than you, and if he thinks, he thinks better than you. If he pours his mind into some subject, he has more intelligence available to do it than you have. Your intelligence is so divided between so many things. He has nothing to divide his attention.

The student is intellectually interested to find what this life is all about, but he is not willing to change himself in order to know anything. He wants to remain the way he is, and just mentally he wants to be fed knowledge. He can become immensely knowledgeable. That's how all your professors, all your great thinkers are: knowledgeable. They know too much without know ing anything at all.

Existentially they know nothing. If you ask them to give a sermon on love, they can give a sermon on love. But if you ask them, "Have you ever loved? Do you know by experience what love is?" you will shock them, surprise them: What kind of question are you asking?
This was one of my problems when I was a student, because I am not a student, I don't belong to that category. And every professor wanted me to be just a student -- obviously; you enter the university to be a student. And I said, "My interests are deeper. They are not only intellectual, but existential. I simply don't want to be fed like a computer, I want to experience and know."

And this was really very outlandish to them.
I was sent to the vice-chancellor with a note: "This student says that he is not a student, that he does not belong to the category of student. If he does not belong to the category of student -- there are only two categories here, either there are professors or students -- what to do with him, because he insists."
The vice-chancellor said, "You insist that you are not a student?"
I said, "Yes, because I am not."
He said, "Then why have you entered the university?"
I said, "I have entered the university not to be a student but to be a disciple. Don't you accept disciples in this university? You give me that in writing, because I am going to make it available to the news media that in this university no disciple is accepted, that to be in this university you are not to be a disciple."
He said, "My God! You want to create trouble for me. But what is the difference between student and disciple?"
I said, "You are a vice-chancellor and yet you have not come to know the difference between the student and the disciple? Please resign."
He said, "I was thinking that your professors are a little too fussy and are exaggerating about you, but I was wrong. You are too much! You are asking for my resignation?"
I said, "Of course, because if a vice-chancellor has no idea what a student is and what a disciple is, what is he doing here? You just get out of this place, and take with you all those professors who don't understand the distinction, because they are all still students."

To be a student is good in comparison to being curious, but in comparison to the disciple it is simply of no value. It is bogus knowledgeability. And you can go on collecting all kinds of theories, ideologies, philosophies, and you can become a walking encyclopedia, but that will not change you even a single inch. You will remain the same old donkey -- now carrying a big load of books too.
Do you think if you put on a donkey the whole set of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA -- of course it will be too heavy and the donkey will be in trouble -- do you think the donkey will become in any way a lesser donkey or a better donkey? No, no change is going to happen. He is simply a donkey and he will remain simply a donkey. The BRITANNICA is not going to make any change in him.
Your head is capable of collecting the whole information that is contained in all the libraries of the world. The people who are interested in computers have become aware of the fact that perhaps we will never be able to create a computer that can contain so much as a man's mind -- and in such a small space! Your skull is not very big, but in such a small space you can put all the knowledge available in all the universities of the world. And that is not small.
Just the library of Moscow has enough books that if they are put in a line, the line will go three times around the earth.

Perhaps the British Museum library will make four or five lines around the earth. And there are libraries in China and there are libraries in India and there are libraries in America -- all over the world are libraries.
There are millions of scriptures in Tibet, Ladakh, Nepal, which are never printed. But all these can be contained in a single skull -- such is the capacity of your mind. But it remains only a memory. It does not transform you at all, it has no way of changing you. Yes, you will be deluded by it; you will start hallucinating that you know. You will become respectable.
That was my continual fight with my professors: "All that you know is only verbal -- your experience is nil. You may know everything about swimming -- all the books about swimming you may have read -- but the real test is to come with me and jump into the river. If your knowledge makes you swim, then I will accept it."
And I told this to a professor who I knew did not know how to swim.
So he said, "Only that test will prove it?"
I said, "Only that test."
Just behind our college was a big lake, so I said, "You come. I have not read a single book about swimming; why should I when I can swim? Why should I waste time in reading a book about swimming when I can enjoy the same time swimming in the lake? Come on with me."
He could not say that he did not know how to swim, because that would prove my point, so he came along with me.

But it was dangerous to take the test... and a few other students came to see what happened. Finally he said, "I never thought that you would drag me to the very logical conclusion of it. I don't know how to swim, although I can give lectures on swimming." And he was thought to be the best expert; for those students who were training for competitions, the national competition, he was thought to be the best expert.
I said, "Just think twice before you speak again, because if you speak again I am going to come and throw you into the swimming pool. I will not think of the consequences, of whether you die or you live."
It is very easy intellectually to hoard:
Intellect is a hoarder.
The second category is dominating the whole world, dominating the first category: the idiots are being dominated by the knowledgeable. These knowledgeable people become politicians, professors, doctors, engineers, scientists and they dominate the idiots, the monkeys with Gandhi caps.
To me, you have to understand the third category, the disciple.
The disciple is one who is existentially interested. He does not want just to know about love, he wants to taste what love is. He wants to experience... his whole concentration is experiential. He will not be satisfied by theories about love, theories about beauty, theories about truth. He wants something tangible -- not theories, not empty words -- something solid.

And it is only experience that can be solid. It is the disciple.... It is a rare category because when you can become respectable just by being knowledgeable, why should you bother about existential knowing? It is risky, dangerous.
Knowledgeable you can become sitting comfortably in a library. But to know, you may have to change yourself drastically because there may be things in you which are preventing knowing. There may be barriers in you which have to be broken. There may be walls around your being which have to be removed. And the most difficult thing is that there may be things which you think are very valuable but which in fact are the hindrances to be removed before you can become a knower.

For example, if you want to experience love, you have to forget all about the love that you have learned from the poets and the so-called professors and writers. You will be surprised, but my own understanding is that the people who have been writing about love are the people who have never loved. Writing about love is their way of finding a substitute. They make beautiful poetry, but have you ever heard of a poet who was really deeply in love, who has experienced love? For example, Omar Khayyam writes about women, wine, love. Reading him you will think this man must have been the greatest hedonist ever; and the beauty of his poetry is simply incomparable. But the man was a celibate, he never got married, he had no love affairs.

He was a mathematician, he was not even a poet. He was a Sufi, and what he is writing when he writes about beauty.... You will think he is talking about the beauty of women -- no, he is talking about the beauty of God.
To the Sufis, God is a woman, the beloved, and you are the lovers. When he is talking about love, he means love between you and God. Now, can you visualize what kind of love is possible between you and a God who does not exist at all, whom you have never seen? And he is talking about the beauty of God.
His books in Persian are illustrated and God is actually there as a beautiful woman having wine in her hands to offer to you. Sufis use wine as a symbol: to the man who loves God, God offers a kind of intoxication that does not make him unconscious, but makes him perfectly conscious an intoxication that wakes him up from his sleep.
Fitzgerald, the English translator of Omar Khayyam, had no idea of these symbols. He was a simple earthbound poet, and really a better poet than Omar Khayyam. When he translated, he simply understood that a woman means a woman, wine means wine, love means love. These were not symbols to him. Fitzgerald made Omar Khayyam world-famous by his misunderstanding. If you try to understand Omar Khayyam in the original you will find such a gap between Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald that you cannot conceive how Fitzgerald managed to create such beautiful poetry out of this mathematician's mind.

Even great poets like Byron who continually talk about love have never known love, except casual, fleeting relationships with women -- very casual. He was very young when he was expelled from England, not more than thirty. And he was expelled because he became a danger to all beautiful women, particularly to the royal family and the lords and their families. It is known that when Byron would.... He was beautiful also, really handsome, and had a charisma; and his poetry, his name, and his beauty, all together... any woman was ready to fall in love with him.
It was known that whenever he would enter a restaurant, husbands would take their wives' hands and get out from the other door. Finally the government decided that he should be expelled -- because his love affairs were not love affairs at all. He would meet one woman one night and it would be a great love affair; he could not live without her, and his whole life was now in her hands -- and the next day he would not even recognize the woman; he had found another, and then the same dialogue.... It is said that sixty women confessed -- perhaps there had been many more who had not confessed -- sixty young girls confessed that he had deceived them. And when it became a well-known fact and women started talking about what he had said to them, then it was known that it was the same dialogue that he was using again and again on each new woman.

Will you call this man a lover? Can he know the depths of love? Love needs a

certain intimacy, a certain time to grow, a certain closeness. It needs two persons to know each other in all ways, good and bad, dark and light. If you only know the person from one side you cannot say that love has yet ripened. The other person has not revealed to you his other side; he cannot yet trust you.

Lovers start opening themselves completely to each other when they know that now even their thorns will be accepted with their flowers, that as they are they are going to be accepted; there is not going to be any rejection, not even a partial rejection. But this needs time. Just meeting casually may be entertainment, but it cannot be love.

Yes, love has its own troubles -- anything real has its own troubles. Many people have decided to avoid the troubles; and the only way is to avoid love -- then casual relationships are good.

One very intelligent woman -- she is English, she is my sannyasin -- is married to a very rich man in the Philippines. She is married to his riches, not to him; she is not at all concerned with him, what happens to him. And she is happy because he is continually on tour; his businesses are all over the world, so only once in a while do they meet. She is free. He is moving around, she is moving around. She told me, "I would like to confess to you that I am afraid of love, and I have lived up to now only on casual relationships -- so much so that I don't want to know even the name of the other person, what to say about other qualities and attributes."

She said to me, "My most beautiful experiences have been while traveling in a train. Suddenly you meet a person; there is no need to know about him because at the next station or after a few hours he will be gone, you will be gone. Perhaps you are not going to see each other again. There is no need for getting in any way personal -- it is a kind of impersonal love."

It is not love, it is simply sex; it is just bodily, biological. But I can understand. The woman is very intelligent. I asked her, "Then there must have been a tragic love affair in the beginning; otherwise, how did you conclude this?"

She said, "That is true. Not once, but three times I have been deceived. I thought it was love, it was not love; again I thought it was love, it was not. And life is short. Three times I trusted those people, but they were simply exploiting my sexuality; and once they were satisfied they became strangers. Then I decided that I have to do something; I am losing my life unnecessarily. So the first thing I did, I married a man whom I do not love, whom I never hope to love, but who has enough riches so that about money I am not going to have any trouble.

"Secondly, I chose this man because he is constantly on tour, so he will not constantly torture me, and we will not be together constantly to harass each other, to embarrass each other. He is free -- wherever he wants to go, with whomsoever he wants to go.

I am not concerned because I don't love him, so there is no question of jealousy. And I am free. And when, even after loving a person for three years, ultimately it turns out that he is only a stranger, then what is the point of wasting three years?

"Strangers you can meet every day. And I decided to have relationships only with strangers, traveling in a plane, traveling in a train, meeting somebody in a tourist place for one day or two days or three days; and then to be finished, because more than that and you start becoming addicted to each other -- then problems are bound to arise."

I said to her, "What you are saying makes sense, but you don't know that you have missed the experience of love completely, just because of its troubles. Just because of the thorns you won't grow roses in your garden? That will be stupid.

Roses will be missed just because of the thorns.
"Thorns can be accepted with the roses -- you just have to be a little careful. And what harm can a thorn do? -- at the most bring a drop of blood from your finger. But a rose is far more important than a drop of blood from your finger. You have chosen to protect your fingers and you have forgotten completely that you are missing the roses. Are you happy?"
She said, "I am not, that's why I have come to you from the Philippines. I have everything -- money, rich friends, casual relationships, respectability -- but I am unhappy."

I said, "You are going to be unhappy, and you will become more and more unhappy because as time passes you will find more and more that what you have chosen is not the right thing."
The poets who have been writing about love have only momentary relationships. That is thought to be something artistic, avant-garde. Painters, poets, musicians, singers -- they are not supposed to have a long-term intimacy, that is against their profession. That makes them common people, ordinary people, household people -- and they are superior people.
But these are the people who have given you all the ideas about love. The people who know nothing about love have given you all the ideas about love; and all their ideas are fundamentally wrong because they have come out of zero experience.
For example, all around the world the idea is accepted by all cultures and societies that love is something that happens only once. That's absolutely wrong. It can happen as many times as you are capable of. It depends on you, on how much love you have in your heart. Yes, there are a few people for whom it happens only once because the quantity of love that they have is finished. Even in one love affair it is gone; then they are empty.
But love is not something that needs to be in such a small quantity. You can have many love experiences, but each experience has to be, for the time that it exists, total, intense.

If you are from the very beginning careful -- "it is just a momentary thing and tomorrow I say goodbye forever" -- then there is no possibility of love happening. But if you think that this love is going to last forever, that for eternity you are going to love this man or this woman.... It may end tomorrow morning -- that is not the point -- but for the moment this is your feeling, that you have found the person for whom you have been searching, and your total heartbeat is in tune with the other person. For the moment there is nobody else in the world except your beloved. The whole world has disappeared, and you are ready for this moment to become your eternity.
Then even in a single moment you can have the taste of love. It may last for years, it may not last, that is irrelevant -- who knows about tomorrow morning? But if somebody asks you this moment, you are ready to promise for the whole of eternity -- not just for tomorrow morning, but for all the tomorrows to come.
But the people who have given the ideas about love have given very wrong notions. One notion that they have given is that if you love a person then you have to love the person forever -- if it is real love. That is their criterion. If some day after ten years you find your paths separating, then the criterion that you have been carrying in the mind says, "All these ten years you were in a false love and you thought it was real."

I want to say to you that the reality of love has nothing to do with its longevity. Is the flower not real just because by the evening it fades? Is only the rock real

because it will remain tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and the day after that, because the day you were born it was there, and the day you die it will be there? Is only that rock real; and the flowers, thousands of flowers that came and disappeared, came and disappeared, were they unreal? Do you make length of time the criterion of reality? I don't see any relationship between the two. But because of this idea many people go on hanging around each others' necks because their love has to be real. They are killing each other to make the love real. If they separate that means their love was not real.

I am not saying that they have to separate to make the love real -- don't move to the opposite extreme, that you have to separate. It will depend on each individual case separately. It is possible that two persons may love their whole life without ever looking anywhere else. It is possible that one may love one person for the time being and then suddenly find that energy is no longer there.

It had come from the unknown.

It has gone to the unknown.

It was not within your power to love somebody; it is not in your power to prevent love from disappearing. You cannot do anything about it, you are simply helpless; so is the other person.

Don't blame anybody. Because of the wrong idea of love, lovers go on blaming each other: "You are destroying it." Nobody is destroying it. It is a free breeze; it comes, goes -- you cannot hold it. And if you close all the windows and all the doors to hold the breeze, it is no longer the same cool breeze. Soon it will be stale as all marriages are -- stale, dull.

Both the partners are trying to escape through some place -- some window, some door -- but the other is keeping watch. The other is also trying to escape from some door but the other is keeping watch. Soon husbands and wives become each others' jailers. Love has to be for the whole of life, then only is it real -- this is stupidity. And because of this idea in the name of love, marriage had to be invented. It is a more stable thing, permanent, legal, social -- just like the rock. It is no longer a flower.

The idea has come through people who have not experienced. The same is the case about other ideas -- for example, truth. People who know nothing about truth go on talking about it. It is an experience, it is not some object somewhere which one day you are going to find and catch hold of and put in your safe or in a bank.

Truth is not some thing, it is an experience.

You cannot talk about it -- you can talk it.

It can be in your very gestures.

It can be in your eyes.

It can be in your presence.

But you cannot talk about it, because when you know truth you know it is your very being, it is -- you. It is not somewhere else. You cannot give any description of it, you cannot draw a picture of it. No words are capable of describing it.

Every language falsifies the truth.

Every expression destroys it.

Then what to do? What has the disciple to do? -- because he wants to know truth existentially. Then there comes initiation.

Initiation is not needed for the curious -- he cannot stay that long. I have been traveling in India for so many years and I was puzzled.... Once I was going to catch the train and somebody came running and said, "Just a minute -- does God exist?"

I said, "You must be mad -- my train is leaving! What do you want? Do you want

Him to exist or not? -- because I have to catch my train; I cannot at this moment discuss God's existence." He said, "Just a minute -- the train is not leaving for three minutes more -- just a minute, a single question. I have been trying to find you, and today at last I have found you, but you are in a hurry to catch a train, and you don't see that I want to know about God."
I said, "You come to my place... be with me."
But he said, "That is a little difficult because to come a hundred miles... and then I will have to take leave from my firm, from my office."

I said,"Then first take care of your office, and your family. Then when you are finished with all these things, and if I am still alive, you come about God... because you are not interested in God, you simply want a man who is running to catch the train. And you don't see your stupidity -- is this the time to ask about God?"
But there are people who are just curious like that. Initiation is not for them, there is no question of initiation. For the student there is no initiation either, because intellectually he can attain knowledge from the universities, from the libraries. There, no initiation is asked for -- just of course, registration.
When they asked me to go to the office of the registrar to register, I said, "But I have come to be initiated, not to be registered." And the man who has invited me to his university, Doctor S.S. Roy, wanted desperately that I should come to the university where he teaches.
For four years continually I had been coming to his university to participate in an inter-university debate, and he was always one of the judges. For four years he had listened to me, and each time he listened to me he invited me, after the debate, to his house. And he would say, "Only one thing: You just leave everything -- just come. I want a student like you. My whole professorship is going just rotten. Why don't you come here? I will make all the facilities possible for you.

"And I cannot help you in any way in some other university because I don't have any power there. Here, I am the head of the department, dean of the faculty; any day I can become the vice-chancellor. And even if I don't, the vice-chancellor is my friend, and I will arrange everything.
"I want to remember later in my life that you were my student. And I feel so helpless when you come once a year -- I wait the whole year until the university again arranges an inter-university competition. I am always one of the judges... and you can't see my trouble, that I cannot give you a hundred percent because that will look as if I am favoring you -- so I give you only ninety-nine percent. But even then all the judges look at each other, because each year I give you ninety-nine."
So he had invited me, and finally, after my graduation, I said, "Okay, I am coming for post-graduate work to your college, to your university, and to your department."
He told me, "You go to the registrar's office, fill in the form and be registered."
I told him, "Professor Roy, I have not come here to be registered. What kind of a third-rate word do you use here -- registered? Is it an army office or is it a university? Where is the man who is going to initiate me?"
He said, "I knew that you would be a trouble and that I am asking for trouble. You are not yet part of the university and you have started creating trouble! I knew, because for four years I have been listening to the way you use words, the meaning you give to words.

I can see "registered" is just ugly; it should be initiation, you are right. But what to do? There is no initiator here, nobody. You will have to get registered."
I said, "This is simply ugly, because I have come to be a disciple, not to be a student. Isn't there anywhere a place for a disciple who wants existentially to know?
But there is no place in your ordinary universities because they don't go beyond the student.
Initiation comes only when somebody is ready to take a great quantum leap from intellect to existence, from words to experience.
You ask me, "What is initiation according to You?."
The first thing that is needed:
The person should be ready to be a disciple.
So let me explain it to you. A disciple means one who is ready to change himself to know the truth... because as you are you cannot know it; otherwise, you would have known it. As you are, something is basically wrong, upside down, not in the right place.

The disciple is one who is ready and available and gives himself to the Master, saying "Do whatsoever you want to me. If you want to cut my head off, cut it, but I have come in order to know the truth."
A disciple is ready to pay the price whatsoever it is, because at any cost, truth is cheap. Even if you give your whole life, then too you get it for nothing. What is your life? What value has it? It is just a soap bubble -- soon it will burst.

But truth will transform you from a mortal into an immortality.
From time, it will take you into eternity.
From all that is tense, full of anguish, a hell, it will pull you out into a state of blissfulness.
The disciple has to be ready to change.
Krishnamurti has been trying his whole life to work with people without initiation -- that has been his failure. Of course he could get hold only of students; he could not go deeper than that. He had something to give to those who can go deeper than students, but he himself was preventing disciples from coming to him.
Those who had come, he was condemning them. He was forcing them to remain students, just on the intellectual level.
So for sixty years there have been people, thousands around the world, who have listened to him year in, year out; read him continually, and have become completely full of his ideas, but have not changed in any way. They are the same people they were sixty I years before. And now he feels frustrated -- but the j whole fault is his own. He seems to feel as if people are not intelligent enough. That is not the case.
The people are intelligent enough but you debarred the real intelligent people and you raised and praised high the intellectuals -- who are not the real intelligent people. The intelligent person will say, "I am ready to change, but I want to know, not verbally -- I want to experience it.

And I am ready to do anything, unconditionally." That unconditional commitment I from the disciple is an absolute necessity for initiation. The word initiation is a very profound word.
It means something that cannot be said, cannot be verbalized; something that is impossible to impart through mind... but still there is a way to imbibe it. And that is the way of initiation. Initiation means the disciple is ready to be available, open to the Master, to his presence, his being, his silence.
I say unto you; do not be too much concerned with what I say, but be concerned

with what I am.
What I say is only the circumference, what I am is the center.
When a disciple is ready to join with the center of the Master, initiation happens.
It is an entry into the house of the Master.
The doors are opened for the disciple to come in because the disciple has opened his heart for the Master to come in. It is on both sides an opening -- availability, vulnerability.
And when both sides are open -- the Master's side is always open, even to those who are not open; it is only a question of the disciple, because he is continually defending, afraid. That's what the whole society has been teaching him: "Be on the defense, otherwise somebody is going to exploit you. Be alert, don't be gullible. Keep yourself ready; if somebody is trapping you, you can escape."

If this mind is there then you can't go beyond the stage of the student.
To be a disciple you have to be ready -- knowingly, with your eyes open -- to step into the unknown, dropping all fear, because the Master is the most unknown and unknowable thing in existence. It is not his body, it is not his mind. It is his vibe, his presence -- not his person. And to enter into his presence you have to drop all your defense measures. That is initiation. It may take any formal structure. That is not essential; that is just to make it visible.
You are given a red robe, a mala; they are not essential. They are just to make your initiation visible to others, because if it is visible to others they will remind you. Standing before a mirror you will be reminded; continuously you will be reminded that you are a disciple and you have to behave like a disciple. It is just an outer protection.
But the real initiation is something inner, something that triggers in your heart... a moment when the Master's heart and your heart beat in the same rhythm.
When there is a moment when your breathing and your Master's breathing are one, when the two-ness is lost, and one-ness is felt -- that feeling of one-ness with the Master is initiation.
Disciplehood is a necessary condition for initiation.
And as your initiation becomes ripe, as it becomes easier, natural, spontaneous, then comes the fourth category: the devotee.

Between the disciple and the devotee is the bridge of initiation. The disciple is on the other shore, the Master is on this shore. But the disciple is ready to cross the river, to risk his life. To him there is nothing more important that to be with the Master. Whether it is a river of water or fire makes no difference, he is going to pass through it.
That very decision changes him from a student into a disciple. That very decision, and immediately -- the Master may be on the other shore, but he starts pulsating with him -- a synchronicity arises. He starts feeling as if he is part of him, not separate. Slowly the bridge is built. More and more your defenselessness, without any effort, just becomes natural to you. The day it becomes natural, you have crossed the bridge: the disciple disappears and the devotee appears. That is the highest category in the world of seeking.
A devotee is one who has nothing to ask, nothing to seek. He has found the Master, and that's enough. He has left himself in the hands of the Master, and now he is at ease.
It is just like a small child walking with his father hand-in-hand. The father may be afraid -- it is a thick jungle, and the night is coming -- but the child has no fear. He is enjoying himself and he is talking about all kinds of things, and the father wants to say, "Shut up! Just walk fast -- the night is coming."

And the child says, "But look at the trees, and look at that tiger!" He is not afraid because he knows his hand is in his father's hand.
A moment comes when the disciple starts feeling the same way with the Master. Then he is a devotee, then it is a love affair.
Now it has nothing to do with seeking, searching, finding, not finding; there is no question of going anywhere.
Now wherever the Master is, is home, is paradise.
You have lost yourself totally in your Master's being.
And the strangest phenomenon is: the moment you are lost utterly in the Master's being, for the first time you have found yourself, and found who you are.

THE END.

Question 1

OSHO,
WHAT IS INTUITION, AND WHAT IS ITS PLACE IN YOUR RELIGION?

IT is a little bit complex, because a few other things will have to be understood first; then you can understand what intuition is.
Intuition is the highest rung of the ladder, the ladder of consciousness. It can be divided into three divisions: the lowest and the first is instinct; the second, the middle one, is intellect; and the third, the highest one, is intuition.
The word "in" is used in all three. It is significant. It means these are qualities inborn. You cannot learn them, there is no way to grow them with any outside help.
Instinct is the world of the animals -- everything is instinct. Even if sometimes you see indications of other things, it is your projection. For example, you can see love in animals -- the mother looking after her kids very lovingly, caringly -- and you can think that it is not just instinct, it is something higher, not just biological. But it is not higher, it is simply biological. The mother is doing it like a robot in the hands of nature. She is helpless -- she has to do it. In many animals the father has no instinctive fatherliness; on the contrary, many will kill their own kids and eat them.
For example in crocodiles, the life of the kids is in immense danger. The mother is protective and fights for the kids' life, but the father just wants to have a good breakfast.

The father has no instinct; in fact the father is a human institution.
The mother crocodile has to keep the kids in her mouth to protect them from the father. She has a big mouth -- all women have big mouths -- she can manage to keep almost a dozen kids in her mouth. In the mother's mouth, just beside her dangerous teeth the kids are perfectly safe. The more difficult thing is for the kids to figure out who is the mother and who is the father, because they both look alike. And sometimes the kids go close to the father, go into his mouth and are gone forever; then they will never see the light again. But the mother tries to fight, to protect.
Perhaps that's why nature gives children in such abundance: the mother has one dozen each time, each year. If she can manage to save even two that keeps the population exactly the same, but she manages to protect almost half of the kids.
Anybody watching will feel that the father is really cruel, has no compassion, no love, and that the mother is really motherly. But you are just projecting your ideas. The mother is protecting, not for any conscious reason; it is in her

hormones to protect them, and the father has nothing to do with those hormones. If he is injected with the same hormones then he will stop killing his own kids. So it is a question of chemistry, not of psychology or of anything higher than biochemistry.

Ninety percent of man's life is still part of the animal world. We live by instinct. You fall in love with a woman, or a woman falls in love with you, and you think it is something great. It is nothing great, it is simple instinctive infatuation: it is hormones being attracted by the opposite hormones. You are just a plaything in the hands of nature. No animal bothers about the delicacies and subtleties of love, but man feels that just to be instinctive is insulting, humiliating: your love is just biochemistry? Your love is poetry, your love is art, your love is philosophy -- but biochemistry? It seems as if you are ashamed of your biology, of your chemistry, of your nature. But this is not the way of understanding. You have to understand exactly what is what.

Distinctions have to be clear, otherwise you will remain always confused. Your ego will go on making you project as high as possible things which have nothing to do with anything higher than the lowest strata. Your love is just an illusion created by your chemistry.

Just think: if the romantic idea of love is taken away then I don't think any man or woman would be able to stand sex and its absurdity. It would look so stupid. Just take away the romantic idea and think in straight terms of biology and chemistry; then your sex will make you feel ashamed. There is nothing in it to brag about.

Just imagine yourself making love to a man or a woman with no romance, with no poetry, no Omar Khayyam, no Shelley, no Byron -- just as a reproduction process because nature wants to procreate through you, because nature knows you are going to die. You are not permanent; before you die nature wants that life to continue. But man cannot go into sex unless he has something romantic about it, so he has created great smoke around sex, which he calls love. He pretends, even believes that it is love -- but watch more carefully.

You are interested in a man or a woman. The natural instinct in a woman is to play hide-and-seek. It is very strange that in all the cultures, all over the world, the small kids play two games without fail. Their religions are different, their cultures are different, their races are different, their societies, their languages -- everything is different -- but as far as these two games are concerned, whether they are born in Africa or China or America or India, it makes no difference.

One is the game of hide-and-seek. It is strange why, all over the world, not a single culture has existed on the earth where children have not played the game of hide-and-seek. It seems to be something to do with instinct, as if they are preparing for some bigger game of hide-and-seek. This is just a rehearsal, and then for the whole of life the game is continued.

The woman is always the one who tries to hide, and the man is always the macho who seeks. It is a challenge for him to seek. The more the woman hides, the more he is challenged and excited. Hence, you will see that the more beautiful a woman is, the more expert she is in hiding, in escaping, in making you feel as thirsty and as hungry as possible. She goes on saying no -- that no is her hiding. And everybody in the whole world knows that when a woman says no she means yes -- in all the languages. If she is not ready to say yes, she will not even bother to say no.

In my university, a student, who was my neighbor in the hostel, was very shy of

girls. And I, for some strange reason, from my very earliest childhood have been teaching people all kinds of things. Some strange fate! People trusted me, that they could confide their weaknesses to me; and that I was not going to tell anybody, and I might be able to give them some advice -- particularly because I was never a seeker of women. On the contrary, in my university life, girls were seeking me and I was hiding.
So that young man asked me, "What is the secret? We are trying to find a girl, and they all escape. And you go on escaping from them and they go on trying to find you. What is the secret?"
I said, "There is not much of a secret. One has to be the hider and one has to be the seeker. Once it has been decided that I am not going to be the seeker, then naturally they start seeking.

It is just a reversal of the instincts, and because I know that one has to play the part."
In my class there were two girls. I was the only man there, and I was as uninterested in them as one could be. Now, naturally that was a challenge; it hurt. And particularly one of the girls was really beautiful. She was a Kashmiri girl, and they are the fairest and the most beautiful in India. She had never thought... and it had never happened in her life -- everybody who came in contact with her was immediately interested in her. I was the only man who was not interested at all.

We were sitting at the same desk. It was I who had to go on keeping myself close to the wall, and she went on coming closer to me. I said, "You have enough space -- just leave a little buffer zone between us."
This man asked me, "What to do, because whenever I approach them or say anything they immediately say, 'No, we are not interested."'
I said, "Have you heard the saying or not, that when a girl says no she means yes? Just take it for granted that it is yes: when you hear no, understand yes, and go ahead following the yes."
The next day I saw him; he was very wiped out. I asked, "What is the matter? What happened?"
He said, "This advice of yours I was thinking was going to work, but the girl didn't say no, she said,'Shit'! And I was at a loss what to do because you had given no instructions about that."

I said, "Now I will give you a general instruction that covers everything because if I give you instructions for a single thing and she says something else, again you will be in trouble: If she says ANYthing, she means yes; otherwise she wouldn't bother even to say that, she would simply turn around and go on her way. If she becomes angry, that is quite something, that means it is possible. She has shown some emotion towards you; her instincts are stirred. Now you have to be a little clever to turn her emotions in your favor.
"But if she says nothing and does not even look at you, then it is better you seek somewhere else. She is going to be difficult for you. Right now she is very difficult, and if you get her then she is going to be really terrible. It is better you forget about her."
But all children, all over the world, play the game of hide-and-seek. Nobody teaches them, so how did it become universal? It must be coming out from their inner nature -- some urge to seek, to find, some challenge. The girl must have some inner urge to escape as far as she can. The more beautiful she is, the more she will try to escape because she knows you will follow. A homely girl will not try hiding too much; she will hide, but in such a way that you can find her. An ugly

girl will not even try hiding. She will not say no thinking that it will be understood as yes; she will simply say yes so as not to leave anything in confusion, in limbo.

The same is true about the man. The ugly man will be the greatest seeker; he will find you even if you are hiding in hell. He is not going to leave you alone. The middle-class, the middler, will try to find you but not so hard. If he can find you, good; otherwise he will seek somewhere else. The most beautiful will not try seeking at all, he will wait for you to come.

These things happen naturally -- nobody decides these things, they are part of your biological nature. But nature has been wise enough to give you the delusion of love; otherwise, just for reproduction purposes, for life to continue, you are not going to do all those exercises and eighty-four sex postures that Vatsyayana prescribes -- strange, ugly, stupid. If you take love away then bare sex looks really very animal-like. That is one of the problems that humanity has been troubled by all along and is still troubled by. One can only hope that in the future we can make it more understandable.

The man goes on seeking, persuading, writing love letters, sending presents and doing everything in his power; but once his sex is satisfied he starts becoming uninterested. Now, it is not something that he is doing knowingly. He does not want to hurt; particularly the person whom he has loved he does not want to hurt. But this is the way of biology. All that romance and all the love was just smoke in which nature was trying to hide the sexual part, which in itself looks ugly, so it was giving it a beautiful cover.

But once nature's work is done through you, all that smoke disappears. Instinct knows only sex. Love is only a sugar coating on a bitter pill just to help you swallow it. Don't go on keeping it in your mouth, otherwise you will not be able to swallow it; soon the thin coating of sugar will be gone and you are going to spit out the bitter pill.

Hence lovers are in a great hurry to make love. What is the hurry? Why can't they wait? The sugar is very thin and they are afraid that if it is too late the sugar may be gone and then it is all bitter, really bitter.

Instinct does not make you a man, it simply keeps you an animal, two-legged, but still you are an animal.

The second rung, intellect, gives you something which is higher than biology, chemistry, the animal nature. Intellect is also inborn, just as intuition is, just as instinct is. There is no way to increase your intelligence; all that can be done is to make your whole potential actual, which will look as if your intelligence has grown.

The reality is that the most intelligent person uses only fifteen percent of his potential; the normal, ordinary, common person uses only six to seven percent. Eighty-five percent of intelligence remains unused even in Albert Einstein or Bertrand Russell. That eighty-five percent can be made available and it will be a tremendous growth. You will think that certainly you have grown in intelligence, but you have simply recovered, reclaimed what was already yours.

We have found ways to teach intellect and to increase your power of memory. All the schools, colleges and universities -- the whole system of education around the world is only doing one thing: sharpening your intellect. But there has arisen a problem which was not foreseen by the educationists: when your intelligence becomes a little powerful it starts interfering with your instinct. A competition, a struggle for power starts.

The intellect tries to dominate, and because it has logic on its side -- reason, argument, a thousand and one proofs -- it can manage, as far as your conscious mind is concerned, to convince you that the instinct is something evil. That's why all the religions have been condemning instinct.
They are just intellectual games. Instinct is part of your unconscious mind and intellect is part of your conscious mind, but the problem is that the conscious mind is only one-tenth of the unconscious mind. It is just like an iceberg: only one-tenth shows above water, nine times more is hidden underneath. Your conscious mind is only a tenth part, but it shows; you know about it. You don't know anything about your unconscious mind.
The conscious mind is being taught in the schools, in the colleges, in the universities, in the churches, in the synagogues -- everywhere. And they fill your conscious mind -- against instinct. This is a very ugly phenomenon; they are making you anti-nature, anti-yourself.

But the unconscious mind is always silent; it is deep in darkness. It is not worried about your conscious mind at all. Whatever you decide with your conscious mind can simply be thrown away by the unconscious any moment, because it is nine times more powerful. It does not bother about your logic, your reason, or anything.
It is not without reason that even a man like Gautam Buddha was against giving women initiation into his commune. He wanted it to be purely a male commune with no female in it.
I am against his attitude but I understand what the reason was. His reason has to be thought about. He was aware that once women are there then what are you going to do with the unconscious mind of man? It was a question of psychology, not of religion. Sigmund Freud or Jung or Adler are just pygmies before Gautam Buddha.
It looks inhuman to prevent women, but if you look into his insight you will be surprised; the man had some solid ground. The ground was not the woman; he was not really saying to keep the woman out. He was saying, "I know you cannot be victorious over your unconscious." In reality it was not a condemnation of woman, it was a condemnation of the disciples. He was saying that in bringing the woman in, your unconscious will start overpowering you.
He tried every possible way to prevent that happening. He told his monks that they had to walk looking only four feet ahead so they could not see the face of a woman on the road or anywhere; at the most they might see her legs.

He told his monks, "Don't touch a woman, don't talk to a woman."
One of his disciples was persistent. He said, "In some situation -- for example a woman has fallen on the road and is sick or dying -- do you want us not to talk to her, to ask her where she wants to go? Do you want us not to touch her and take her to her home?"
He said, "In rare situations like this, yes, you can touch her and you can talk to her -- but be very aware that she is a woman."
Now his insistence, "Be very aware," is not against the woman, it is against your unconscious. If you are very aware then there is a possibility that your unconscious may not be able to penetrate and overpower the conscious mind.
All the religions have been against the woman -- not that they were woman-haters, no; they were simply trying to protect the monk, the priest and the popes. Of course, I don't agree with their methodology because this is not a way to protect; in fact this makes you more inflammable. A monk who has not touched a woman, who has not talked to a woman and who has no idea about women, is bound to be more in the grip of his instinct than a man who has lived with

women, talked with them, and has been as much at ease with them as with any man.
The monks and nuns have been more in the power of the instinct. If you split your instinct completely from satisfaction, it can become so powerful -- almost like a drug -- that it can intoxicate you, it can make you hallucinate.

And in the Middle Ages there were monks who confessed before the special court that the pope had made. It was a grand jury court where all honest nuns and monks were called and asked to confess: "Are you having intercourse with devils, with witches?" And thousands of them confessed, "Yes, the witches come in the night, the devils come in the night."
The monastery walls and locks could not prevent them coming in, of course; they were devils and witches! They described exactly how a witch looks, how a devil looks, and how they were tempted into sexuality and were unable to resist. These nuns and monks were burned alive so that it became a lesson for others. But nobody has bothered to see: no witch comes to you; even if you keep your door open, no devil comes to you. Why were these devils and witches coming only to Catholics? -- strange! What have poor Catholics done wrong?
The reason is simple. They repressed sex so much that it became a boiling hot thing inside the unconscious. And when they went to sleep, their dreams were so vivid and colorful and realistic -- it depended on how much they had been deprived.
Just fast for two or three days and you will see: each night you will have a beautiful feast in your dream. And as the fast goes deeper and makes you more hungry, your feast will become more and more delicious, fragrant, colorful, realistic. There is a possibility that after twenty-one days of fasting you can dream of food with open eyes, fully awake.

There is no need for sleep any more; now the unconscious starts infiltrating into the conscious even while you are waking.
Many of the nuns and the monks accepted that it was not only in the night; in the day also devils and witches came to visit them and made love to them. And they were unable to do anything, it was simply beyond their capacity.
Other religions have done the same thing.
My effort is just the opposite of all the religions, because I can see what they have done. The intention was good but their understanding was not deep enough. I want women and men to live together, to be acquainted with each other's bodies, differences, polarities, so that there is no need for your unconscious to carry something repressed in it.
Once your unconscious is completely free of repression, your instinct has a different quality to it. It is joined with intelligence. When your unconscious is no more repressed, when there is no Berlin wall between your conscious and your unconscious -- the wall can be withdrawn because there is no repression so there is no need to keep the unconscious hidden -- then you can move in and out of your unconscious as easily as you move from one room to another room in your house.
This is your house. Gurdjieff used to use this simile of the house, that man is a three-storied house. The first story is the unconscious, the second story is the conscious, the third story is the superconscious.

Once your intelligence and instinct have no conflict, you become man for the first time; you are no longer part of the animal kingdom. And to me this is what is absolutely needed for anybody who wants to know truth, life, existence; for one who wants to know who he is.
In repressing nine parts of your own mind, how are you going to know yourself?

You have repressed so much of yourself in a basement where you cannot bear to go. All religious people have lived in fear, trembling. What was their fear? The fear was of their own unconscious and their repressed instincts which were knocking on the door of their conscious: "Open the door, we want to come in! We want realization, we want to be fulfilled."
The more starved they are, the more dangerous they are. You are surrounded by hungry wolves; each instinct becomes a hungry wolf And this is the torture in which so-called religious people have lived, surrounded by hungry wolves.
I want you to be friendly with your unconscious.
Just as Buddha had to prevent women because he wanted to create a wall between you and your unconscious... I have brought women into the commune with the same idea, the same intention: to prevent your unconscious overpowering your conscious. But what Buddha did, failed; what I am doing is making it foolproof. It is impossible that it fail because I don't in any way support any kind of repression.

Let it all be expressed.
Let your biology be satisfied to its full.
Just try to see the point: if your biology is completely satisfied, there is no fight between the conscious and the unconscious. You become one whole, as far as your mind is concerned; your mind is one whole.
It will release tremendous intelligence in you because most of your intelligence is involved in repressing. You are sitting on a volcano trying to keep the volcano from exploding. The volcano is going to explode. Your power is so small it cannot hold it for ever; on the contrary, when it explodes you will be thrown into such small pieces that to put you together again will be impossible.
The many mad people around the world, in your mad asylums, hospitals -- what are they? Who are they? What has gone wrong with them? They have fallen in pieces and you can't put them together. There is no possibility of putting them together unless you arrange that all their repressed instincts are fulfilled. But who is there to even say this? Because I have been saying it for all of thirty-five years continually, I have become the most notorious man in the world.
Just yesterday I saw in STERN a front cover page story of fifteen pages, and this is only the first part. It is going to be in five parts, in five consecutive issues of the magazine. Their heading on the title page is "The Sex State."

I really liked it.
And the strangest thing is, if you go on looking beyond those fifteen pages, then you will be surprised. Who is living in a sex state? The Stern staff, their editors and their board of members -- or us? In the magazine are totally naked, nude women, and they are not only naked... because a totally naked woman is not so fascinating; you have to make her nakedness even more fascinating by giving her sexual clothes, which in a way show her body and in a way hide it too. So you can play the hide-and-seek game again.
You can start dreaming about how the woman looks behind these clothes. She may not be so beautiful behind these clothes. In fact all female bodies are the same and all male bodies are the same, once you put the light off and all colorfulness and all differences disappear. Darkness is such an equalizer, so communistic, that in darkness you can even love your own wife.
The whole magazine is full of sex, but we are the sex state. Even PLAYBOY writes against me! I wonder what a really strange world we are living in! But I know why Stern or PLAYBOY or magazines like that, which are third-rate and exploiting people's sexuality... they are sold in millions. Stern sells almost two million copies and each copy is estimated to be read by at least eight people; that means sixteen million people.

Why should they be against me? And they have been against me almost for six or seven years.

The reason is that if I succeed then these magazines will have to close their offices. They live upon repression. It is a simple logic, why they are against me. The priests, who are against sex, are against me, and the people who are using sex as an exploitation -- PLAYBOY, STERN, and there are thousands of magazines around the world -- they are also against me! It seems strange, because they are not against the pope; there is not a single article against the pope. PLAYBOY should be against the pope who is continually condemning sex. But no.
There is an intrinsic logic:
The more the pope condemns sex, the more he represses sex, the more PLAYBOY sells.
Only in my commune will nobody be interested in PLAYBOY or STERN -- who bothers? If I succeed then all these pornographic magazines, literature and movies, are simply bound to disappear. And there is a great investment behind them, so they will all oppose me -- and they will oppose me and condemn me in the name of sex, as if I am spreading sexuality!
If anybody has spread sexuality it must be your God. I have nothing to do with it. He goes on giving birth to children with sexual hormones. He should stop it! He should listen to the pope. But these magazines are not against God either because He is providing the whole market. Popes and priests are all in a deep conspiracy. They are both together against me because I am simply trying to spoil the game.

But that has been my habit from the very beginning, to spoil people's game. If they are playing football I will simply take the football and run away and then the whole team will be coming after me. Once I have reached my house, I will go immediately to the terrace and lock the door. Then my father and my mother and everybody will be knocking on the door, "Give back their football. Why do you continually take somebody's football, somebody's volleyball? The whole team is there and they are so angry and perspiring. Two miles they have been running after you."
And I would say, "Because I cannot tolerate any stupid kind of thing. Wherever I see anything idiotic happening I stop it.
"Now these people simply throw the ball to the other side; the other side throws the ball back to them. And I cannot tolerate it. I was just passing there. I had not gone there for any reason, just seeing these fools doing this.... They should thank me."
My father would say, "If they want to do something stupid let them do it. Why should you interfere? You should not spoil anybody's game."
I used to spoil my father's game too. He was a good chess player, and he used to play with a Mohammedan, an old man, whose letters still come. He is now more than a hundred years old. He was my grandfather's friend -- Abdul Baba. When India was divided he went to Pakistan because his son, daughter, and everybody else was going.

He was not happy to leave -- he left crying and weeping -- but everybody was going and they did not want to leave the old man there, so they took him away. But he has been continually writing from there.
In my life I have received millions of letters, but no letter is so loving as that old man's. His letters still come here and just a few days ago a letter came from him. He continually writes, "bete" -- that is "my son." In Hindi beta means my son, but when you make it bete you are making it as full of love as possible. Beta is simply

my son. In English there is nothing compared to bete. Just a little change, but bete becomes "my beloved son" -- and something more, something plus which is untranslatable.
He goes on writing, "Now I am more than a hundred years old, my only wish is to see you one more time before I die." He had come to India when my father died, but because he is a hajji.... He has been on the pilgrimage to Mecca, which is called hajj, and whoever makes the pilgrimage gets the title hajji. Each Mohammedan is required at least one time in his life to go to Mecca, otherwise he will not have entry into paradise.
But once you have been to Mecca, then you -- a hajji -- have to follow a few things. You cannot say anything untrue -- and many other things. He had no idea that my father was with me in Poona so he got the permission of the Indian government to go to Gadawara, to my father's place -- the permission was only for Gadawara.

He could have come -- there was no problem in it -- to visit Poona, because he had permission to be in India for fifteen days, but because he had said that he would be only visiting Gadawara he could not come to Poona. Now he says, "Perhaps I did wrong. I should have dropped my paradise. I should have come to Poona to see you and your father. If through any sacrifice I can see you I am ready to make it: I am ready to drop paradise."
This old man was an expert in playing chess. He was my grandfather's chess companion, and when my grandfather died, my father started playing with this old man. It was my usual practice... whenever I saw them playing, I would upturn their board! But that old man was never angry -- he would say, "You are a man of principle."
I would say, "I cannot allow you to be so stupid: 'This is the elephant and this is the camel, this is the king and this is the queen.' Whom are you befooling? You are both unnecessarily wasting time. It was good that I came by, otherwise you would have continued."
Many times my father would say, "This is too much! We are not wasting your time. We never disturb anything that you are doing because we know if we disturb you, you will create such a nuisance. You go on doing everything in front of our eyes, dangerous things even" -- because behind my house there was a neem tree, a very big neem tree, huge, very old, and it was very difficult to climb on it.

My father wanted it to be cut, but in fact he could not find any woodcutter who was ready to climb it and cut it, because all around were houses and the tree was vast; its branches were covering many houses.
All the woodcutters said, "It is almost impossible, a difficult job. If we cut those branches they can fall, destroy somebody's house or take somebody's life -- and our own life is at risk. The tree is not in an empty space where we can manage to cut it. Nothing can be done here."
I used to climb the tree. And the tree was known as having ghosts in it. In India it is thought that if you take a person who is possessed by a ghost to a tree which is well-known and famous for having many ghosts already living there, then naturally that ghost, seeing others of its society, leaves the man and enters the tree. And then immediately you have to hammer a long nail into the tree so the ghost is nailed to the tree; now he cannot come out. So that tree had many nails. Every day it was a joy to see people coming and their ghosts entering the tree. I used those nails for stepping on.
My father said, "Every day you see ghosts disappearing." I had seen it, that the person comes up to the tree simply mad, and just before the tree he starts

trembling, shouting, saying something.
And the people who have brought him say, "Get into the tree, get out of this man! You have your whole society here -- what are you doing with this man?" Then suddenly the man cools down, and as he cools down they immediately nail the ghost.

He said, "You see it every day."
I said, "I see it every day, and you also see every day that I go on stepping on those nails and no ghost has even troubled me. Perhaps they think I am also a ghost or something... an un-nailed ghost!"
And he said, "I see you and I fear for you, but I don't stop you because there is no point in stopping you; there would just be an argument." We had a small well. To clean the well they had put iron rods so you could just use those iron rods as steps to go down the well. It was a very deep well, but very small; it was just for family purposes. Once in a while I would go to take a bath in the well. He would see me and he would say, "Okay, go. You know that we have to drink that water, but we cannot prevent you. And we know that some day you can be in danger; it is very deep, sixty feet at least. Even if you cry, nobody will hear."
I said, "I am not a one to cry. I will die silently, and live silently. I am not going to cry -- don't be worried about that. And as far as the depth is concerned, I have fathomed it; there is no problem. I go to the very depth, and many times I have found your things; a bucket has been dropped in and I have brought it out. You know that I go to the very depth."
So he would say, "We never stop anything, and you just jump into...."
I said, "I jump only when I see something absurd going on.

This is absolutely absurd -- and I am a spoilsport."
Now this good sport is going on between the priest and the PLAYBOYS: the priest goes on repressing, and the pornographers go on printing more pornography. And their pornography is sold more than your bibles. People read PLAYBOY keeping the magazine inside THE BIBLE, so you may think, "What a holy man, always reading THE BIBLE." Whenever you see anybody reading THE BIBLE just go close and see, whether he is actually reading THE BIBLE. Ninety percent chances are it is a PLAYBOY magazine.
Both these types of people are exploiting repression; hence, it is logical in every way to be against me. They are both against me. At least STERN should not be against me if I have created a sex state. They should be happy and they should be favorable. But no, they are absolutely angry. They may not even be aware why they are angry with me; they may be doing it absolutely unconsciously, but the unconscious also has its own reasons. You may not be aware of them.
Repress anything and it becomes valuable.
Repress more, and it becomes more valuable.
Don't repress and it loses all value.
Express it, it evaporates.
I can say to the world that this is the only place where sex means nothing; it has no value.
Nobody is bothered by it; nobody is dreaming about it and nobody is fantasizing about it.

In fact sannyasins continually write to me, "Osho, what to do? My sex life is completely disappearing."
I say, "What to do? Let it disappear. You need not do anything. This is the whole purpose here: it should disappear Don't make any effort to make it disappear, but when it is disappearing, please, don't make any effort to prevent it. Say goodbye.

It is just great that it is disappearing."
But the trouble is that people think that when sex is disappearing perhaps now nothing is left because sex was all their excitement, their ecstasy and their joy. No, there is really so much waiting for you. Just let sex disappear so that your energy becomes available for a higher kind of excitement, a higher kind of ecstasy.
When your unconscious and conscious meet because there is nothing repressed in the unconscious -- and that is the moment of their meeting and their merger. At that very moment another great opportunity opens up for you because you are no longer involved with the lower; your whole energy is available for the higher. You are in the middle, the conscious mind.
But because the unconscious is there, you remain involved in repressing it, you go on repressing it. It is not a question that once you have repressed it you are finished with it; you have to repress it constantly, because it is coming up again and again. It is just like bouncing a ball; you hit it and it comes back to you.

The greater force you put into hitting it, the greater is the force with which it comes towards you.
The same is the situation with instincts; you repress them, and the more energy you put in repressing, the more energy they will have coming back to you. From where can they get energy? It is your energy. But when you are completely free from the unconscious and its involvements, it is clean and silent; then your whole energy is available.
Energy has a fundamental principle about it: it cannot remain static, it has to move. Movement is its nature. It is not a thing that you put somewhere and it remains there. No, it has to move -- it is life. So when there is no reason to move downwards, it has only one way to move -- upwards. There is nowhere else to go. It starts hitting your superconscious, and just its hit to the superconscious is so pleasant and such a joy that all your sexual orgasms simply pale. You cannot imagine it because it is not a quantitative difference such that I can tell you that it is ten thousand times greater in quantity. The difference is of quality.
So there is no way to imagine it. How to compare it to your sexual orgasm? But that is the only thing in your life through which something higher can be indicated. When your energy starts hitting your upper world, of which you were not even aware up to now there is a constant showering of joy.

The sexual orgasm is so momentary that by the time you know it is there, it is gone. You only remember it in memory; you don't really realize when it is there. Because of this momentariness you become more and more addicted to it, because you remember there was something, something great was happening, so, "Let us go into it again, let us go into it again." But there is no way....
Before it comes -- you know it is coming because the bell starts ringing in your head. It is really a bell which starts ringing in your head: it is coming. You know that it is coming... you know that it is gone. The bell has stopped, it is not ringing any more, and you look like a fool! Between the ringing of the bell and the stopping of the bell, you look like a fool. Perhaps man feels more ashamed; that's why after making love he simply turns and goes to sleep. Woman is not that much ashamed for the simple reason that she is not an active partner; the man looks foolish because he is the active partner.
Just the energy touching your higher level of consciousness, the superconscious -- just the touch, and there is a shower of joy which continues. Slowly the energy goes on hitting and makes its way to the center of the superconsciousness. You have nothing to do: your work is finished when you have stopped repressing and you have cleaned your unconscious. Then you have nothing to do; then all that has to be done is done by your energy.

And when you reach the center a new faculty starts functioning in you which is intuition.
At the center of the unconscious is instinct.
At the center of the conscious is intellect.
At the center of the superconscious is intuition.
Instinct makes you do things, forces you to do things even against your will.
Intellect helps you to find ways if you want to do a certain thing, or to find ways if you don't want to do a certain thing. Intellect's function is to find a way. If you want to go with the instinct, intellect will find a way.
If you are a so-called religious person, a pseudo-religious person, and you want to go against your instinct, intellect will find a way. They may be strange ways, but intellect is at your service: whatever you want it will do. It is not in favor of or against anything, it is simply at your disposal. If a man is sane he will use his intellect to help his unconscious be fulfilled. The sooner it is fulfilled the better, so that you are free from it. Fulfillment means freedom from it.
If you are some kind of crackpot, Catholic, Protestant, any kind -- there are all sorts of crackpots available in the world. You can choose what kind of crackpot you want to be: Hindu, Mohammedan, Jaina, Buddhist -- all kinds of varieties are available. You cannot say, "The variety I want is not available," you cannot say that.

In thousands of years man has created almost every single variety of crackpot. You can choose, you can have your choice; but whatever you choose it is the same.
Nobody has told you how to use intellect to fulfill your unconscious, your nature, your biology, your chemistry. They are yours. What does it matter whether it is chemistry or biology or physiology? They are part of you and nature never gives anything without reason. Fulfill it, and its fulfillment is going to make a path for the higher potential.
All religious people are hung up with the lowest part of their being -- that's why they look so sad and so guilty. They cannot rejoice. Jesus goes on saying to these people, "Rejoice," and on the other hand he goes on saying to them, "Remember hell." He is creating a dilemma for people, showing them the way to hell -- the way to hell is to fulfill your nature and the way to heaven is to go against your nature. But to go against your nature creates hell here on earth.
I want to create paradise here, now.
Why postpone such a good thing?
Things which are not worth your attention you can postpone -- but paradise? I am not ready to postpone it for tomorrow or for the next second. You can have it herenow. All that you need is a clean unconscious: fulfilled, contented, biology settles; chemistry settles and gives you all the energy that was involved in those planes.

The energy shoots upwards by itself, and it stops only at the very center of your superconscious mind. And there intuition starts functioning.
What is intuition? you have asked. Intuition is in some ways like instinct, in some ways absolutely unlike instinct; in some ways like intellect, in other ways absolutely against intellect. So you will have to understand, because it is the subtlest thing in you.
Intuition is like instinct because you cannot do anything about it. It is part of your consciousness, just as instinct is part of your body. You cannot do anything about your instinct and you cannot do anything about your intuition. But just as you can allow your instincts to be fulfilled, you can allow and give total freedom to your intuition to be fulfilled. And you will be surprised at what kinds of powers you have been carrying within you.

Intuition can give you answers for ultimate questions -- not verbally but existentially. You need not ask, What is truth? Instinct won't hear, it is deaf. Intellect will hear but it can only philosophize; it is blind, it can't see. Intuition is a seer, it has eyes. It sees the truth -- there is no question of thinking about it. Instinct and intuition are both independent of you. Instinct is in the power of nature, of unconscious nature, and intuition is in the hands of the superconscious universe, the consciousness that surrounds the whole universe, the oceanic consciousness of which we are just small islands -- or better, icebergs, because we can melt into it and become one with it.

In some ways intuition is exactly opposite to instinct.
Instinct always leads you to the other; its fulfillment is always dependent on something other than you.
Intuition leads you only to yourself.
It has no dependence, no need for the other; hence its beauty, its freedom and independence.
Intuition is an exalted state needing nothing. It is so full of itself that there is no space for anything else.
In some way intuition is like intellect because it is intelligence.
Intellect and intelligence are similar at least in appearance, but only in appearance. The intellectual person is not necessarily intelligent and the intelligent person is not necessarily intellectual. You can find a farmer so intelligent that even a very great professor, a very great intellectual, will look a pygmy in front of him.
It happened in Soviet Russia after the revolution, that they changed Petrograd, the city of Petrograd, to make it a new city named after Lenin, Leningrad. In front of Petrograd's huge, beautiful, and ancient castle there was a big rock which the czars had never thought to remove -- there was no need. Now cars had come into existence and that rock was blocking the whole road, it had to be removed.
But the rock was so beautiful that they wanted to remove it and keep it as a memorial, so they did not want to destroy it or dynamite it.

But all the great engineers -- all they could think about was to dynamite it or to start cutting it up piece by piece and then later on to put the pieces together. But Lenin said, "That won't do -- that will not be the same thing. The rock is so beautiful, that's why the czars have kept it just in front of their palace."

At that point a man came, a poor man on his donkey. He stood there listening to all this argument; then he laughed and started moving on. Lenin said, "Wait, why did you laugh?"
He said, "It is such a simple matter. Nothing much has to be done: all that you have to do is to dig around the rock. Don't touch the rock at all; just dig around the rock and the rock will settle deeper into the hole. You will not be disturbing the rock -- the rock will remain there -- but it will not be blocking anybody. There is no need to dynamite it or to destroy it."
Lenin said to his engineers, "You are great engineers and architects, but what this poor fellow is saying is more intelligent." And that's what was done. The rock was saved and the road was saved, but the idea came from a poor man who was nobody.
I have watched it, meeting thousands of people, that mostly, intellectual people are not intelligent because they don't have to be intelligent; their intellect, their knowledge is enough. But a man who has no knowledge, no intellect and no education has to find some intelligence within himself; he cannot look outside.

And because he has to depend on intelligence, intelligence starts growing. So intuition has something similar to intellect but it is not intellectual. It is intelligence.

The functioning of intellect and intelligence is totally different. Intellect functions through steps, step by step. It has a procedure, a methodology. If you are doing a question in mathematics then there are steps to be followed.

In India there is a woman, Shakuntala, who is still alive and who has been around the world, in almost all the universities, exhibiting her intuition. She is not a mathematician, she is not even much educated -- just a matriculate. Even when Albert Einstein was alive she was giving her demonstration in front of him. And her demonstration was strange. She would sit with a chalk in her hand before the board: you would ask any kind of question about mathematics or arithmetic, and you would not have even finished the question and she would have started writing the answer.

Albert Einstein gave her a certificate -- she showed the certificate to me when I was in Madras where she lives. She showed me all her certificates, and the one from Albert Einstein says, "I asked this woman a question which I take three hours to solve because I have to follow a whole method; I cannot just jump from the question to the answer. I know that nobody can do it in less time than I can, and that is three hours.

Others may take even six hours hours or more, but I can do it in three hours because I have done it before. But the whole procedure has to be followed. If you miss even a single step...." The figures were so big that it took the whole board for her to write the answer. And before he had even finished the question, she started writing the answer.

He was puzzled, absolutely puzzled because it was impossible. He asked, "How do you do it?"

She said, "I don't know how I do it -- it simply happens. You ask me and figures start appearing before my eyes, somewhere inside. I can see 1, 2, 3, and I just go on writing."

That woman was born with her intuition functioning, but I felt really sad for her because she became just an exhibition. Nobody cared that a woman who is born with intuition functioning can become enlightened very easily. She is just standing on the border; one step and she becomes the ultimate in consciousness. But she is not aware because this is just some freak of nature.

There was another boy, Shankaran, who used to pull a rickshaw in the city. There was a professor of mathematics, an Englishman, who used to go in his rickshaw to the university. Once or twice it happened that he was thinking about some problem, and the boy simply looked at him and said, "This is the answer." The professor had not spoken -- he was simply thinking -- and the boy was pulling the rickshaw, but he said, "This is the answer."

The professor went to the university, worked out the whole process and was surprised that that was the answer. When it happened two or three times, he asked the boy, "How do you do it?"

He said, "I don't do anything. I just feel you behind me, worried, and some figures start appearing. I am not much educated but figures I can understand. And I see so many figures in your mind, just behind me -- a line, a queue -- and then suddenly a few figures appear in my mind, so I tell you that this is the answer. I don't know how it happens."

Shankaran was sent by the professor to Oxford, because he was even more advanced than this woman, Shakuntala. You have to ask her the question, then she can write; with Shankaran you just had to visualize the question in your mind

and he would write the answer His intuition was functioning more fully, he was seeing both the answer and he was seeing the question -- he could read your mind. And he was even more illiterate, so poor a man that he was pulling a rickshaw.
He became a phenomenon in himself in the history of mathematics because many questions which had remained unsolved for centuries, he solved -- although he could not say how. He gave the answer, but how to judge whether the answer was right or wrong? It took many years. When a higher mathematics was developed, then they could work it out. Shankaran was dead but his answers were right.

Intuition functions in a quantum leap.
It has no methodological procedure, it simply sees things.
It has eyes to see.
It sees things which you have never even thought of as things -- for example, love. You have never thought of it as a thing. But a man of intuition can see whether there is love in you or not, whether there is trust in you or not, whether there is doubt in you or not. He can see them as if these are things.
In my religion intuition holds the highest place.
That's where I am trying to push you.
An unclean unconscious is hindering you. Clean it; and the way to clean it is to satisfy it, to satisfy it so much that it starts telling you, "Please stop! It is more than I needed." Only leave it then. And with that, your intellect is filled with such a fresh flow of energy that it turns into intelligence. Then the energy goes on rising and opens the doors of intuition. Then you can see things which are not visible to your physical eyes, things which are not even things.
Love is not a thing, truth is not a thing, trust is not a thing, but they are realities -- much more real than your things. But they are realities only for intuition, they are existential. And once your intuition starts functioning, you are for the first time really a man.
With the unconscious you are animal.
With the conscious you are no longer animal.

With the superconscious you are man.
I love to quote a Baul mystic, Chandidas, because that man, in a simple statement, has condensed my whole religion: Sabar upar manus satya; tahar upar nahin. 'Above all is the truth of man, and above that there is nothing'.
This man, Chandidas, must have been an authentically religious man. He is denying God, he is denying anything above human flowering: Sabar upar 'above all, above everything'; Manus satya 'the truth of man'; Tahar upar nahin 'and beyond that I have traveled long -- there is nothing'.
Once you have reached to your human potential in its total flowering, you have arrived home.

THE END.

Question 1

OSHO,
DO VALUES LIKE LOVE, RELIGIOUSNESS, AUTHENTICITY, HAPPINESS, CHANGE AS HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS GROWS UPWARDS?

THE movement of human consciousness from darkness to light, from

unconsciousness to consciousness, is the greatest revolution there is.
Everything in human life changes, even with a slight movement in consciousness. All depends on where your consciousness is. But this is something which has never been explored. If you look into the dictionaries you will not find three meanings of love there should be. You will not find three meanings of religiousness; there should be. You will not find three meanings of happiness either; there should be. Let us move step by step. Love, for the person who lives in the darkness of his instincts, is not even worth calling love. It is simply sex, a strategy of nature to go on reproducing itself.
You are being used as a means -- that is the ugliest part of it. You are not the master of it, you are in the hands of biology. And whatever you are doing, it is not your doing either: you are forced by your instinctive nature to do it -- there is no option, it is not your choice. You cannot choose -- as far as instincts are concerned, their grip on you is absolute; you are simply a prisoner.
But you go on befooling yourself: you think it is something that you are doing -- it is something that is being done through you.

There is a story in India.... In Jagganath Puri, one of the sacred places of Hindus -- jagganath means the lord of the world; the temple in Jagganath Puri is the temple of the lord of the world. Because of the temple, the city has grown around it, and because of the temple, the whole city is called Jagganath Puri.
Every year there is a great festival; millions of people gather. The statue from the temple is taken on a chariot for people to see, and it goes around those millions who have gathered. The chariot is drawn by beautiful horses, twelve, of the same color, pure white -- the color of the lord of the world. The chariot is golden, of immense value.
Once it happened -- this is how the story goes -- that a dog started walking in front of the chariot, in front of the horses. Now, when millions of people were there, who was going to bother about a dog who is walking in front of the chariot? People were falling on the ground, prostrating, to give respect to the lord of the world. And the dog thought, "This is great! I have so many followers -- I had no idea before. Such a multitude of disciples... I must be some great master."
Obviously -- the logic is simple -- the disciples were there and everybody was prostrating to him. He was not aware of the lord of the world, who was behind. Even if he tried he could not see, because the statue was high in the chariot, and then there were twelve horses.

It was not possible for the dog to find out to whom... and they were almost touching his feet. And when somebody is respected by millions of people in this way, the very idea of thinking that this respect is being given to somebody else who is behind is impossible -- it is against the ego. And the evidence is so clear, anybody can see.
This is the situation of man as far as biology is concerned. The chariot of biology is behind you, carrying the lord of nature, and you think everything is being done by you. Just a little alertness is needed and you will be able to see that it is nothing to do with you. Nature wants to fulfill itself -- you are being used as a means.
The antagonism of religion against sex is ninety-nine percent stupid, but there is one percent of truth which I cannot deny. But I have never talked about that one percent of truth to you because there is the danger that the one percent truth may deceive you and you will forget the ninety-nine percent which is untrue. So I have been hammering on the ninety-nine percent. But to make my picture complete... these are my last touches to the picture, so I cannot leave anything out.

That one percent of truth is significant; in fact because of that one percent, all religions became anti-sex. And that truth is that sex makes man a fool, gives him the idea that he is the master of it, while he is only a slave.

And the slavery has to be broken -- he has to be pulled out of this ditch. But if he thinks that that ditch is a palace then you cannot pull him out. You cannot even persuade him to come out of it; hence, the condemnation of sex by all the religions.

But they overdid it, and they forgot the ninety-nine percent dangers just for the one percent. It could have been done very easily without taking the risk of ninety-nine percent falsehood. But they saw the danger of man being simply a means, and that is the lowliest position possible; you are just a means, not an end. You are being used by some unknown force of which you have no idea. And you go on thinking in your mind that all these prostrating people are prostrating to you.

The man living on the instinctive level only has an hallucination of love. That hallucination is created by nature, by biology, chemistry. You have in your body drugs which are released when you are making love, and you start moving into euphoria. That is one of the reasons why people who become addicted to drugs slowly slowly become uninterested in sex.

The hippies and yippies and all kinds of people -- when they became too interested in drugs, they lost their fervor for sex completely, because now they had found a better way of getting into a euphoric state. Now sex seemed to be nothing compared to it. That can give you a clue that both are drugs.

Nature has been using that drug in a very minute quantity; there was no need for more up to now. Perhaps nature will have to think again -- find out better drugs, create better chemistry, bring its level up to date; it is lagging far behind. Man's mind has created things like LSD far superior; so superior that a man like Aldous Huxley thought that LSD gives you samadhi -- that it is actually what Kabir and Buddha and Rumi and all the mystics of the world have been talking about. But they had bullock-cart methods to reach to this state.

Now science has given us very advanced drugs, there is no need for yoga and tantra and other things -- you just take an injection. You yourself push the injection, there is no need for somebody else to do it. And for hours you are in a euphoric state which is certainly superior to what you call orgasm, because orgasm is so momentary that it only creates more desire for it; it never gives you any satisfaction.

The second symptom that it is a drug is its power of addiction: people become addicted to sex. And a very strange thing about addiction is that if you have the drug, it is nothing; if you don't have it, you are missing. You never think what you are missing because when you have it, it is nothing. Each time you have it you feel that it is just a futile effort, nothing comes out of it. You don't move a single inch in evolution.

You just jump for a moment in the air and with a thump you fall back on the ground.

That's why people don't like to make love publicly, there is no other reason. The reason is nobody wants to look so foolish. Now, in California, which is the most advanced stupid place in the whole world, they have hotels for peeping Toms -- you have to pay for it. Inside two fools are making love, and many around the room are sitting and looking and enjoying what the two fools are enjoying. They are enjoying how the couple are making fools of themselves. People pay for it, but those two people are not aware of it; they have also paid.

One man, the first day, was inside the room, but coming out he found many people really hilarious. He asked them, "What is the matter?"
They said, "The show was so good!"
"Which show?" he asked.
They said, "You don't know? Come tomorrow -- it is worth seeing." The man was such an idiot, and he had been doing such idiotic things, it was worth seeing. The next day the man came with these friends. Now he was outside the wall -- and then he found what the matter was: the previous day he had been inside and all these people had enjoyed him. This was tricky -- now he was enjoying somebody else!
All the cultures around the world have prohibited, in some way or other, lovemaking in public places, for the simple reason that if you want to be idiotic then at least find some privacy.

Don't make yourself unnecessarily a public show free of charge. A crowd will gather and they will enjoy. Nobody can pass by that place; they will all stop there. And they know they all are doing the same kinds of things. But it is an unconscious state.
Love, at the instinctive level -- which is the lowest level -- is just a dream created by nature so that you can pass through this arduous job of making love. If there is no euphoria around it, you are going to refuse: "I am not going to make a fool of myself." Nature has given you a certain allurement.
So in the unconscious state where instinct functions, love is only a name. It means nothing, it simply means foreplay... because just going to a woman and asking her, "Are you ready to come with me to bed?" looks so sudden and so inhuman that the woman, even if she wanted to come with you, is going to slap you. Instead of sleeping with you she is going to slap you then and there.
No, you have to follow a certain procedure -- and that procedure you call love. It is not that you do it deliberately to cheat the woman, no: you are being cheated as much as she is being cheated by the same biological forces. The same force is making you say beautiful things to her, what you call "sweet nothings," whispered into her ear. And the same force is managing things from the other side also, so that she believes you. Whatever you are saying -- even if the woman is the ugliest that you have seen, if you say to her, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world, perhaps another Cleopatra," she is going to believe it! And it is not that you are saying it to cheat her, to deceive her in any way; in that moment you are really true.

One of my friends, a very rich man, who presented me with almost everything.... He made it a point that nobody could present anything before him, so everything that I needed or could have needed anytime he managed to present to me -- things which I never used. I asked him also "What am I going to do with this?"
He said, "That is not the point. The point is, nobody is going to present you anything before me. Later on they can go on presenting you with things -- and millions will be presenting you things out of love -- but they will always be after me. Nobody else can be first."
And I was very reluctant, because if there was something I was not going to use, if it was no use to me, he was unnecessarily wasting money. And he was so particular and such a perfectionist that only the best satisfied him. If I would not take something then he would find ways somehow to smuggle the thing into my house. Once, when I was leaving -- I used to stay with him at least three days every year, that was a commitment. So three days I used to stay with him every year, and when I was leaving he said to me -- which he had never said before -- "Just be a little careful about your suitcase."

I said, "I have come so many times, and so many times you have come to the train to say goodbye to me, but you have never said to me, 'Be careful about the suitcase.' What is the matter?"
He said, "Nothing is the matter," and he gave me the key.

I said, "Strange -- why are you keeping the key? If it had been left with you, then I would have been in trouble" -- and it was a thirty-six-hour journey from his place to Jabalpur.
He said, "No, I was not going to forget it."
As the train left, the first thing I did, I opened the suitcase: what was the matter? The suitcase was full of one-hundred rupee notes. I thought, "My God! What has he done?" And there was a slip in an envelope: "This is for a new Fiat car. Purchase it immediately. And you cannot say no to me because that will hurt me my whole life."
I said, "This is strange." I am continually traveling -- in Jabalpur I remain only for five to seven days a month at the most, and that too, not at one stretch. But he will be certainly hurt." And as I reached home, immediately my phone was ringing. He said, "You have to do first things first. I have already arranged it. I have contacted the Fiat company in Jabalpur -- and the car is ready there. Just take the suitcase and take delivery of the car."
I said, "You don't leave anything for me!" The car was already standing there ready and the man said, "We have been waiting for you."
I said, "What to do? The train was two hours late." And my friend must have been phoning according to the timetable. In India it is said that that's why the timetable is published -- so you can find how late the train is; otherwise how will you find out by how much the train is late? The timetable is absolutely a necessity.

Only once it happened that I got into a carriage at the exact time. Traveling for thirty years continually, that was the only time the train arrived exactly on time; it was a miracle. I went to the guard and thanked him; I said, "This is a miracle."
He said, "It is not a miracle. You don't know -- this is YESTERDAY'S train! We are twenty-four hours late, we are not on time."
I said to the man at the garage, "What could I do? -- the train was late, so two hours...."
He said, "Your friend was very particular about everything; a radio had to be in the car." And he had made sure of everything, insurance.... And he asked the garage owner to arrange a license for me because otherwise the car might just stay parked at my place. He gave me the first tape-recorder, the first camera -- everything that he could find, he would immediately bring to me.
This man was rare in many ways. He was a miser -- such a miser that beggars simply bypassed his house. If any beggar ever stood there, other beggars thought, "This seems to be a new man -- standing before Rekhchand Parekh's house, begging!" He had never donated to any institution in his life, never given a single pai to any beggar.
His wife had taken me to introduce to her husband because she said, "He is so miserly, and he has so much money. And we have only three daughters, who are married and have rich houses, so there is no problem.

And there is no son, there is nobody after us, but he goes on collecting -- even I don't know how much he has."
They lived in a place, Chanda, in Maharashtra. She said, "He had purchased almost one-third of the houses of the city -- it seems he is going to purchase the

whole city. If there is any house for sale, he is not going to let anybody else purchase it. And his only joy seems to be just accumulating money. I have brought many Jaina monks" -- because they were Jainas, and they were Gandhians -- "and I have brought many great disciples of Gandhi, thinking perhaps somebody will change his mind. But he is very straight and does not give any chance for anybody to even touch him."

So I said, "Okay, I will come. I cannot guarantee anything; I don't know what type of man he is, but he appeals to me."

He had come to receive me at the station. While we were going to his house -- he was driving -- I told him, "One thing I should tell you is that your wife has brought me here to persuade you not to be miserly. She wants you to donate to institutions who are doing a public service, to religious institutions, to schools, to hospitals. I am not interested in all of these things; I have just come to meet you because you attracted me. You are a rare man! Never in your life have you given to a beggar, never have you donated a single PAI?"

He said, "Never, because I am waiting for the man who is worth to be given EVERYTHING."

When we reached his house, his wife was surprised because never before had he taken to his sitting room any saints that she had brought. And he told the servants that I would be staying in his guest house, in his sitting room; that I would be there: "And tell my wife she need not worry about this man." His wife was at a loss: What had happened?

A sudden synchronicity, he told me -- not the word "synchronicity," he had never heard that, but he told me, "It is strange, the moment I saw you, I felt, 'This is the man.'" And even after we had known each other for twenty years, there was not a single question from him -- no question, no doubt, no argument -- whatever I was saying was truth to him.

I asked his wife only one question. After being there for the first time for three days, I asked his wife, "Is your husband interested in sex or not?"

She said, "Not at all, and it is not that he represses, he is simply finished. And you can see now that he is a strange man. He has told me, 'If you are not finished you are free; you can have sex with whoever you want. I am finished with it."'

The moment a man is finished with sex as an instinct that is forcing him to do something, he becomes in a certain way a master of himself and he starts having insights, visions which the unconscious, instinctive man cannot have.

Just looking at me -- not a single word had been said -- he said, "I have found the person."

And then whenever I needed any amount of money, for myself or somebody else, I had just to inform him, "Give this much money to this man." He never asked, "Who is this man and why is so much money needed for him?" He simply gave it. His wife was simply shocked. She could not believe that this miserly man... how suddenly he had completely become just the opposite.

I told her, "There is no problem. He is not miserly -- it was your misunderstanding. He never wanted to give to those people who are not worthy of it. And coming from the station to the house he said to me, 'I have found you; now all that I have belongs to you. Whatsoever you want to do with it you can do.' He is not a miserly man, it was your misunderstanding. It is difficult to find such a man, so generous." But from where was his generosity coming? His generosity was coming from a certain mastery over himself.

The instinctive man clings to everything: to sex, to money, to power -- to everything.

I asked him, "Why do you go on purchasing all the houses?"

He said, "Some day you may like to have a commune -- then from where am I going to suddenly give you a commune? By that time I will have purchased the whole city. I know that you will take a little time before you need a place -- I am preparing it for you." Now, nobody would have thought that he was purchasing houses... that even before knowing me, he was purchasing them for somebody who was going to come into his life, who one day may need this whole city.

And many times it happened... he used to come with me once in a while for a tour. Anybody would think that he was a miser because he was such a rich, super-rich man, but he would always travel third class on the passenger trains. Never express trains, mail trains, no; never first class, air-conditioned -- out of the question. But whenever he would travel with me, he would say, "You can travel in the air-conditioned class; I will travel in the third class."
Once I asked, "Why do you insist on traveling third class?"
He said, "I have my own ideas. People think I am a miser -- I don't care a bit about money. What am I going to do with the money? Soon I will die and all this money will be lying here. But to travel in the third class is an experience: the crowd, the people, the gossips, and things that go on happening in the third class of an Indian railway train...." He had traveled all over India, and he had friends at every station; he would call the coolies by their names. And he knew every place where you could get the best milk, where you could get the best tea, where you could get the best sweets.
He said, "With an express train, a mail train, this is not possible, because they stop only at a few stations and I want to stop at every station, because at every station I have friends and I have things to do. The passenger train stays longer at every station.

If other trains are passing, then the passenger train will be delayed; no other train will be delayed, so you always have hours on your hands. And all these stationmasters are my friends, the guards are my friends, the drivers are my friends -- because I call all of them when I know that a particular sweet is made the best at that station. So they say to me, 'Parekh, enjoy yourself! Unless you enter the train, the train will not move.' "
And he said, "I like to be the master rather than the servant -- not that they give the whistle and you run, no."
That was his reason: "I want to be the master. When I enter the train, then whistling and flagging and everything happens -- but first they have to see that Parekh has entered."
He was an old man -- I was only thirty-five, he was fifty at that time -- but he would take me out of the station, and he would say, "Come outside. The mango trees are great here."
I would say, "The train is there -- are we going to pick mangos? And then if we miss the train.... I have my appointment."
He would say, "Don't be worried. Until I enter the train, the train remains in the station. You can go up the tree, I am also coming; we will go up the tree and pick mangos."
One day it happened: we were picking mangos and Parekh said to me, "Just look upwards," and there was another man. He said, "He is the driver.

He knows that I will come to pick mangos so the train has to stay. So why waste time? -- collect a few mangos, and these mangos are really sweet! In fact, the guard will be in some other tree.... It is all under my control."
This man had no instinctive force. He was not in any way interested in any particular food; he liked all kinds of food, he liked all kinds of clothes. In fact he

was so disinterested that anything would do -- no special liking, disliking. But he was a man full of love.

Once in a city in Rajasthan, Biawar, he was with me, and I had a fever. The whole night he remained by my side. I told him, "Parekh, you go to sleep. Because of you I cannot go to sleep!"

He said, "That is up to you -- that is your problem. I am not saying to you, 'Don't go to sleep'; I am trying to help you to go to sleep. As far as I am concerned I cannot sleep knowing that you have a fever. The fever may increase in the night and I may be asleep. That is not permissible."

And actually it happened: in the night the fever increased; at two o'clock it was one hundred and five. He said, "Do you see the point? You would not have awakened me."

I said, "That is true."

He called the doctor and he said to me, "This is not the time for you to leave the body. If you can make some arrangement, I am willing to leave the body and you remain in the body -- because you have much to do, and I have nothing to do."

This is love of a totally different kind -- a caring, a friendliness.

The instinctive love can become any moment hate. The man who was ready to die for you can kill you. The woman who was so caring towards you, so loving towards you, can poison you; literally she can poison you. Love, if it is instinctive, is not in your hands; you are just a slave. The unconscious is very easily convertible into its opposite, and you cannot do anything about it.

But when love comes to the conscious level -- that is, when it comes to the level of intellect, not instinct -- then it has a different flavor. Then it has no biological purpose.

What biological purpose can music have? What biological purpose can poetry have? or painting? or philosophy? But Socrates is ready to die for his philosophy. There seems to be a tremendous love affair with his own system that he has created. He knows perfectly well that his death is not going to destroy his philosophy, but if he compromises just to go on living, that may destroy his whole philosophy. The very compromise -- because that was one of his teachings: never compromise.

Truth is truth, and untruth is untruth.

And there is no possibility of compromise.

Just the other day I received a very beautiful, nice, elegant letter from a council of priests, bishops, Christian theologians. They have a certain council in America, and they have written that they have been discussing me now for almost two to three years -- reading, discussing.

I have become their center of discussion. They have invited me to come, and they will take every care; they want to exchange thoughts with me. That's where the trouble is.

The whole letter is beautiful. And in this too -- they have not consciously written anything rude -- they are unconscious people. An exchange of thoughts is not something bad, but they don't know that you cannot exchange thoughts with me; I don't deal in that business. If you know, then I will not bother. If you don't know, then how is the exchange going to be? What are you going to give me in exchange? Either you know or you don't know; there is no third position. You cannot say, "A little bit I know," because truth cannot be divided into fragments. You cannot know truth a little bit; either you know it, the whole of it, or you don't know it, the whole of it. So what exchange?

Now, I may look rude to them. I am not ready for any exchange because as far as I am concerned I don't need anybody's ideas. It was so difficult to get rid of them, now again to exchange.... It took me twenty-one years to get rid of other people's

ideas. I am not interested. Even if God invites me for an exchange of ideas -- nothing doing! You can have your ideas, and I don't have any ideas to give you. I can share myself, but it is not going to be an intellectual discussion. It is going to be an intelligence communion; but for that, that council cannot be ready.

They have already decided what is right, who is the messiah. They have already decided that God exists. Now what remains to be exchanged?
You have your whole theology already decided, by others, not by you. You have borrowed it and now you are feeling in confusion because of my ideas. If my ideas are so confusing, that is proof enough that you don't know what truth is; otherwise, what is the point of discussing for three years? Who am I? -- I have not been discussing those fellows, not even for three days, what to say about three years. And they must have written great theological books....
There is no possibility of exchange; but at the instinctive level, everything is an exchange. You give something, you take something -- and there is every effort to take more than you give. That's the whole difficulty of all the couples around the world. The wife goes on saying, "I love you, but you don't love me." The husband says, "How to prove it? I love you." But nobody can convince the other.
It is not a question of convincing. But why does the question arise that "You love me less," or "I love you more"? At the instinctive level, love is a quantity. You can measure it -- how many kilos you give and how many kilos you get in return, in exchange. And you can see who is a loser. It is a business deal. And people are continually quarreling, and trying to manage to snatch as much from the other as possible.

But when love moves to the conscious level, when it has no biological slavery, when it is free of biology... that does not mean that you cannot make love to someone. You can make love to someone, but now it will have a totally different quality. It will not be in any way a bondage, an enforcement by nature. It will be out of your freedom; you can share.
The right word to use will be... it will be just playfulness. Yes, you can play with somebody's body. You like the body, you enjoy the body, you enjoy the warmth of the body, you enjoy the contours of the body. You can be playful, there is no business deal.
In fact that is why -- along with many other reasons, this is also one of the reasons -- I am in favor of birth control methods, while all the religions are against it. You will be surprised to know what is going on in the minds of the popes, shankaracharyas, imams, rabbis. You may not have thought of it in that way, perhaps they are not even aware themselves, but I want it to be clear to you and to them. This is the fact that is going on in religious people's minds:
If birth control methods become more prevalent, then sex will be a playfulness. Then you cannot call it sin.
There is nothing involved, no sin at all. Two persons enjoying each other's warmth -- there is no problem in it. They cannot condemn sex, they cannot condemn you, that you are in bondage, a slave.

They cannot say to you, "You are only a means in the hands of biology," because birth control methods make you capable, even if you are not conscious, they make you capable of turning sex into playfulness; and that is the danger.
Their whole theology will collapse because no religious scripture had the idea that there were going to be birth control methods.
They were happy with the slavery of sex because then they could condemn it and you could not argue -- it is so clear that it is a slavery, and nobody wants to be a slave: So repress it, get out of it. But the dilemma is that the more you repress it,

the more you try to get out of it, the more you are caught in it. Only by playfulness is there a possibility one day, suddenly, to get out of it, because it is no longer a serious business.
One fundamental you have to remember: if you fight with something you will have to remain on that level to fight; otherwise how can you continue the fight? If you are fighting sex, then you cannot move beyond your instinctive level -- impossible -- because then who will fight? If you start moving upwards then all those wolves in your unconscious will run amok. You cannot leave that place, you have to be there constantly fighting, repressing. How is transformation possible for a man who is fighting with his own nature? It is impossible.
Take it as a categorical principle; there is no exception to it.

With whomsoever you fight you will have to remain with that person, with that state, with that space. But if you are playful, then it is a totally different thing. If you are on the war front you cannot say to the soldiers on the other side, "Now I am feeling tired; we will go home now and start tomorrow." You cannot say that. If you turn your back that fellow is going to shoot you then and there, and finish all your tiredness.
On the front you cannot do that, but if you are playing with somebody, playing cards, you can say, "Now I am tired. Tomorrow we will start; we can start even from this point where we are stopping." There is no problem in it, it is only a play.

Let your instinctive world become a playfulness....
And that's the fear of all the priests in the world. They are condemning me continually for the simple reason that I am giving you a chance to get out of the grip of your instinct. But that is also the grip of the priest; that is also the grip of the pornographer.
If you get out of your instinctive level, you are free from the priest, the pope, and the pornographer. The pornographer and the priest are using the same methodology. And they are partners, whether they know it or not, in the same business.
You will be surprised to know that in aboriginal tribes you cannot make anybody interested in a nude, pornographic picture.

You cannot make anybody interested. I have lived in Bastar, and gone there again and again... because in India a few tribes are left which are five thousand years old. And they have not kept pace with time; they have stood still. So it is good for a visit into history, five thousand years old; there is no other way to visit history, to go back in time.
But in Bastar it is not the twentieth century. You can touch a woman's breast and ask, "What are these?" and she will say, "You don't know? These are tits for children to drink milk." She is not offended by that, that you touched her tits. She is simply surprised that you don't know such a simple thing.
They are almost naked. They only wrap a cloth around when they come to the cities, down from their hills, out of their forests; otherwise they are all naked. How can you make an aboriginal of Bastar interested in a PLAYBOY magazine or STERN? He will be simply surprised: "What is this?"
It is like a magazine on fruits advertising tomatoes half-clothed, tightly clothed A man who grows tomatoes will be simply surprised: "Are these people mad? If you are advertising tomatoes, then advertise tomatoes, but why these strange clothes, tight around the tomatoes?"
These pornographers are using what the priest has done before. The priest is the head partner, perhaps the major shareholder. He represses sex; he makes people interested in sex beyond all rationality -- he drives them irrational about sex.

Then comes the pornographer, and naturally, the repressed person would like at least to see the photographs. He is not allowed to see living human beings, that is a sin. At least THE BIBLE has not said, "Cursed are those who will see pornography. They will inherit the kingdom of hell." I think pornographers will be needed in heaven too, because all your monks will die.... They may have already found a way to smuggle in PLAYBOY, STERN, and all kinds of third-rate magazines from around the world.
You may even be surprised to find God looking at a PLAYBOY magazine, because He is the original source of this whole business. And it is natural, because He has not even a girlfriend -- what to say of a wife, not even a girlfriend. In the name of a girlfriend he has the Holy Ghost. Just think of yourself with the Holy Ghost as your girlfriend; you would like better to live alone. You would ask the Holy Ghost, "Leave me alone, you go somewhere else."
The priest creates the business basis: repression.
Then the pornographer uses it.
I am destroying their business completely.
Sheela informed me from New Delhi -- she had taken our latest publication, THIS VERY PLACE THE LOTUS PARADISE, to show to people -- that one minister, the finance minister of India, came to see her. She showed him the book. K.D. was with her, and K.D. could not believe what that man was doing.

... Because in THE LOTUS PARADISE we have a few pictures of our nature institute; naked women walking by the lake or massaging each other, or just sitting and giving an interview.
Sheela was sitting in front so she could not see, but K.D. was at the side so he was amazed when he saw that the man was touching the bottom of a girl in the picture! And these are the people who are in power.
He is one of the persons who has been creating all kinds of hindrances for our commune in Poona and still goes on doing it. In parliament he spoke against me. In parliament the man said it is good that I have left the country, because "this man was dangerous; he was preaching sex as if he is doing something religious." Now, this man is simply insane. But who has driven him insane? A picture is just printed paper. There are not any buttocks or anything, but he is trying to touch the buttocks and feel them. And K.D. saw such a greasy feeling on his face -- as if this man could rape a woman if he had a chance. He can rape even a picture! If he can touch the buttocks in the picture, can't you imagine him raping a picture of a naked woman? He is capable.
This is what the priests have done to the world.
Now these people are all turned into customers for pornographers.
And our pictures in that book are not even pornographic, because a naked picture by itself is not pornography.

A naked child -- can you call him pornographic? A naked Mahavira, can you call him pornographic? -- then all the temples of the Jainas in India are pornographic. But no -- if you go and see Mahavira's statue standing naked, you cannot say that it is pornography. There is no pornography at all; he is simply nude. But he is not exhibiting his nudity; he is not trying to pollute your mind and poison you. He is not trying to attract you sexually -- and in fact, facing a statue of Mahavira naked you will never feel sexual.
He has a beautiful body, very proportionate, but it is impossible even to think of pornography. Children are there, women are there, men are there -- they are all worshipping the naked Mahavira, and there is no question....
Pornography needs something more. It is not just a naked body. It needs to place the body in such a situation, in such a posture, with such clothing that it releases your imagination. Just a naked body cannot release your imagination. In fact it

stops it; where to go? A naked woman is standing before you; what to do? How long can you look at a naked woman or a naked man? Soon you will say, "Shit! I am going home. What nonsense is this?"
But the pornographer's art is to make the woman naked enough so that you feel attracted and covered enough so that your imagination is allowed to discover what is hidden, what is covered.

The real art of pornography is in the balance: the body should not be too naked, otherwise you will soon be bored; it should not be too covered, otherwise you will soon be bored. It should be covered in such a way that your imagination can start working on it, so that you can close your eyes and you can contemplate what is hidden. And in your contemplation you can make it as beautiful as you want it is your imagination.
All religions are pornographic in this sense because they are partners in the same business, they are the major shareholders. They create the situation to be exploited. But they are afraid if you are free from the sexual instinct and other instincts which are minor, if you are free then they are committing suicide.
As you come to the level of intellect -- and the only way, I told you, to come to the level of intellect and consciousness is not to repress, but to enjoy everything that nature has given to you, playfully, non-seriously. And you will -- be soon beyond it; you cannot go on playing with it your whole life.
It is just like teddy bears. There are a few people who in many ways need teddy bears even in later life -- very important people even.
I have met one very famous saint, Shivananda. He had many followers in America and around the world, and he was thought of as one of the greatest living yogis. Seeing him, I was simply in shock that this man -- he used to eat so much that perhaps he must be the weightiest man in the world.

He was just like an elephant, not like a man. His hands were so heavy he could not raise them himself. Two persons were needed to hold his hands when he stood up, they were so heavy, so thick. When I saw him I said, "My God! This man is a yogi?"
But what had happened -- he had repressed when he was young. His master was continually forcing his fasting, fasting; so he fasted, starved himself. When the master died and he became the successor, then naturally, the first thing he did -- anybody can imagine it -- the first thing he did, he started eating as much as he could. All those years of starvation had to be compensated. His body was the ugliest; he could not carry his own weight.
And this man was talking about becoming fearless because fear keeps you worshipping wrong gods; out of fear you start worshipping anything. Yoga does not believe even in God. That's one of the beauties of yoga, that it is very scientific.
The yogis never mention the fact that yoga does not believe in God. They simply ignore the statement or camouflage it in commentaries, and this and that; but the statement is clear. What I am saying is what yoga says. Yoga says God is a hypothesis. There is no need to believe in it, there is no need not to believe in it; it is just a hypothesis. It can be used for certain purposes. But God is not some existent thing.
It is just like I don't want a child to go out because it is so cold; the child will not listen so I say, "Wait, outside there is a ghost.

Now if you want to go, you can go." Now the child will sit just by my side. I will say, "You go out, the ghost is waiting." Now the ghost is a hypothesis, but it has a function. Yoga says God can be used just like a hypothesis, for certain purposes in practice. It is perfectly good for a child. He has been saved from the

cold.
I wanted Shivananda's disciples to give more information about Shivananda -- what he eats, how much he eats, when he gets up, when he goes to sleep. In that information I found one item which was just hilarious. He sleeps keeping one foot in a plastic bag full of salt. I have read all about yoga but I have never come across this exercise.
They said, "This is not a yoga exercise; this keeps ghosts away." There is in India a belief that if you keep one leg in salt then ghosts can't come and kill you. This man is continually teaching fearlessness, and in the night.... Of course ghosts don't listen to the sermons of the yogis; and who knows? -- they may be there. It is better to be on the safe side.
I told one of his chief disciples, "I would love to see it.
He said, "There is no problem. When he goes to sleep I will leave the window open; you can simply slip in and see."
So I opened the window and saw: he was there lying on the bed with one of his feet tied inside a bag. I said, "If you are not finished, playfully, with your unconscious then it is going to come up in some way or another.

You can teach beautiful things but you can't have the quality of those things."
As you move up, playfully, exhausting the biological sources, fulfilling what biology wants you to do, it relieves you; you are freed, you become conscious. And conscious love is a totally different thing. It is just friendliness.
You don't fall in love -- no more fall -- you rise in love. The more you love, the more you feel you are going higher in your consciousness. And the same is true about other values: authenticity, religiousness, happiness.
Happiness on the instinctive level is only pleasure; happiness on the level of intellect is joy. When you listen to great music, or you see a beautiful painting -- a sudden upsurge of joy. No animal can enjoy a painting. He can eat it, but he cannot enjoy it.
No animal is capable of enjoying anything that belongs to the second level -- your consciousness -- because no animal rises to that level; only man... and not all men either. Few men are capable of enjoying things which have no biological purpose. What biological purpose does a painting serve? -- or music? or poetry? There is no biological purpose. That's why no parent wants you to become an artist.
One of my uncles is a poet, but the whole family was against him; they destroyed him. They did not allow him... they withdrew him from the university because they saw that if he passed from the university then all he was going to do was write poetry.

But if he had no certificates, then he had no way to escape anywhere; he had to sit in the shop.
And I have seen him -- when I was small, I saw him sitting in the shop. And if there was nobody else, only I was there... he knew that I never disturb anybody's business. You just have to be aware not to be disturb my business; then it is a contract. And it was a contract between me and him that he should never interrupt anything, whatsoever it was.
He said, "Okay, but don't you report anything about me."
I said, "I am not concerned."
What he used to do -- a customer would come and he would simply wave his hand as if the customer where a beggar: "Just go!" He would not speak because somebody might hear, so he would just make a gesture with his hands: "Move on!" My father, my grandfather, they were all puzzled: "Whenever you sit here, no customer comes in."

He said, "What can I do? I can sit here but if nobody comes it is not my fault."
He was not interested in business at all; while sitting in the shop he was writing poetry. But soon they arranged his marriage. And I went on telling him, "You are getting trapped. First, why did you come back from the university? Don't you have any guts? You could have done anything -- pulled a rickshaw, been a coolie at the railway station. You could have done anything."
I told him, "Your poetry is just lousy.

They stopped sending money to you so you are back; now they are arranging your marriage and you don't know that that is the end of your poetry. At least right now you can shoo away the customers and go on writing a little bit. You will not be able to do that when your wife is here."
He said, "But my wife will be in the house, and I will be in the shop."
I said, "You just wait... because I see what happens to my father. My mother only sees him when he is there for his lunch or his supper. He simply goes on eating, his eyes down, and she goes on hammering him about all kinds of things. And she screams, 'You don't say anything, no or yes. I know you are not listening to me.' And he will say, 'I can do only one thing at a time -- let me first eat.' But she will say, 'Once you finish you escape; then again at supper time -- I see you only twice.'"
And she had problems. She was not very old but the whole family had fallen on her head, because my father's mother died after his marriage. And my grandfather was a problem because he was continually inviting people, all kinds of people; he had so many friends. He had no other business, he had left the business to my father. He had only one business -- to make friends. And the best way to make a friend is to invite him for lunch, supper, dinner, anything.
And my mother was angry, perfectly logically: "You should at least inform me how many people you are bringing because from where can I produce food suddenly? You simply come in the kitchen with a dozen people, and I have no idea even that a dozen people are coming."

So she had her problems. But my grandfather was not a man to listen to anybody; he would do whatsoever he wanted.
He had created a great stir.... Just the other day I was telling you about Hajji Baba of Pakistan, who is now nearly one hundred and ten years old. He was present at my father's marriage and he had come with the marriage party to my mother's place. It created a great stir in the whole Jaina community, because it is a tradition that when the bridegroom comes to the house of the bride they have to be received on the boundary of the town, and the chief of the family has to be garlanded. A turban, a very valuable turban, has to be put on his head, beautiful shoes made of velvet have to be put on his feet and he is given a robe, specially made for him.
My grandfather said, "Hajji Baba is the chief of our family." Now, a Mohammedan, chief of the family of a Jaina... my mother's father was at a loss -- what to do? Hajji Baba was saying, "Don't do this." But my grandfather was never able to listen to anybody. He said, "It doesn't matter. Even if we have to go back, we will go back, but you are my family's chief I have always been like your younger brother, and how can I be received when you are here?"
There was no other way; my mother's father had to receive Hajji Baba as the chief of the family. I asked my mother -- because in his letters he goes on writing to her, "How is my Bahurani?" Bahurani means bridequeen, and that is used only for young brides when they are just married.

Now she is seventy-five and he goes on asking, "How is my Bahurani? Does she remember me at all?"

So I asked my mother, "Why does he write to you as Bahurani?"
She said, "He is the only man who can write to me as Bahurani, because I was only seven years old when he came as the chief of your father's family with the procession. I was only seven years -- for him I am still seven years. For him your grandfather was a brother, your father was a son, you are a grandson."
So I told my uncle, "You don't know your father but he is my friend and I know the whole trap, what is going on -- the whole conspiracy. But I have also a pact with my grandfather that I will not reveal any rumors in the house. But this is something serious; they are going to trap you. They have just found a really beautiful woman for you, there is no doubt about it"... because my grandfather had taken me to choose her. He said, "I have become too old, and you are so sharp. Find out whether this girl will do or not." And he had found really a beautiful girl.
So I said, "He has found a beautiful girl but the reason why he is trying to find a beautiful girl is so that you forget all your poetry." And that's what happened. Once he got married then most of his time he was with his wife or he was in the shop -- and slowly slowly his poetry started disappearing. And his wife started dominating him for the simple reason that she felt guilty because everybody in the house, children included, knew that "your husband is just a do-nothing, useless, just a wastage."

So she was nagging my uncle, "You forget about all poetry." She burned the copies of his poetry, his years' work, and she told him, "No more poetry for you -- because I feel ashamed, everybody laughs at me." They destroyed his poetry.
I asked my father, "Why are all you people against my poor uncle? He is not doing any harm. Poetry is not harmful, it is not violent. He is not writing war songs or anything like that; he writes beautiful love poetry. Why are you against him?"
They said, "We are not against him; all that we want is that he should stand on his feet. Now he is married, tomorrow he will have children; who is going to feed them continually?" And that's what happened. Now he has a shop and now he no more moves people on. His children are married; they have children.
The last time I went, in 1970, I asked him, "What about the customers?"
He said, "There is nothing about the customers -- all my poetry is gone. And you were right that my wife would be real trouble. Neither my grandfather, nor your father, nor my other brother -- nobody was such a trouble. But my wife continually nagging... finally I had to decide. Either I have to become a monk renounce the world -- but that too is difficult: a Jaina monk cannot write poetry because poetry belongs to ordinary people. And poetry is something basically connected with the affair of love, so what can a monk write?"
I said, "You can write sutras, religious bhajans devoted to some god -- songs, devotional songs."

He said, "But I am not interested in any god, in any devotion. I want to write what I feel in my heart."
I said, "That is finished -- your heart is married!" And in India at that time divorce was not legal either. And even though now it is legal it rarely happens, and only in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, New Delhi -- nowhere else. They destroyed his poetry to keep him tethered to the lowest part of his being.
All the painters, all the poets, all the musicians have faced a world which is against them. Why? -- because what they are doing is something which has no relationship with the whole world and its life. The love they are talking about is not the love that people are living. They are talking about love which is

something airy-fairy, not of the earth. They are doing some great creative work. To paint a Picasso you need a certain quality of consciousness; to be a Leonardo da Vinci you need something that is missing in ordinary mortals.
What has he got? The whole grip of biology is not on him. That's why he can devote his whole energy to a new kind of creation -- not children, but paintings, poetry, songs, dances, statues. This is non-biological creation. This is conscious creation; he is the master of it. It serves no purpose as far as nature is concerned, but it certainly serves some purpose as far as human consciousness is concerned.
Just watching Mahavira's statue you may fall into a meditative state.

That was their original function. They were not made to be worshipped, they were made to make you aware of a certain state. The statue is of a certain state, not of a certain man; that man is irrelevant.
It happened that some photographer took a picture of Ramakrishna. That was his first picture and the photographer was very happy. He brought the large framed picture to present to Ramakrishna who was sitting with his disciples. He took the picture in his hand and kissed the feet in the picture. The photographer could not believe it! Is this man sane or insane? His own picture, and he is kissing the feet!
Vivekananda, his chief disciple, was sitting by the side. He said, "Paramahansadeva, what are you doing? This is your own picture. Have you seen it or not?" He thought he had not looked at the picture -- Just that the man had given it to him, and he must have thought it was some god's picture, so he had kissed it.
Ramakrishna said, "Is it so? Let me look." He looked and he said, "Yes, it is my picture," and he kissed the feet again!
Vivekananda said, "Now this is too much."
Ramakrishna said, "I am not kissing my own feet. This is a picture of a state, it has nothing to do with me. Just look at the picture," he said, "It is a picture of a certain state. The body is just the outer lines, but look into the eyes, look into the face. And I remember perfectly where I was when this picture was taken: I was in samadhi, so it is a picture of samadhi.

And I say to you that only this picture should be distributed, no other picture."
So only that picture hangs in the houses of people who worship Ramakrishna, because that picture was worshipped by Ramakrishna himself. It is absurd logically, but just a little bit of patience and you can see the point. It is a picture of a state. It is immaterial whether Ramakrishna was in that state or Mahavira was in that state or Buddha was in that state. It is immaterial -- what matters is that consciousness.
Good music, good poetry, can raise your consciousness. They can create the situation for the entry into the third. Very few musicians have been there very few poets, very few painters, and very few sculptors are capable of creating such artifacts that can give you a resonance inside you.
Gurdjieff has called such art, objective art. He has given it a special name. All art is not objective art. The Taj Mahal is objective art. It was made by Sufi mystics -- they were the architects, they designed it. The whole structure is made in such a way that on the full-moon night, exactly at nine in the night, if you sit silently there, you will fall into a deep sleep -- which is not sleep. You will be aware. You will experience what I have been telling you about: hypnos. And from there meditation is very close.
The man who guards the Taj Mahal is traditionally a Sufi mystic.

If you meditate, at a certain moment you can inquire of him, What else to do to change the hypnos into meditation? And he will give you the method, how hypnos can be changed into meditation.

Now, Gurdjieff has called the Taj Mahal objective art. And I agree with him because I have been to the Taj Mahal hundreds of times and I have watched it in every part of the night -- dark nights, moon nights, full-moon nights, no-moon nights -- and I can tell you that in each different period it gives you a different taste, a different flavor. It is not just an ordinary building, not just a beautiful marble memorial. That was only an excuse; hidden behind is the secret of meditation.
So when your state changes, your love changes, your religion changes, you cannot remain a Christian or a Hindu or a Buddhist.
In the conscious state you have to find out your own religion, you have to choose.

You cannot be born in a religion; that is sheer nonsense. Religion is not something one can be born with.
It is a search, you have to find it. It is a risk -- you have to go a long way and to risk everything. Only then can you get it.
Your religion will be different.
Your authenticity will be different.
An unconscious man has no authenticity. Not that it is his fault. He is many persons at the same time; how can he be authentic? He says one thing -- tomorrow he is not the same person, somebody else has come on top of the wheel.

There are spokes on a wheel -- exactly like that there are many personalities on the wheel. The wheel is moving, and the wheel is you. Now which personality has promised? The other spoke has no idea about it; it may simply say, "I have never said anything to you."
When you become conscious you become conscious of this wheel. You become conscious also that these spokes are not you, and you should not allow them to speak on behalf of you. For the first time you start speaking on behalf of yourself.
Then there is authenticity, sincerity, honesty, truth -- and these, I am saying, only on the second level. As you reach the third level... these things will help you to move to the third. Then things are beyond description.
It is on the third level, the highest level -- intuition -- where Lao Tzu feels nothing can be said. Only up to the second can something be said, because intellect is still functioning. On the third, you have gone beyond intellect. Now things cannot be said, but can only be showed. That's my expression -- because all these people have said, "Nothing can be said." True, but much can be showed.
I may not be able to say something about the beauty of the moon but I can catch hold of your hand and take you to the window, and I can raise my fingers towards the moon. I am not saying anything, but I am showing something.
On the intuitive level, only fingers showing the moon.

.. everything becomes inexpressible. But everything becomes visible, tangible.
Yes, even love, religiousness, authenticity, truth -- they all become tangible. They are no more theories philosophies, they are realities. You can live them, you can become them.
All that is needed is that you move to the third level. And that is not a great thing, it is a simple process.
Live completely the first level, then energy starts moving on its own towards the second, and starts hitting the third. Soon it will make a way in the jungle.

Your work consists only in the first story of your life; the second story and the third story happen of their own accord. All the scriptures describe only up to the second; the third can only be said by silence. But silence is expressive enough if you are ready to listen in silence. Then, from the Master to the disciple, any moment the jump happens.
That transfer of flame from the Master to the disciple is what I call the very soul of my religion.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
DID YOU DRIFT AWAY ON MANY POINTS YESTERDAY?

I am constantly drifting away every day. It is something in the very nature of things I am talking about. I cannot help it. With each word spoken, I have so many dimensions available; I have to choose one. Which one I choose makes no difference, the others are left. And then there is no way of coming back to them because each new word will be bringing new implications. So you have to go on reminding me -- don't feel shy about it.
I am reminded of a story because I told you about reminding me.... That's how I go on drifting! Now what do you say, should I tell it or...? Because if I tell it, then I have gone again. If I don't tell, then too.... It is better to tell it. Whenever it is a question of doing something or not doing something, it is better to do it.
In a small church, the priest was very much annoyed, disturbed, irritated by an old man who was the most respected member of the congregation. He was the richest man of the town; he had donated so much to the church, and he was always donating to all kinds charities. Of course, he was sitting in front every Sunday, and even before the priest would start speaking he would start dozing away. And if he was only sleeping while the priest was speaking, it would not have been such a big problem. The real problem was, the moment he went to sleep he would start snoring so loudly -- and the church was so small and the congregation was so small, there was no loudspeaker even.

And he was snoring just in front of the priest.
But the old man used to come with a young child, his grandson. The priest thought of an idea. After the service was over, he took the little boy aside, and told him, "I will give you half a dollar per Sunday if you go on keeping your old man awake. All that you have to do is, the moment he snores you push him and wake him up."
He said, "Done -- in advance?"
The priest said, "You are as smart as your old man -- in advance."
The little boy said, "In advance -- I don't believe in people. You give me half a dollar and you see: next Sunday I will not let him sleep or snore."
The next Sunday was really a beautiful day because the boy did not allow his grandfather to sleep or to snore. But the old man was very angry with the boy. After the sermon he said, "What happened to you? Why did you go on waking me up? -- you disturbed my whole day. In fact, this is the only time when I sleep, and sleep well. In the night I don't have that good a sleep -- so many thoughts and so many problems.... And here, listening to that idiot -- the same sermon, the same monotonous voice -- it gives me such a good sleep. I have tried all medicines and nothing works like him.
"What happened to you? You have always been sitting silently, but today you

went on poking me and waking me up."
His grandson said, "Business is business."

The old man asked, "What business?"
He said, "The priest has given me half a dollar in advance and today I am going to take another half dollar for the next one, because I believe in payment in advance."
The old man said, "Don't be worried: I will give you one dollar, and I will give it in advance." The boy took one dollar from the old man and the old man said, "You just sit silently as you used to sit before and don't disturb me. It is not costly; this good sleep for one dollar I can afford."
The priest was very puzzled. The next Sunday, many times he looked at the boy and even indicated to him to do something, but the boy simply said, No, and the old man went on snoring. He really snored better than ever because one Sunday he had missed -- just compensation.
After the service, the priest called the boy and said, "You are a cheat. You took the advance payment but still you were sitting silently; and that old man went on snoring and disturbing my sermon and everybody else. Nobody could listen because of his snoring."
The boy said, "Business is business."
The priest said, "What business?"
He said, "The old man has given me one dollar in advance, and he is going to give me one dollar per Sunday. If you are interested, then the rate will be higher now."
The priest said, "I am a poor priest, I cannot compete with that old man, because how much can I give to you? He will always be giving more.

It is better I should talk to the old man."
He went to the old man and he said, "This boy is cheating us both. It is better to be clear about it: you are disturbing my sermon."
The old man said, "Your sermon is just meaningless -- you are disturbing my sleep. Which is more costly? -- your sermon or my sleep. I wait seven days for your sermon in church on Sunday mornings. This makes me refreshed. And you are trying to sabotage it through my own grandchild. And as far as I am concerned, I am going to sleep."
The priest said, "You can sleep, we have no objection; in fact many other people sleep also. But they have also objected, not to your sleep but your snoring because that wakes them up. And you have such a great snore."
The old man said, "I can't help it, because when I am asleep what can I do about snoring? If I am awake I can stop it, but when I am awake it doesn't happen -- it happens only when I am asleep. But you can't expect an asleep man to do something about snoring. I am helpless. So please continue as we have continued before."
I am also helpless. I know perfectly well that many things are being left out, but there is no other way. This is the problem of language. Language is linear, and existence is multidimensional. If I were only a thinker I would not be drifting at all because thinking is linear, just like language. Thinking is in language, in words.

So the words move in a row -- it can be miles long but it is linear.
But existence is multidimensional. From each point... as if it is a sun with millions of rays moving towards infinity. Each ray can lead you to infinity, but if you choose one, of course you have to leave others; and you can choose only one. You cannot even ride on two horses, what to say about two dimensions? You cannot ride on two boats, what to say about two dimensions? -- because they are

going to diverge more and more, more and more; as you go further, there will be an infinite unbridgeable gap between them. At the source they are one. From there you can choose any one, but once you have chosen a line then others are dropped.
I have been drifting my whole life. You have to be alert. And if you can remind me that somewhere I have drifted, I can catch hold of a dimension that has been left behind. But you should not expect that I will stop drifting, because in catching hold of the other dimension, again I will be leaving many more.
On each step there is a problem of choosing, because I am an existential person, I am not a thinker. It is not a logical syllogism that I am propounding to you. It is my experience that I am trying to share with you -- and experience is so vast that I can only show you a little part of it. But you are always welcome to remind me. Yes, I remember I had drifted on many points; perhaps a few I can manage to catch back again.

One was religion -- religion at the lowest level of mankind, the instinctive level. All primitive tribes, aboriginals, are still living under that first kind of religion, which theologians call "magic."
It believes that if you sacrifice to a god, if you do a certain ritual, a certain dance, a certain prayer, then the god is satisfied with you and rewards will be coming. For example, when it is not raining -- these are the problems of primitive people -- when it is not raining, what will the primitive tribe do? It will arrange a ritual, perhaps a sacrifice of a living human being -- their god is very bloodthirsty. Or, if the tribe has evolved a little, then instead of a man it will choose an animal. If the tribe has evolved a little more then it will choose not even an animal, not even a man, but something similar.
Now, for example, in India they break a coconut. The coconut is very similar to the skull of a man. It has a little beard, a mustache, two eyes, a little nose. In fact, in Hindi the skull is called khopdi and the narial 'a coconut' is called khopda. The similarity is so much that both have the same name. Breaking a skull was the ritual originally, but now it would be criminal. They have found a good substitute, a coconut, but the idea is the same.
They think whatever makes them feel pleasure also makes their god feel pleasure in the same way.

A naked, beautiful girl will be placed before the god, all kinds of foods will be prepared and placed before the god, and they will go into a mad dance: it is a way of pleasing the god.
God is displeased, that's why rains are not coming. If he is pleased, rains will be coming -- and rains, sooner or later, do come; then their ritual is proved valid, the rains have come. Once in a while it happens that rains don't come at all. Then the god is really very badly displeased and needs more sacrifice, more ritual.
This is the lowest kind of religion -- call it magic-religion -- the belief that just by chanting a few words, doing a few actions, you can change the course of existence. It is simply stupid. Existence has no need of your sacrifices, existence has no need of your dances -- and nothing reaches to existence. But the instinctive man, the primitive man, cannot do more than that. That is the limit of his understanding.
That primitive man has not died completely, even in so-called civilized people. You also think in the same logic. You don't sacrifice somebody, but even civilized people, cultured, educated people, when they are in a difficulty, immediately their primitive man comes up. Your wife is sick and the doctors say, "All that we could do, we have done. Now only a miracle can save her." Even the doctor is

becoming primitive.
He is telling you, "Only a miracle, only something magical.

... Medicine has failed, science had failed; whatever we could do, we have done. Now if she is saved it will be through the grace of God or the grace of a saint, so now you go to the temple, to the mosque, to the synagogue, to the church, or go to some priest or go to some sage." The doctor has fallen into primitive religion.
And the man, of course, is absolutely willing to go anywhere, to do anything, because he wants to save his wife. This is not the time for him to think over philosophical matters -- whether it is right or wrong, whether it is primitive or civilized, whether it is stupid or intelligent. This is not the time. He runs! He had never been to a saint but now he goes and falls at his feet and prays, "Save my wife!"
The primitive man is still within you because the unconscious is still within you. The primitive man disappears only with the disappearance of the unconscious. When your unconscious and conscious become one, your whole mind becomes consciousness; then there is no way to fall back to the primitive man. Otherwise, nine times more than the civilized man is the primitive man inside you. Any time your conscious mind starts failing, your intellect starts failing, you fall into the mumbo-jumbo of the primitive.
Religion of the intellect -- the second category, the higher category -- is pseudo-religion. Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Mohammedanism -- these are all products of the intellect.

They are not magico-religious. They have theologies: they have thought about existence, its creation, why it has been created; how one can get out of this wheel of life and birth. They have been thinking about it, pondering over it for thousands of years, and each religion has developed a theology.
The word theology means logic about God. It is a contradiction in terms. God is not a logical proposition: you cannot prove it by logic, you cannot disprove it by logic. Logic is utterly irrelevant to God. But pseudo-religions cannot do more than that, they can only think about. And they have great imagination to portray God. Their scriptures say God created man in His own image. The reality is just the reverse: man creates God in his own image. That's why there are so many gods -- because there are so many men, so many races, so many different faces -- eyes, nose... so many different kinds.
You cannot think of a negro inventing a white god. You may not have thought about why your devil looks like a negro, why your devil is black. The negro's god will be black; and of course the devil has to be pure white. And the white man has proved devilish enough. The negroes have not only an argument in favor of it, but history also, giving all the evidences of what the white man has done to the colored people of the world. It must have been the greatest evil that has happened in history.

How can a Chinese think of God in any other way than as a Chinese? When Marco Polo went to China, he was the first Western man to reach China. China was under the great empire of Kublai Khan, son of Genghis Khan. Perhaps Kublai was one of the greatest emperors in the world because he ruled over all China, middle Asia, the Far East.
When Marco Polo reached China, he wanted an audience. Kublai Khan was a man of great intelligence. His prime minister said, "A man who looks like a monkey wants to see you. It will be absolutely unprecedented -- no emperor has ever given audience to a monkey." A white man looked like a monkey to them.

Kublai Khan said, "No need to be worried. If he can speak he cannot be absolutely a monkey; there is something human. You bring him in." And he became interested in Marco Polo. Marco Polo was a very intelligent young man, and he became very intimate with Kublai Khan. When he came back to Europe he reported to the pope, "In China they worship a different God, who looks like a Chinese, and they think of us Europeans as monkeys."

To us they look a little strange. They have a very little beard -- a few hairs, you can count them -- flat noses, very outstanding cheekbones. You cannot think of a more ugly face -- but they think that is beauty. A man or a woman who does not have those outstanding cheekbones will find it hard to get married; so would a man with a nose that is typical of the Aryan races: Indians, Germans, English, French, Scandinavians, Dutch, Russians.

... These are all one race, and to them a pointed nose, a long nose, is thought to be beautiful. But in China that is ugly; and they cannot make their God ugly.

Marco Polo said, "This makes me think that perhaps we are all imagining about God. Nobody knows how He looks."

The pope was very angry and he said, "You must be imagining things. You are creating a fiction so that you can be thought of as a great explorer of a new land. I cannot believe that anything bigger than Christianity exists anywhere."

Marco Polo said, "Buddhism is far bigger; it has millions of monks, thousands of temples and monasteries. Beside it your Christianity is nothing." But he was alone. What proof did he have? He had brought a few things which were taken away from him and burned to destroy the evidence.

This is the pseudo-religious mind. The pseudo-religious mind believes in its own imagination, in its own thinking, and is afraid of anything that goes against it or is even a little different from it. Otherwise, religions would not have been fighting for thousands of years.

This is something strange: all religions teach love, and all religions end in hatred. All religions teach the brotherhood of man, but they only create enemies of each other.

All religions teach that every man has a potential right to reach God, but practically they say: Only our religion is the true religion.

Yes, every man can reach God but he has to reach through our way: Unless you follow Jesus Christ you have no chance. But the same is said by Krishna: "If you surrender to me, leaving everything aside, I will take care of you, you need not worry." And the same is true about all other religions. They seem to be competing shopkeepers -- everybody is trying to sell his thing: his holy book, his messiah, his god.

Pseudo-religion is always basically afraid, because deep down the pseudo-religious person knows that it is only his imagination, he has no actual experience. He himself is not convinced; hence, he needs to convince others. He goes on sending missionaries to other countries to convince, convert more and more people into Christianity, into Mohammedanism. Why? Why this great urge to convert? Psychologically it is of tremendous importance to understand.

The person who wants to convert anybody is a person who is suspicious of his truth. He is really trying, by converting people, to convince himself that he is right. If he can convert so many people that gives him enough support: "So many people cannot be fools. I may be a fool but so many people cannot be fools. Such intelligent people... and they have come to believe in my belief My belief is bound to be true."

Christianity seems to be the most bogus of all religions because it is more interested in converting people than any other religion.

In fact, Judaism and Hinduism, which are the two ancientmost religions, are not interested in converting anybody. You have to understand the psychology of it.
Why are Jews not interested in sending missionaries and converting people to Judaism? A Jew is born, not converted. Have you seen any converted Jew anywhere? It is simply absurd. Jews will not take anybody through conversion. If God has not made you a Jew then there is no other way; they are the chosen people of God. By converting all kinds of rubbish, can you improve upon God's choice? If God has not made you a Jew that means that you are not meant to be a Jew; you are already rejected. So for thousands of years they have never thought about converting people into Jews.
The Hindus have the same idea -- that they are the only people to whom God has chosen to give the first holy book in the world. Certainly their RIGA VEDA is the ancientmost scripture in the world and certainly it is the scripture of the most ancient religion. They have four castes: the brahmin, the priest; the chhatriya, the warrior; the vaishya, the business man; and the sudra, the untouchable. Now, it was a problem: how could they convert anybody? And in which caste were they going to put him?
Hinduism is not one piece, it is four castes. The brahmin is the highest. You cannot convert anybody into a brahmin. He represents God, hence the name.

The name of God in India is Brahma, and brahmin means one chosen by Brahma, appointed by God Himself. There is no way for anybody to become a brahmin. It is decided by birth, because birth is decided by God, it is not in man's hands to decide such things.
Now, the chhatriya also will not allow anybody in. He is the second most important, and it is a traditional thing for him to be a warrior; just anybody -- X, Y, Z -- cannot be a warrior. It needs a long tradition, training. You have to have the blood of a warrior, you cannot be converted.
The only people who can absorb you are the untouchables. The business people are the third, but they are higher than the untouchables. Only the untouchables can absorb you, but without the permission of the brahmin they cannot do anything. Conversion -- such a religious phenomenon -- is beyond their capacity. They are outcastes themselves.
Hindus and Jews are born so. That's why both these religions are the most egoistic. Naturally, other religions have to rely on conversions, otherwise from where are they going to get their customers, their clients? God has made Jews, God has made Hindus; now the whole world is divided into two chosen people of God. From where is Jesus going to get his people? From where is Buddha going to get his people? They had to depend on conversion. From where is Mohammed going to get Mohammedans?
These are latecomers.

The old shops have credibility; they are already established, and established by God Himself. These others are newcomers in the market. Naturally they have to attract clients from the old shops; otherwise no customer is going to come to them. And they have to create new allurements, cheaper prices, better rewards. And you can see that....
The god of the Jews is a very tough guy. But the god of Christians is pure love. You don't know... it is such a simple mathematics: the god of the Jews can be a tough guy, but Jesus has to convert people, so he has to create a better image of God, more polished, more refined, more humane, so he can make the Jewish god outdated.
Whom is he going to convert? Rich people certainly are not going to be converted because they are already established, respectable, on the highest level of the

society. They are not going to follow a vagabond. They are not going to become a laughingstock -- for what? Hence all those beatitudes of Jesus: "Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God..." because you can only get hold of the poor. The poor are already angry, jealous of the rich, and here comes a man who says, "My God is love. And my God allows only poor people in heaven; rich people have no place there."
This is simple business tactics -- nothing profound in it. But nobody has bothered to watch how new religions have tried to pull customers from the old shops to their own shop.

They are all in favor of the poor. Strange -- Jews don't have a single statement in which the rich are condemned and the poor are raised high just because of their poverty. Jews have not a single statement in which poverty is something sacred; Hindus also don't.
The rich man, according to Hinduism, is rich because he has been religious, virtuous, in his past lives. It is a reward from God. And the poor man is poor because he has been evil, unreligious, in his past lives. He has been punished for it. Poverty is a punishment, richness is a reward. Hindus or Jews, who are established already -- why should they bother about the poor and the downtrodden? But Buddha, Jesus, Mahavira, Mohammed -- their whole interest is in the poor, the downtrodden.
It is a simple thing: these are the people who can be converted, these are the people who are vulnerable. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain. For example, if a sudra becomes a follower of Buddha, immediately he is no longer untouchable. If a sudra becomes a Christian he is no longer untouchable. This is a very strange world.
I had a friend who was the principal of a theological college in Jabalpur, Principal Mackwan. I was saying this thing to him -- "Why are you Christians interested only in the poor?"
He said, "Please come to my house" -- I was sitting in his office. He said, "My house is just behind the college; come to my house; I want to show you something."

He showed me an old man and woman's picture. They were certainly beggars, in rags, dirty; you could even see it in their faces -- so hungry. You could see that all their lives they had suffered; it was written in the lines on their forehead. He said, "Can you recognize who these are?"
I said, "How can I recognize them? -- I have never seen these people, but they look like beggars."
He said, "They were beggars. He is my father, she is my mother. And not only were they beggars, they were sudras, untouchables. They became converted, in their old age, to Christianity because they were so old, tired of begging; and now they were concerned about their children -- particularly this boy who is now principal of Leonard Theological College. What would happen to him if they died? He would also become a beggar."
Because they were sick they entered a Christian hospital, because no other hospital will take poor people and give them free medicine, food, care, doctors. So they entered, they had to enter, a Christian hospital. And there the whole methodology is: with the medicine to go on giving as much of THE BIBLE as possible; with each injection a little BIBLE. With food, the doctor talks about it, the nurse talks about it; the priest comes every day to inquire about their health, how they are.
For the first time they felt that they were human beings.

Nobody had ever asked them about their health. They were treated like dogs, not like human beings. And had they remained Hindus they would have died like dogs, dying on the street corner. You don't know, because that is not the way in the West. In the West, dogs have a better death, a better life, because any dog who is not owned by somebody is to be killed. The dog has to be owned by somebody, a collar proclaiming the ownership. But in the East you cannot kill anybody. There may be a dog spreading sickness and disease, but you cannot kill it -- killing is sin.

It happened.... I am drifting -- just remember!

In Lucknow there is a temple of Hanuman, the monkey god. Strangely enough that temple is surrounded by big trees, and all the trees are full of monkeys -- you will never see so many monkeys together. Perhaps it is for the simple reason that whatsoever is offered to the monkey god those monkeys eat, so by and by they have become permanent residents there. And the temple has such fame that people come to it from far and wide, from faraway places because it is thought that whatever you wish there it will be fulfilled. So they wish something and they take the oath before the monkey god that: "If our wish is fulfilled then we are going to bring fifty-one rupees worth of sweets" -- or anything they want to bring, or whatsoever they can afford.

So every day so much food is being offered -- and it is not anything to do with the monkey god.

If a hundred people come to ask, at least one-third of them -- just by simple arithmetical rules -- one-third of them are going to get their wishes fulfilled. Even if they had not come they would not have been losers, but now they believe that the wish has been fulfilled because of the monkey god. The two-thirds whose wishes have not been fulfilled have moved to some other temple -- naturally, because this monkey god does not seem to be kind towards them.

You cannot ask any reason or anything, but it is sure that your wish is not fulfilled, so you move to some other temple. And there are hundreds of temples in India with wish-fulfilling trees. You just go and ask... and you just have to give a small bribe. But the one-third of the people whose wishes have been fulfilled....

And what kind of wishes people make: "That my son passes in his matriculation examination; or "That my son gets the job he has applied for"; or "That my daughter gets a husband because I don't have much money to give"; or "My wife is sick, please make her healthy again"... just simple, mundane, human trivia.

They are not asking for some miracles, "That when I pass through the ocean it should separate like it did for Moses." Then they would know whether the monkey god can do anything or not. But that your son passes his matriculation... and thousands of people are passing matriculation without the help of the monkey god.

In fact the monkey god was not a matriculate himself! And even if he does the examination, he is not going to pass; you cannot hope he will pass.

But these people feel that their wishes are fulfilled so they bring.... So monkeys have slowly gathered -- the whole road, on both sides, is full of monkeys. And for a strange reason, monkeys and dogs are all against uniforms. Perhaps in their past lives they have been revolutionaries: any kind of uniform -- postmen in India have a uniform, the policeman has a uniform, the army, the sannyasins....

Anybody in a uniform, and dogs and, monkeys are against them.

Perhaps seeing so many people in different clothes different styles, and then suddenly seeing somebody in uniform, they feel a danger: "This man does not look like a man, something is wrong somewhere"... and they are on the attack. It is not the discovery of Machiavelli that attack is the best way to defend, that if you want to defend yourself, then attack. Don't wait for the other party to attack,

because then you will be already late in defending. Don't give them that chance. So monkeys and dogs attack uniformed people. It is simply my feeling that they are afraid; these people look a little strange, not just like other human beings. Millions of human beings are there, and they are not attacking them. And they don't attack these people either if they are not in uniform; they attack the uniform.

The uniform gives them some idea that something is fishy about this man. So it started at the temple that the monkeys began to attack policemen, postmen, army people... and the monkeys were in thousands. Perhaps somebody had triggered their anger; nobody knows how it started, because they have been there for hundreds of years, many generations. The temple is very ancient and they had never done this, but just ten years ago, one day suddenly a riot broke out between monkeys and all uniformed people.

It became very dangerous because so many monkeys... even one monkey is enough for you to freak out, but when many monkeys, hundreds, are just roaming on the road.... The road was blocked, nobody was passing on the road. It was a main road, so Lucknow was divided into two parts; the monkeys wouldn't allow anybody to cross.

It became a question in the assembly of the state of Uttar Pradesh -- Lucknow is the capital -- that "these monkeys have to be shot. They have disturbed the peace of the capital. People cannot go to the other side, people cannot come to this side. Offices are closed because many people live on that side; many offices are on that side and people live on this side. Somebody who had gone to that side for some work had been detained, he could not come back here. Something has to be done immediately."

One man stood up and he said, "If a single monkey is shot then there is going to be great bloodshed, be cause the monkey is a Hindu god: you are shooting a Hindu god.

It will not be tolerated." He was a Hindu chauvinist belonging to a Hindu chauvinist party. And although the whole parliament was privately in favor of their being shot -- what else could be done? -- the resolution had to fail because they knew that what this man was saying was going to happen. Immediately there would be a massacre.

And that's what they want: all politicians want some trouble somewhere, because only then are they needed. If everything goes right, if there is no news, nothing is going wrong, the politicians start feeling lost.

I have not been in India for four years now. Now the journalists are missing me. Strange people! -- they were all against me; when I was there, they were all against me. They were writing against me, not even bothering whether it was true or untrue; ninety percent of it was absolutely untrue. They were writing it but it was news, sellable news. Now they are missing me because the news that they were making around me they cannot make any longer, and there is nobody to replace me.

Journalists, politicians -- these types of people are in search of some spot which can become dangerous, some man who can prove dangerous, some situation which can become a problem. Then they will all try to make it a problem as quickly as possible.

The resolution could not pass; for almost two weeks the road remained blocked. Monkeys don't have long memories; they must have forgotten and they cooled down slowly slowly.

First the devotees started coming with sweets and offering the sweet to the monkey god, and then the traffic started again....

But you cannot kill. You cannot kill dogs; killing is not allowed. But these religions have been killing each other. They cannot kill a dog, they cannot kill a monkey, but they can kill a man. That is very strange. I have been asking Hindus, Mohammedans, "You cannot kill animals but you can kill men without any problem, as if man has no life?" No, the thing is business. Man can be converted to be a Mohammedan -- a dog cannot be. Dogs are beyond the reach of your preachers and missionaries.
Professor Mackwan told me, "This is my father and mother. They would have died like dogs and the municipal truck would have thrown them out of the city with all the garbage that it carries every day, because there is nobody to carry a beggar to the funeral pyre. Who bothers about a beggar? Beggars are not men, not human beings."
And then he took me to another picture of his daughter and his son-in-law. I was looking at three generations: the father and mother, almost below human beings; Mackwan, who has gained status and is now in a very respectable post, highly salaried. Now brahmins come and shake hands with him, not knowing at all that he is the son of two beggars who were sudras. I know his daughter, one of the most beautiful women I have seen; she is married to an American.

Looking at the three generations... such a change. You cannot connect the daughter with the grandmother and how can you connect the son-in-law with her grandfather? There seems to be no bridge. The son-in-law is a well-known scholar, professor -- six months teaching in India, six months teaching in America. Saroj, the daughter herself is a professor. They are all well-educated; the son is a principal. They have moved in a completely different direction by being converted to Christianity. I could not object. I said, "Your father and mother did well."
Hindus and Jews are established. Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists are not established. They try to convert people; but in their conversion, deep down what is going on? The established religion has a past to support, thousands of years of past, which means millions of people have been on the path; you are not alone. But when you follow Jesus you know only that this guy has got these fantastic ideas. Who knows? -- you are following a fool or really a son of God? He can be either this or that; there is no third alternative. Either he is a perfect idiot....
In fact Fyodor Dostoevsky has written a book, THE IDIOT; that is the title of his book. But the idiot, the character, is almost Jesus-like: very innocent, simple, who has never done any harm to anybody. In fact, he is better than Jesus. But Dostoevsky has titled the book THE IDIOT.

Jesus needs converted people. He himself may be feeling shaky about what he is saying and about whether it is true or not. In fact, why did he want Jews to accept him, his messiahhood? Why was he so insistent that they had to crucify him? He must have nagged them, tortured them with the idea. They must have got so fed up that they decided, "This man won't leave us in peace -- he has to be crucified, otherwise he will go on torturing us."
And he was getting more and more fanatic. He started calling the great temple of the Jews, "my Father's house," and "... I have come to clean my Father's house." And he really wanted to clean it of all the priests and all the rabbis: What is the need of all these people when the only begotten son is there? He
I had become a nuisance. He must have been thinking in some silent moment, "Perhaps I am just mad. I have not been able to convince a single rabbi."
In fact, I have never tried to convert anybody, but there are a few rabbi sannyasins. That is strange! And not ordinary rabbis, famous rabbis. And I have

not been in any way trying to convert anybody because I don't have any doubt. Why should I bother about converting anybody? I don't have to convince myself that I am right. I am!
If not even a single person is with me, I will be as right as I am now. My rightness does not grow with the growing number of people around me does not increase with the increasing number of people around me.

My rightness is from my experience.
Jesus seems to be worried, and all Christians have carried his sickness in their minds. They are all worried. I cannot think that the pope really believes that he represents God, it is impossible -- unless you are mad, then everything is possible.
Pseudo-religions are continually trying to convert people or they are so ancient that the question of conversion had never arisen. They are the beginners; from the very beginning they caught hold of the customers. Because of this idea of converting people there are constant fights, crusades, jihads, holy wars.
And pseudo-religions go on creating more and more theology; nobody reads it. I have never seen in my life anybody reading a theological book. I have visited hundreds of libraries but I have never seen anybody, in any library, reading a theological book. I have looked into university libraries and government libraries and asked the librarians one question, "I would like to know whether any book from the theological section is taken out by people?"
They said, "You are the first person to inquire about it. The theological section? -- nobody bothers. People are interested only in novels. Who is going to bore himself with a theological book?" One took me to the theological section. That was the only section where you could see that all the books were untouched by human hands, so clean.

Hundreds of theologians continually creating more and more books.... For what? -- because the basic questions have not been answered yet. They go on improving upon the books, but whatsoever they do, the fundamental questions remain at the same place, because intellect has no answer for them.
A simple thing has not occurred to them, that if in five or ten thousand years of theological thinking you have not been able to demolish a single question, now it is time to stop: perhaps you are not moving in the right direction.
Religion in the second stage of consciousness, of the conscious mind, intellect, is theology. I call it pseudo-religion -- just words about truth, God, love, but no experience to support it.
When religion reaches the third, the highest peak, then only is it religiousness.
So the first I call magico-religious
The second I call pseudo-religion.
And the third I call religiousness.
Then it is a quality, then it has no adjective to it.
Then it has no tradition.
Then it has no scripture, then it has no theology.
Then the origin is not in the past.
And paradise is not in the future.
Then both are within you.
Then you have a fresh experience, and that experience will express itself in lovingness, friendliness, compassion.
This religion will not bother about God:
Its concern will be compassion.

This religiousness will not bother about heaven and hell.
Its concern will be how to share its blissfulness.
This religion is not interested at all in converting you to believe certain dogmas; its only interest is to say to you, "I have found it. If you are interested, I can share my experience. There is no condition that you, have to accept it, there is no condition that you have to believe me. It is simply my joy to share it with you. Then it is for your consideration whether you want to do something with it or not. Either way I am happy and grateful that you allowed me to share something so intimate."
A religious man, functioning from the highest point of consciousness intuition is just like the fragrance of a flower.
There is no question of your being converted. Even if nobody passes by the side of the rose, the fragrance will still be spreading around, moving... somewhere, somebody may get it. And even if nobody gets it it doesn't matter; it is simply natural for the flower to explode into fragrance.
I was explaining to you how happiness appears. At the instinct level it was pleasure, I told you yesterday. At the intellect level it was joy. But I drifted and forgot the last -- what happens at the level of the intuition. There, happiness is blissfulness.
Pleasure is momentary, very momentary. In a split second it is gone.

It only leaves a memory. You never catch hold of it when it is there -- it comes so quickly 1 and goes so quickly, and you are not that swift.
I have seen a painting -- but just keep reminding me.... It was one of the most beautiful paintings, but very strange. It was the painting of a man whose hair had grown all over his face, and his skull was completely bald, with no hair. I thought, "This seems to be a strange painting."
I inquired about the painter, who was present at the exhibition. He came and I asked him, "What kind of painting is this?"
He said, "This is a painting of time." I said, "That makes sense."
He said, "But will you please tell me what sense it makes to you, because I have made it but it makes no sense to me. The idea just came to me and I made it, but I don't have any.... If somebody asks what it means I simply say, 'It is time,' and people just stop asking and move on. You are the only one who says it makes sense."
I said, "Yes, it makes sense because time you can catch only when it has not come, from the front. By the time it has passed behind you it is a clean-shaven head; you cannot catch hold of it. It is just gone."
He said, "This is great! Can you someday spare time and come to my studio, because there are many paintings which I don't know the meaning of. Perhaps you can make some sense of them -- because now this makes sense: You can catch hold of time before it, comes."

But how can you really catch it before it comes? It has not come, you cannot catch it. And when it is gone it is just a skull, so clean-shaven there is nothing to catch; your hand just slips.
That's what pleasure is. You are waiting and waiting and waiting... and it is gone! You were just waiting, and now it is a memory. Pleasure is momentary, very momentary. Joy is much profounder, much deeper. You can enjoy a beautiful song for years. And each time you can go on stepping deeper into yourself.
One song I have with me, sung by some Nirmala Devi. All my life, around India, I have been inquiring about the woman because I want her other songs too. But I have not been able to find who the woman is, where she disappeared. And I have no memory either of who sent me this tape. People go on sending me tapes;

whenever I have time, I listen. This song remained with me in Poona for seven years but I never listened to it. I had never heard of the name, so whenever I came across the name and the tape I simply put it away; someday I would.... Nirmala Devi -- nobody had ever heard the name.
Here, one day, I thought, "The woman has waited too long, and perhaps she has something. There is no harm -- let me listen." Her singing is something tremendously beautiful. Since then I have not missed a single day of listening to it. And each time I listen there is something more to it, a new layer, a new meaning -- not only in the words but in the voice, its subtle nuances.

The song is simple but profound, immensely profound. She is singing a song which means, "Just let me get ready...." She is talking to death. It is understood, it is not said in the song, but she is saying to death, "Just wait a little. Let me sing my last song."
This very idea, to say to death, "Just wait a little, and let me sing my last song.... I have lived in sadness and sorrow so long. Let me dance a little before I join you. I have been crying and weeping; my whole sari is soaked with my tears. Just wait a little. Let me at least dry my sari, let me at least regain, remember, recall my smile. Just a little... so that I can get ready. I would not like to go with you in this sad miserable condition. I would like to go with you dancing, smiling, singing." A simple song, but her voice, the ups and downs of her voice, the beautiful turnings of her voice give it so much beauty, color and depth.
Happiness at the second level is joy. Pleasure you cannot share with anybody. It is something so tiny, so fleeting, so small, there is no question of sharing; but joy you can share. At the third level, happiness becomes bliss. Joy you have to share; blissfulness you need not share -- it simply surrounds you. Whoever is courageous enough to come close to you will have it.
Bliss is not something that you have to do anything about; it is already there around you, it is your milieu.

The blissful person -- you can call him the awakened, the enlightened, you can give any name... the blissful person is simply showering his bliss continuously. Whoever is thirsty can drink of it.
It is not a question of his making an effort to share:
He is blissfulness itself.
Just be with him in close intimacy, and you will have the taste of it, the silence of it, the beauty of it.
And one thing finally you have to remember:
The highest always contains the lower.
The highest is not against the lower. It is all-comprehensive.
What you have known in pleasure, you will know in bliss -- but, ancient scriptures say, one thousandfold. I cannot say that, because that sounds as if the difference is only of quantity. The difference is of quality. But whoever has written that, that bliss is one thousandfold the pleasure of sexual orgasm, was trying. He failed in what he was saying, but he was trying just to give an idea of what you are missing. No, it is not even ten thousandfold, or one hundred thousandfold. It is simply so different... but the flavor of pleasure is there, contained in it. The higher always contains the lower; the lower cannot contain the higher
Just draw a small circle -- that is pleasure. Draw a bigger circle around it -- that is joy. Draw another, bigger circle around it -- that is bliss.

It contains joy, it contains pleasure, and much more, which is inexpressible but not inexperienceable.

I may not be able to say it to you, but I can pour it into you; you just have to allow me.
All depends on your vulnerability, defenselessness. All depends on your love, trust, courage to open your heart.
You all have been brought up in such a way that you have become defensive, continually defensive... always afraid somebody is going to cheat you, somebody is going to kill you, somebody is going to mistreat you, humiliate you. And in a way you are right, because this is what has been happening to everybody in society. You have to be always on guard.
But if you meet a Master, then don't be on your guard. That is the secret of being with a Master.
Don't be on your guard. Let the guard go on a long, long leave! Unguarded, open, defenseless... And it is going to happen. Nobody can prevent it.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
YOU WERE MORE AWAKE AS AN INFANT THAN I AM NOW. HOW DID THIS COURAGE AND AWARENESS HAPPEN?

IT is very simple, and yet not so easy to explain to you. The reason is that it relates to your past life. Now, as far as I am concerned it is a reality. As far as you are concerned it can only be a hypothesis. I am not saying to you to believe in it. That is my most fundamental approach -- never to tell anybody to believe in anything. I am simply explaining how it happened to me. You can find out ways to experiment with the hypothesis; perhaps it may happen to you too -- and it is never too late.
The moment the child is born, you think, is the beginning of its life. That is not true. The moment an old man dies, you think, is the end of his life. It is not. Life is far bigger than birth and death. Birth and death are not two ends of life; many births and many deaths happen within life. Life itself has no beginning, no end: life and eternity are equivalent. But you cannot understand very easily how life can turn into death; even to concede that is impossible.
There are a few inconceivables in the world; and one of them is, you cannot conceive of life turning into death. At what point is it no longer life and it becomes death? Where will you demarcate the line? Neither can you demarcate the line about birth, when life begins: when the child is born or when the child is conceived? But even before conception the mother's egg was alive the father's sperm was alive -- they were not dead, because the meeting of two dead things cannot create life.

They were both alive, and they merged into one and created a life which, rightly understood, is neither just man's nor just woman's.
A man has a woman hidden in him, the woman has a man hidden in her. It is bound to be so, because they are the contribution of one man and one woman -- the father and the mother; they both contributed fifty percent to your being. If you are a man that simply means that the male side is above and the female side is below. If you are a woman the female side is above, and the male side is below. And this you can watch in your own life.
There are moments when a man feels very feminine, very vulnerable, very loving, caring. In fact he can be more feminine than a woman, because the woman's femininity is an everyday affair. She takes it for granted; she has used it her whole life, it is nothing special. But for a man when the moment of femininity

happens -- there are moments of tenderness, everybody knows -- he is also surprised of such a tenderness... and in him? That tenderness is fresh. The woman's tenderness is getting stale, routine.
The same happens to the woman. There are moments when she feels the man coming up from deeper sources of her unconscious. She can show so much strength, courage, daring, that even a man may feel inferior. The simple reason is that man's manliness is there, and he has been using it every day -- it is not fresh, it is not so alive.

That is why when a woman becomes angry she is more ferocious than man.

In animals it has been watched. The female becomes ferocious only in certain moments when her children are attacked. They may be attacked even by the father himself... because the institution of father is a human institution, it does not exist in animals. The children will never know who is their father, the father will never know that he has produced children. But the mother is not a human invention. The mother is something in nature itself.
That's why you cannot put the father higher than the mother, except perhaps in Germany. Those fools go on calling their motherland, fatherland. The whole world calls their country their motherland, but German fools have some speciality. It doesn't look right either -- fatherland?
The earth is feminine, the sky is masculine. Because the earth gives birth to everything -- to animals, to insects, to birds, to trees, to man -- the earth can be called mother. You will be surprised to find the similarity between these words. The English word matter and the English word mother are both derivations from a Sanskrit root, matra. Matri means mother, and matra means matter, quantity. From matra are derived both matter and mother.
The earth is the most tangible material phenomenon. You cannot call it father; it has no relationship with fatherhood.

But you can't argue with Germans either. When I hear their language, I cannot help thinking that if in hell any language is spoken, it must be German. The way it hits you! It has no roundness anywhere... everywhere knives coming out of the language from each word. I cannot conceive how people can love in the German language; it will look like a fight. Perhaps it is! There are languages in which even if you fight it will look like you are having a sweet conversation.
The man and the woman are not really two separate entities, but the personality of the man needs the supporting qualities of the woman. If those supporting qualities are not there, the man will fall apart. And the same will happen to the woman. She cannot exist only on female qualities, she needs male supporting qualities. So each human being is a composite whole of two polarities which appear opposed to each other but are not really opposed; they are basically, absolutely essential components of each other.
At what point is the child born? Science has not been able to decide. There is no way to decide, because the eggs that the mother is carrying in her womb she has been carrying from her birth....
By the way -- don't let me just drift!
It has been found -- and this seems to be the only explanation that can save Jesus from being a bastard -- it has been found that a girl was born with her twin inside her womb.

In fact she was going to be two girls but somehow the other girl, who was going to be the twin, never grew up; she became part of the girl that was born. She can carry that twin in her womb. That twin is alive, and at the right time, without any sexual interaction with a man, the girl will give birth to a child.

Now this is scientifically proved a fact. In a few animals it has been found again and again. And just the other day Vivek has brought one news item of a similar case. I have for at least twenty years been thinking about it, because I came to know twenty years ago about a case, a similar case, where a girl gave birth to a dead child. And even doctors confirmed that the girl was absolutely innocent.
I had been there in the medical college, to see the whole thing. It is a difficult problem in India -- it is not so difficult in the West: if it was proved that the girl had some sexual relationship with a man then there would be no possibility... her whole life would be ruined. She could never be married, and she would be condemned everywhere. It would be better for her to die than to live.
But all the doctors were absolutely certain that this dead child was not conceived by her. She had carried the small, miniature child in her body since her very birth, and when she became sexually mature the child started to grow -- exactly then, because for the child it made no difference.

... For the child it was the same whether it was conceived sexually by a new man -- but in fact the child was really carrying the girl's father's genes, and the mother's genes. The child that was born to the girl was not her child but her sister. It was good that she was born dead.
It would have been good if Jesus also had been born dead, but unfortunately he was born alive. This is the only scientific way to save the poor fellow from being a bastard; otherwise no Holy Ghost can help. All that is nonsense.
One thing has to be accepted, that half of your being is alive in your mother, even before you are conceived. And half of you is to be contributed by your father -- that too has to be contributed alive. When the sperms leave your father's body they are alive, but they don't have a long life, they have only two hours' life. Within two hours they have to meet the mother's egg. If within two hours they don't meet, if they start bumming around here and there....
It is absolutely certain that each sperm must have its own characteristic personality. A few are lazy fellows; when others are running towards the egg, they are just taking a morning walk. This way they are never going to reach, but what can they do? These characteristics are present from their birth: they cannot run, they would prefer to die; and they are not even aware what is going to happen.

But a few guys are just olympic racers, they immediately start running fast. And there is great competition because it is not a question of a few hundred cells running towards the mother's single egg.... The mother's womb has a reservoir of eggs which is limited and which releases only one egg every month. That's why she has the monthly period; every month one egg is released. So only one fellow out of this whole mob, which consists of millions of living cells... it is really a great philosophical problem!

It is nothing, just biology, because the problem is that out of so many millions of people, only one person can be born. And who were those other millions that could not get into the mother's egg? This has been used as one of the arguments in India by Hindu scholars, pandits, shankaracharyas, against birth control.
India is clever about argumentation. The pope goes on talking against birth control but has not produced a single argument. At least the Indian counterpart has produced a few very valid -- looking arguments. One of their arguments is: At what point to stop producing children? -- two children, three children? They say that Rabindranath was the thirteenth child of his parents; if birth control had been practiced there would have been no Rabindranath Tagore.
The argument seems to be valid because birth control means stopping at two

children, at the most three: don't take any chance, one may die or something may happen.

You can reproduce two children to replace you and your wife, so no population increase happens; but Rabindranath was the thirteenth child of his parents. If they had stopped even at one dozen then too Rabindranath would have missed the train. Now how many Rabindranaths are missing trains?
I was talking to one of the shankaracharyas. I said, "Perfectly right; for argument's sake I accept that this is true: we would have missed one Rabindranath Tagore. But I am willing to miss him. If the whole country can live peacefully, can have enough food, can have enough clothes, can have all basic needs fulfilled, I think it is worth it. I am ready to lose one Rabindranath Tagore, it is nothing much.
"You have to see the balance: millions of people dying and starving just to produce one Rabindranath Tagore? So you mean every parent has to go up to thirteen? But what about the fourteenth? What about the fifteenth?" And forget about these small numbers; in each love-making a man releases millions of sperms -- and every time a man makes love a child is not conceived.
You will be surprised to know that if from the age a man becomes sexually mature, that is fourteen, he continues, according to my calculations, up to the age of forty-two, which I feel is a new maturity.... Just as sex matures at fourteen, spirituality starts growing at forty-two. There is a seven-year cycle.

In the first seven years there is no question of sex. The child is innocent. He may be playing sexual games, but those are unconscious and he has no idea that those games are sexual. And he is not playing those games for sexuality. He is being prepared by biology because later on he has to play all these games -- some rehearsal is needed.
I told you that there are two games children play all around the earth; one I completely forgot that day. One is hide-and-seek, and the second is doctor and patient. That is strange... and the patient is always the girl, and the doctor is always the boy! I have inquired, "Does it happen sometimes the opposite way, that the girl is the doctor and the boy is the patient?" No, the girl is not interested at all in such curiosities.
The woman is not so much attracted by man's body; she is attracted more by man's charisma, impressiveness, personality -- the way he walks, the way he talks. She is not much interested in his physical beauty she is interested in something which is not tangible. But the woman has that instinct to find what is attractive in the man.
Many times a man will be surprised: "I don't see anything attractive in this man," and it happens that that man is almost a hero amongst women. Many women get attracted to that man. They see something, they feel something which no other man will ever be able to see in that man.

But their attraction is not physical, it is something more subtle; more the vibes of the energy, more on the esoteric side.
For example, Chetana has a boyfriend, Milarepa -- Milarepa the Great. Milarepa is just a lady-killer, continually killing ladies here, there, and everywhere. And I can't even recognize him! Vivek goes on showing me, Chetana has been showing me: "This is Milarepa," and the next time again I forget who Milarepa is. He is such a lady-killer that I want to see him and look better at him, to see what is the matter. But I simply go on forgetting his face.
Just yesterday, Vivek told me, "He was standing with the drum just in front of you." With a drum! -- in front of me! I saw the drum and missed Milarepa. The

drum was good and the drumming was good -- everything was good -- but I simply did not look at the man who was drumming it. He is a great drummer. I again missed.
I go on asking Chetana about Milarepa, and she has described to me everything about Milarepa. In fact Milarepa is the only person about whom I know any kind of information. Every day I try to find out -- one day I am going to figure out that this is Milarepa. But yesterday I lost hope.
He was standing in front of me drumming -- what more can the poor fellow do? Just, I am blind. And he is certainly a personality like Lord Byron in that even though he goes with so many ladies, no lady feels offended.

They all accept that he is such a person that you cannot possess him.
From the very beginning there are individuals. And millions of people in each love-making simply disappear. We will never know how many Nobel prize-winners were there, how many presidents, prime ministers... all kinds of people must have been there.
So this is my calculation: from the fourteenth year to the age of forty-two, if a man goes absolutely normally about his love-making, he will release almost the equal amount of sperms as is the whole population of the earth. A single man can populate the whole earth -- overpopulate it! -- it is already overpopulated. And this can be done even by a single Milarepa; nobody else is needed. And all these people will be unique individuals, not having anything in common except their humanness.
No, life does not start there either; life starts farther back. But to you that is only a hypothesis -- to me it is an experience. Life begins at the point of your past life's death. When you die, on the one side one chapter of life, which people think was your whole life, is closed. It was only a chapter in a book which has infinite chapters. One chapter closes, but the book is not closed. Just turn the page and another chapter begins.
The person dying starts visualizing his next life. This is a known fact, because it happens before the chapter closes.

Once in a while a person comes back from the very last point. For example he is drowning, and he is somehow saved. He is almost in a coma; the water has to be taken out, artificial breathing has to be given, and somehow he is saved. He was just on the verge of closing the chapter. These people have reported interesting facts.
One is, that at the last moment when they felt that they were dying, that it was finished, their whole past life went fast before them, in a flash -- from birth to that moment. Within a split second they saw everything that had happened to them, that they had remembered, and also that which they had never remembered; many things which they have not even taken note of, and that they were not aware were part of their memory. The whole film of memory goes so quickly, in a flash -- and it has to be in a split second because the man is dying, there is no time, like three hours to see the whole movie.
And even if you see the whole movie you cannot relate the whole story of a man's life, with small, insignificant details. But everything passes before him -- that is a certain, very significant phenomenon. Before ending the chapter he recollects all his experiences, unfulfilled desires, expectations, disappointments, frustrations, sufferings, joys -- everything.
Buddha has a word for it, he calls it tanha. Literally it means desire, but metaphorically it means the whole life of desire.

All these things happened -- frustrations, fulfillments, disappointments, successes, failures... but all this happened within a certain area you can call

desire.
The dying man has to see the whole of it before he moves on further, just to recollect it, because the body is going: this mind is not going to be with him, this brain is not going to be with him. But the desire released from this mind will cling to his soul, and this desire will decide his future life. Whatever has remained unfulfilled, he will move towards that target.
Your life begins far back before your birth, before your mother's impregnation, further back in your past life's end. That end is the beginning of this life. One chapter closes, another chapter opens. Now, how this new life will be is ninety-nine percent determined by the last moment of your death. What you collected, what you have brought with you like a seed -- that seed will become a tree, bring fruits, bring flowers, or whatever happens to it. You cannot read it in the seed, but the seed has the whole blueprint.
There is a possibility that one day science may be able to read in the seed the whole program -- what kind of branches this tree is going to have, how long this tree is going to live, what is going to happen to this tree -- because the blueprint is there, we just don't know the language. Everything that is going to happen is already potentially present.

So what you do at the moment of your death determines how your birth is going to be. Most people die clinging. They don't want to die, and one can understand why they don't want to die. Only at the moment of death do they recognize the fact that they have not lived. Life has simply passed as if a dream, and death has come. Now there is no more time to live -- death is knocking on the door. And when there was time to live, you were doing a thousand and one foolish things, wasting your time rather than living it.
I have asked people playing cards, playing chess, "What are you doing?"
They say, "Killing time."
From my very childhood I have been against this expression, "killing time." My grandfather was a great chess player, and I would ask him, "You are getting old and you are still killing time. Can't you see that really time is killing you? and you go on saying that you are killing time. You don't know even what time is, you don't know where it is. Just catch hold of it and show me."
All these expressions that time is fleeting, and passing, and going, are just a kind of consolation. It is really you who are passing -- going down the drain every moment. And you go on thinking that it is time that is passing, as if you are going to stay and time is going to pass! Time is where it is; it is not passing. Watches and clocks are man's creation to measure the passing time, which is not passing at all.

Only in one madman's house did I see the right kind of clock. I was traveling and I just missed the train. To catch the same train, I rushed to pick up a taxi to go to the other station -- which was possible because the train went on a longer route of one hundred and twenty miles, so the taxi could reach there first by the sixty miles the road went. So I rushed to the taxi stand and there I found one of my friends from my school days -- we studied in the high school together. So he was very happy.
He said, "Don't be worried will put you on that train, if not at the next station, then at the next, or the next; or I will take you the whole journey. Don't be worried -- but you have to come to my house."
I said, "There is no time for me to waste. I have to catch the train."
He said, "You have to come. I have been waiting for you for years, and I have been hearing about you, and reading about you in newspapers and everything. I

was waiting, thinking that someday you would come here too -- and today you have come, and you are in such a hurry, you can't even come to my house just to see in what misery I have fallen."
I said, "What has happened?"
He said, "You just come."
There was no way out! And he was the only taxi owner there; there was no other taxi, it was a small town. I said, "There is no other way so I will come, but remember that I have to catch the train whatsoever happens, wherever you catch it -- but I have to catch the train."

That he promised.
He took me to his home and there I could see even through the window -- the window was open -- that his wife was mad. She was standing there holding the steel rods which were fixed on the windows to prevent her coming out. And the way her hair was falling, and the way she looked....
He said, "This is my wife."
I said, "Good, but what can I do? -- I am in a hurry. And do you want me to treat your wife or something?"
"No," he said, "no, I don't want you to treat her. I just want you to see her and suggest to me what I can do."
I said, "Okay." I went in and there I saw a clock -- in my whole life the only right clock I have seen, and that woman had made it. It had only the hour hand. You could not figure out what the time was. I asked the man, "What is the point of keeping this clock here with only an hour hand?"
He said, "This woman has her ideas. I have had that clock fixed dozens of times but she always removes the minute hand."
I said, "How do you tell the time?"
He showed me another watch. In his pocket he had a pocket watch which had only a minute hand. He said, "I keep both watches in front of me and figure out what the time is."
I said, "Your wife is mad, but you are also mad. This is something! Really, you are a creative, inventive scientist -- and you are driving a taxi! I could not have imagined that two clocks would do the work."

He said, "They do perfectly well. Because she is not going to listen, I had to manage something myself."
That is the only clock that is right because you could not figure out the time.
In India, in Punjab, if you are traveling in Punjab -- you can ask Neelam -- never ask anybody, "What is the time?" because if it happens to be twelve you will be beaten. And if you can escape alive it will be just a miracle. It is just for a very philosophical reason -- but when philosophy comes into the hands of fools, this is what happens.
Nanak, the founder of Sikhism, has said that the moment of samadhi is just like two hands of the clock meeting on twelve, where they are no longer two. He was just taking an example -- that in the moment of samadhi the two-ness of your being dissolves and you arrive at oneness. The same happens in death too. He explained later on that the same happens in death. Again the two hands which have been separately moving come together and stop, become one: you become one with existence.
So in Punjab, twelve o'clock has become the symbol of death. So if you ask any sardarji, "What is the time?" if it happens to be twelve, he will simply start beating you, because that means you are teasing him, and you are cursing him with death. About somebody with a long face, miserable, in anguish, in Punjab they will say, "On his face it i6 twelve o'clock."

I have seen sardars changing their watch quickly: when it comes to twelve they will move it five minutes ahead quickly. They won't keep it on twelve; it hurts that their own watch is playing tricks on them. Twelve reminds them only of misery, sadness, death; they have completely forgotten about samadhi which Nanak was really trying to explain to them.

When a person dies -- when it is twelve o'clock for him -- he clings to life. His whole life he has been thinking time is passing; now he feels he is going, he has passed. No clinging can help. He becomes so miserable, and the misery becomes so unbearable, that most people fall into a kind of unconscious state, a coma, before they die. So they miss recollecting their whole life.

If death is without any clinging, if there is no desire to remain alive, even for a single moment more, you will die consciously because there is no need for nature to make you unconscious or force you into a coma. You will die alert, and you will recollect the whole past. You will be able to see that whatever you have been doing was simply stupid.

Desires have been fulfilled -- what have you gained? Desires have remained unfulfilled and you have suffered -- but what have you gained when they are fulfilled?

It is a strange game in which you are always losing: Whether you win or lose makes no difference.

Your pleasures were nothing, just signatures made on water.

And your pain was engraved on granite.

And you suffered all that pain for these signatures on water. You suffered your whole life for small joys which don't appear to be more than toys at this stage, from this height, from this point where you can see the whole valley of your life. Successes were also failures. Failures of course were failures, and pleasures were nothing but incentives to suffer pain.

All your euphoria was just the function of your dream faculty. You are going with empty hands. This whole life has been just a vicious circle: you went on moving in the same circle, around and around and around. And you have not arrived anywhere because by moving in a circle, how you can arrive anywhere? The center always remained at the same distance wherever you were on the circle. Success came, failure came; pleasure came, pain came; there was misery and there was joy: everything went on happening on the circle but the center of your being always remained equidistant from every place. It was difficult to see while you were in the circle -- you were too much involved in it, too much part of it. But now, suddenly all has dropped out of your hands -- you are standing empty.

Kahlil Gibran, in his masterpiece, THE PROPHET, has one sentence.... Al-Mustafa, the prophet, comes running to the people who are working in the farms and says to them, "My ship has arrived, my time has come to go.

I have come here just to glance back on all that has happened and on all that has not happened. Before I go aboard the ship I have a great longing just to see what my life here was."

The sentence that I was going to remind you of is... he says, "I am just like a river which is going to fall into the ocean. She waits for a moment to look back at the whole terrain that she has passed -- the jungles, the mountains, the people. It has been a rich life of thousands of miles, and now, in a single moment, all is going to dissolve. So just like a river on the brink of falling into the ocean looks back, I want to look back."

But this looking back is possible only if you are not clinging to the past; otherwise you are so afraid to lose it that you don't have time to observe, to see. And time is just a split second. If a man dies fully alert, seeing the whole terrain that he

has passed and seeing the whole stupidity of it, he is born with a sharpness, with an intelligence, with a courage -- automatically. It is not something he does.
You ask me, "You were sharp, courageous, intelligent, even as an infant; I am not that courageous even now...." The reason is that I died in my past life in a different way than you died. That makes the great difference, because the way you die, in the same way you are born. Your death is one side of the coin, your birth is another side of the same coin.

If on the other side there was confusion, misery anguish, clinging, desire, then on this side of the coin you can't expect sharpness, intelligence, courage, clarity, awareness. That will be absolutely unwarranted; you cannot expect that.
That's why I said that it is very simple but difficult to explain to you, because I have not done anything in this life to be courageous or to be sharp and intelligent from the very beginning. And I have never thought about it as courage or sharpness or intelligence.
It was only later on that slowly I became aware of how stupid people are. It was only a later reflection; earlier I was not aware that I was courageous. I was thinking everybody must be the same. Only later on it became clear to me that everybody is not the same.
This was one of my joys in my childhood -- to go to the highest hill by the side of the river, and jump! Many neighborhood boys would come with me, and they would try it. But they would just go to the very brink and come back; seeing the height they would say, "Suddenly something happens." I used to show them again and again that "If I can jump -- I don't have a steel body -- and if I go on managing, surviving, why can't you?"
They said, "We try our hardest" -- and they really did try. There was one brahmin boy living just next door who was very much humiliated by this, because he could not jump.

So he must have asked his father what to do "... because it is very humiliating. He goes on top of the hills and jumps from there, and we just watch. We can see that if he can jump, we can jump; there is no problem in it. If the height cannot kill him, why should it kill us? But just when we gather courage, making all kinds of effort, and we rush, suddenly there comes the break. From where it comes we don't know, but just a break; something from our inside says, 'No, these rocks, and this river... if you fall on some rock, or... and the river is deep. And when you fall from a height, first you go to the very bottom of the river, then you come up; you cannot do anything else."'
His father said, "This is not good" -- because his father was a very good wrestler, one of the champions in the district. He used to run a gymnasium and teach other people how to fight, Indian free-style wrestling. That is more human, more skillful, and more artful than boxing. Boxing seems to be an absolutely animal type of behavior.
In Indian wrestling you don't hurt the other person. A very good wrestler simply touches the other person, and the other person falls flat. It is an art, a craft; the body has been taught point by point. Howsoever strong the other person is, if at a perfect angle behind the knee you just hit him this much -- just this much -- the man will fall. Howsoever strong he is, that does not matter; you just have to know the right point where to hit with your hand.

Your hand may be just a delicate hand -- there is no need for it to be a hammer -- the man will fall.
They know all kinds of strategies, there are thousands; and it is an art, certainly an art. Nobody is hurt, there is no desire to hurt anybody. And the game is worth

seeing; it almost takes your breath away because it happens so quickly when it is a master wrestler.
And this man was a master wrestler. He was not very giant-like, and that was one of the reasons he became famous. He was middle-size in height, not a heavyweight champion but very thin. And in fact whenever he was challenged or he challenged somebody, the other wrestlers used to laugh: "This man? He may get killed! His bones may get fractured! This man is going to fight? The other man is so strong he will just take him up in both his hands and throw him down."
That was his whole art, because everybody was ready to fight with him thinking that they were going to be victorious. And what he did on the field.... The Indian wrestling field is like the boxing type of thing. Very fine powdered earth, six-inches thick, is spread on a big piece of ground, so if they fall nobody is hurt. It is far softer than velvet, it is ground so fine; and they find the best kind of soil for it.

What he used to do first.... The other wrestler would stand there, of course perfectly certain that he was going to win.

And this poor fellow, who looked poor but always proved to be the winner, would go round in the circle of people standing to see. And inside that circle was the wrestling area. He would go around dancing backwards, and that dance was worth seeing! He wouldn't look backwards; he would look ahead while dancing backwards and would still go exactly in a circle.
After his dance was over -- and the other man was taken aback with what he was doing, the dance was so beautiful, so graceful.... After the dance he would immediately jump on the fellow, as a tiger or a lion jumps on game. He was so lightweight he almost could fly in the air, and the man was simply taken by surprise: What is happening? First, his dance was strange... no wrestler I have seen dances that way....
And after the dance he would simply jump on the fellow, and he had such small strategies that within seconds.... People were not able to figure out what he did, and how the other man was flat on the ground and how this man was sitting on his chest!
If the child had belonged to somebody else he would have told him not to go there at all, but this man was not that type. He said, "If he can jump and you cannot, that is a disgrace to me. I will come with you, I will stand there. And don't be worried: when he jumps, you jump."
I had no idea that his father was going to be there. When I went there I saw the father, the son and a few other boys who had gathered to see.

I had a look and I figured out what was the matter. I said to the boy, "Today you need not bother -- let your father jump. He is a great wrestler and there will be no problem for him."
The father looked at me, because he had come just to encourage the boy so that he did not become a coward. He said, "So I have to jump?"
I said, "Yes, you can have your dance -- you can do anything that you want. Get ready!"
He looked down, and he said, "I am a wrestler. These rocks and this river... and you have found some spot! You must have been rehearsing here. Anybody else trying to jump is going to break his neck or leg or anything."
I said, "You brought your son."
He said, "I had brought him not knowing what was the situation. I thought if you can jump, he can jump; he is of the same age. But here, seeing the situation, I was worried and thinking that if you didn't turn up today it would be a great thing, because my boy is not going to survive. But you are clever: you simply dropped my boy out and caught hold of me. I will try."

And the same thing happened. Even that wrestler who was so courageous in every way he had been fighting his whole life.... But coming to the brink, the sudden break -- because the slope was such, at least fifty feet down, and the river was thirty feet deep, and the rocks were such that it was beyond your control where you would land, what would hit you.

And standing on the top of the hill... the wind was so strong that you could be simply killed.
He just stopped there and he said, "Forgive me." And he told his son, "Son, come home. This is not our business. Let him do it -- perhaps he knows something."
That day I felt strangely about myself: Why doesn't that break come to me? and I had tried on very strange places.
The railway bridge was the highest point on the river, naturally, because in the rains the river swells up so big that the bridge has always to remain above it, so it was made at the highest point. And there were always two guards moving on the bridge, for two reasons: firstly, so that nobody committed suicide, because that was the place for people to commit suicide.... Just falling from there into the river was enough. You never reached the river alive, you lost your breath somewhere in the middle. It was so high that just to look downwards was enough to give you a nauseous feeling.
And secondly, there was a fear of revolutionaries who were planting bombs, blowing up bridges, burning trains. To cut a bridge was very significant for revolutionaries because those bridges were joining two parts of the province. If the bridge was broken then the army could not pass; then the revolutionaries could do something in the other part where there was no army headquarters. So these guards were there twenty-four hours a day.

But they accepted me.
I explained to them, "I neither want to commit suicide, nor have I come to blow up your bridge. In fact I want the bridge to be guarded carefully because this is my place. If this bridge is gone then my highest point of jumping is gone."
They said, "This is your practice?"
I said, "This is my practice. You can watch, and once you have seen you will be convinced that I have no other desire."
They said, "Okay, we will watch."
I jumped. They could not believe it. When I came back I asked them, "Would you like to try?" They said, "No, but for you it is always free -- you can come at any time. We have seen you going so easily, but we cannot jump -- we know people have died from here."
That bridge was known as Death Bridge and that was the easiest, cheapest way to commit suicide. Even if you purchased poison, some money was wasted, but from that bridge it was simply easy. The river there was the deepest and it took you away. Nobody would even find your body because just after a few miles it met a bigger river, a huge river -- and you were gone forever.
Seeing the fear on those two guards' faces, seeing the fear in this wrestler, I simply started wondering, "Perhaps I miss the breaks; perhaps they should be there because they are protective." But as I started growing up -- and I have been growing up, I have not been growing older.

From my very birth I have been growing up, growing up, growing up. Never think that I am growing older. Only idiots grow older, everybody else grows up.
As I started growing up I started becoming aware of my past life, and death, and I remembered how easily I had died -- not only easily but enthusiastically. My interest was more in knowing the unknown that was ahead than in the known that I had seen. I have never looked back. And this has been my whole life's way

-- not to look back. There is no point. You can't go back, so why waste time? I am always looking ahead. Even at the point of death I was looking ahead -- and that's what made me clear why I was missing the breaks.
Those breaks are provided by your fear of the unknown. You are clinging to the past and you are afraid to move into the unknown. You are clinging to the known, the acquainted. It may be painful, it may be ugly, but at least you know it. You have grown a certain kind of friendship with it.
You will be surprised, but this is my experience of thousands of people: that they cling to their misery for the simple reason that they have grown a certain kind of friendship with misery. They have lived with it so long that now to leave it will be almost like a divorce.
The same is the situation with marriage and divorce. The man thinks at least twelve times in a day about divorce; the woman thinks also -- but somehow both go on managing, living together, for the simple reason that both are afraid of the unknown.

This man is bad, okay, but who knows about the other man?he may prove worse. And at least you have become accustomed to this man's badness, unlovingness. And you can tolerate it, you have tolerated it; you have also become thick-skinned. With the new man, you never know; you will have to start from the very scratch again. So people go on clinging to the known.
Just watch people at the moment of death. Their suffering is not death. Death has no pain in it, it is absolutely painless. It is really pleasant; it is just like a deep sleep. Do you think deep sleep is something painful?
But they are not concerned about death, and deep sleep, and pleasure; they are worried about the known that is slipping out of their hands. Fear means only one thing: losing the known and entering into the unknown.
Courage is just the opposite of fear.
Always be ready to drop the known -- more than willing to drop it -- not even waiting for it to be ripe. Just jump on something that is new... its very newness, its very freshness, is so alluring. Then there is courage. Courage is not something that you have to exercise for and practice, do yoga asanas and go to a gymnasium for. No, I have seen those courageous people. They are not courageous at all.
I had a friend when I was in my matriculation year, who was very much interested in wrestling. He was a good wrestler, and of course he was thought to be very brave and courageous; he had won the state championship for wrestling.

In those days in our town there was the high school, but examinations for matriculation were not held there. For matriculation we had to go to the district place where the examinations were held. So we all went to the district place. It was not far away, just thirty miles, but we had to stay there for fifteen or twenty days -- as long as the examination continued. By chance it happened that he had no place to stay, sol said, "You can stay with me."
One of my father's friends, who was a kerosene oil dealer, had a beautiful house. In front of the guest house there was a big house which he used for empty kerosene tin cans -- just to collect them there -- and on the side was his shop. What I had experienced many times before -- many times I had been there and had stayed in their guest house -- was that in the hot summer in India, when it is so hot in the day, the tin cans expand, and in the night they again come back to their size. So they make much noise, and if there are thousands of tin cans in the house, then you can think what kind of noise they will create.
So this wrestler... we were talking about things and for some reason we started talking about ghosts. He said, "I don't believe in ghosts."

I said, "It is not a question of belief. Do you want to see one?"
He said, "No, but there is no question of seeing. I don't believe in ghosts."

I said, "If you don't believe, then don't be afraid. I can manage a meeting this very night."
Now he was in a corner. He said, "Okay. I don't believe that there are ghosts." But I could see on his face all his wrestling -- because you can't wrestle with a ghost. And I said, "A simple thing has to be done. You see the house in front?"
He said, "Yes."
I said, "On the second floor, there is a beautiful room. Go there. Sleep there tonight and you will meet them because the ground floor of this house is occupied by ghosts."
He said, "I don't believe it -- this is all nonsense."
I said, "No problem. If by chance you are right, there is no problem; if by chance you prove wrong, I am always here. You can just give me a call from the balcony."
He said, "There will be no need of calling anybody."
He went into the house. The staircase went by the ground floor where all those tin cans were gathered. He looked at all those tin cans, but he had no idea what those tin cans could do. He went up and he said, "There is nothing -- no problem." I left him upstairs and I told him, "I am going out. Please lock it from within so nobody comes in." So he came back, locked the door and went up. Nearabout one o'clock in the night, it started. Of course I was fast asleep by that time thinking that nothing was going to happen.

I had waited for one and a half hours, and then I said, "Perhaps today the climate is not good, or something else is the matter." So I went to sleep. But by one or one-thirty, there was such a crowd that I woke up thinking, "What is the matter?" I had completely forgotten that I had put that boy there -- and that was the matter.
A whole crowd was gathered there, and he was standing on the balcony, screaming; he could not make any words come out. He became almost like a person who cannot speak, and as he saw me -- because all those people were strangers to him -- as he saw me, he just raised his hand, and I said, "What is the matter -- ghosts?"
He said yes with his head -- he could not say it with his mouth; with his head he said it. So I said, "Why don't you come and open the door?..."
We had to put a ladder up to the balcony, but he was so shaky that two persons had to put him on the ladder, and somehow we brought him down. I had to pour cold water on his head; then he started speaking. He said, "My God! If you had said that there were so many ghosts I would not have believed you. I thought that maybe there would be one or two I could manage them. But there were so many, and they were going from one tin can into another, from another into another. They were passing by and running all around, and making sounds -- and you told me to come down by the staircase which passes just by the side of those cans!"
I said, "Now do you think that ghosts exist?"
He said, "Not only do I know, I will never forget; this experience is enough for my whole life.

I will never say anything against any ghost. Although they did no harm to me, I have never been shaken so much. I feel as if all my energy is gone and I have become hollow within."
I said, "Don't be worried, by the morning you will be solid again; just have a good

sleep."
But he could not sleep the whole night, tossing and turning, and he said, "Can you hear the noises even from here?"
I said, "I can hear them, but I know those ghosts are very friendly people and I have been here many times. You are unnecessarily getting worried."
He said, "Friendly? Ghosts -- and friendly! Only you can sleep here -- I am going. I will sleep in the railway station, and in the morning I will find some other house, because even in this house I can hear that sound. I can neither study, nor can I take the examination if these sounds continue."
And actually that's what happened. He went in the middle of the night to the railway station. I don't know what he did, where he slept in the railway station, but in the morning he was not in the examination hall. I made inquiries; I phoned his family, and they said, "Yes, he has come back by the night train. He says, 'There are so many ghosts -- this year is gone. This year I cannot sit for the examination in that city. Next time I will choose another center, another district place, not that town.' And he is so afraid.

... What really happened?"
I said, "Nothing has happened, and when I come I will explain the whole thing. But the year is gone and he is responsible, because he insisted, 'I don't believe in ghosts.' I said 'I know their place,' so I showed him the place."
His family is still angry with me because then he never passed matriculation; he is still a non-matriculate. He tried eleven times, but the fear went so deep in him that at examination time he would start feeling nervous. The whole experience of that night would become alive again; he would start reliving it.
After eleven years even the family said, "Don't unnecessarily harass yourself -- forget about it. It is your doing: Why did you insist to that person that there are no ghosts? You know that he is clever enough to arrange something, and he must have managed it. We can't see how he managed, but he must have done something."
I explained to them that there was nothing managed; that it was just tins, empty tins, which shrink in the night when it gets cold, and they make a noise. And because they are piled on top of each other it seems as if something is going from one to another, passing by, roaming around. But no explanation could help. That shock really went deep into his heart.
The fear of death is certainly the greatest fear, and the most destructive of your courage.
So I can suggest only one thing.

Now you cannot go back to your past death, but you can start doing one thing: Always be ready to move from the known to the unknown, in anything, any experience.
It is better, even if the unknown proves worse than the known -- that is not the point.
Just your change from the known to the unknown, your readiness to move from the known to the unknown, is what matters. It is immensely valuable. And in all kinds of experiences, go on doing that. That will prepare you for death, because when death comes you cannot suddenly decide, "I choose death and leave life." These decisions are not made suddenly.
You have to go inch by inch, preparing, living moment to moment. And as you grow more familiar with the beauty of the unknown you start creating a new quality in you. It is there, it has just never been used. Before death comes, go on moving from the known to the unknown. Always remember that the new is better than the old.
They say all that is old is not gold. I say, even if all that is old is gold, forget about

it. Choose the new -- gold or no gold, it doesn't matter.
What matters is your choice: your choice to learn, your choice to experience, your choice to go into the dark. Slowly slowly your courage will start functioning. And sharpness of intelligence is not something separate from courage, it is almost one organic whole.
With fear there is cowardliness and there is bound to be retardedness of the mind, mediocrity.

They are one part. They are all together, they support each other. With courage comes sharpness, intelligence, openness, an unprejudiced mind, the capacity to learn -- they all come together.
Start by a simple exercise, and that is: always remember, whenever there is a choice choose the unknown, the risky, the dangerous, the insecure, and you will not be at a loss.
And only then... this time death can become a tremendously revealing experience and can give you the insight into your new birth -- not only insight but even a certain choice. With awareness you can choose a certain mother, a certain father. Ordinarily it is all unconscious, just accidental, but a man dying with awareness is born with awareness.
You can ask my mother something -- because she happens to be here.... After my birth, for three days I didn't take any milk, and they were all worried, concerned. The doctors were concerned, because how was this child going to survive if he simply refused to take milk? But they had no idea of my difficulty, of what difficulty they were creating for me. They were trying to force me in every possible way. And there was no way I could explain to them, or that they could find out by themselves.
In my past life, before I died, I was on a fast. I wanted to complete a twenty-one day fast, but I was murdered before my fast was complete, three days before.

Those three days remained in my awareness even in this birth; I had to complete my fast. I am really stubborn! Otherwise, people don't carry things from one life to another life; once a chapter is closed, it is closed.
But for three days they could not manage to put anything in my mouth; I simply rejected it. But after three days I was perfectly okay and they were all surprised: "Why was he refusing for three days? There was no sickness, no problem -- and after three days he is perfectly normal." It remained a mystery to them. But these things I don't want to talk about because to you they will all be hypothetical, and there is no way for me to prove them scientifically. And I don't want to give you any belief, sol go on cutting all that may create any belief system in your mind.
You love me, you trust me, so whatever I say you may trust it. But I insist, again and again, that anything that is not based on your experience, accept it only hypothetically. Don't make it your belief. If sometimes I give an example, that is sheer necessity -- because the person has asked, "How did you manage to be so courageous and sharp in your childhood?"
I have not done anything, I have simply continued what I was doing in my past life. And that's why in my childhood I was thought to be crazy, eccentric -- because I would not give any explanation of why I wanted to do something.

I would simply say, "I want to do it. There are reasons for me, why I am doing it, but I cannot give you those reasons because you cannot understand."
My father would say, "I cannot understand and you can?"
I said, "Yes, it is something that belongs to my inner experience. It has nothing to do with your age, your being my father. You, of course, can understand much more than I can understand, but this is something which is inside me -- only I can

approach there, you cannot."
And he would simply say, "You are impossible."
I said, "If everybody accepted this it would be a great relief. Just accept me as impossible, so I am no longer a problem for you and I have not to trouble explaining all kinds of things. I am going to do whatever I am going to do. There is no way to change it. For me it is absolute. It is not a question of your giving me permission or not."
So this was my usual practice: whatever I wanted to do I would do. For example, in my town, in those days before India was divided.... The creation of Pakistan has destroyed many things in India. All the snake charmers were Mohammedan; they all moved to Pakistan. India is almost empty of snake charmers; otherwise every day Indian roads were simply a joy. On one corner you would see a magician doing such tremendous tricks that you would completely forget that Jesus was a man of miracles.

People on the streets were doing things just to collect perhaps one rupee at the most after the whole show -- and that was a lot. And some other place somebody is making the snakes dance around him with his special kind of flute.
I was interested in snakes; I watched many snake charmers. I was looking for somebody who could have a little compassion on a child. I followed one old man. Snake charmers used to stay outside the town on the other shore of the river. The municipal committee did not allow them to stay on this side because of their snakes. They had to stay on the other side of the river so even if snakes wanted to come to this side they couldn't.
I followed him. Many times he looked back, and when we were alone, he said, "My son, why are you coming behind me?"
I said, "I have been looking for you for years."
"For me?" he said.
I said, "Yes, because I wanted to know: what is the art catching snakes?" But he said, "Why did you wait for me? There are so many snake charmers coming and going."
I said, "I wanted somebody who can have compassion on me. I cannot give you money because I cannot tell my parents that I need money to learn snake-charming. That will be the end of it."
He said, "That's true. But have you got their permission?"
I said, "If I get their permission I get their permission only when I don't want to do something.

Whenever I want to do something I do it first, then whatsoever happens, happens. When I have done it, they ask, 'Why didn't you ask?' And my answer is always, 'Simply because I wanted to do it, and you were not going to permit me. Now you make it difficult for me. If you give me a blank permission there is no problem, or if you promise me that even if I ask you such a thing you are going to say yes, I will ask.' But snake-charming? I think," I told that old man, "they are not going to permit me. But there is no need, you just tell me the trick." And I persuaded him.
He was a very loving man; he said, "Okay. One day I was also a child, and one day I also wanted to learn and had asked somebody, and so many people refused. No, I cannot refuse you."
And he told me small tricks. He said, "First you start catching water snakes because water snakes don't have poison; They look absolutely like other snakes but they are without poison. So," he said, "practice with water snakes."
"Water snakes?" I said. "I know many of them because all around the river I am familiar with their places. How do I catch them?"
He said, "The method is very simple. You have just to hold their mouth tight so

they can't bring their tongue out. So one thing: so that they don't bring their tongue out, you hold their mouth very tight. And the second thing: with the other hand, hold their tail, because if you leave the other end, they will immediately wind themselves up around your hand, and they wind themselves so tight that your hand opens.

And once their tongue is out then you cannot be saved. But with water snakes there is no problem, even if their tongue is out; that's why, for practice, you start with water snakes.
"First, hold their mouth, keep it tightly closed catch hold of their tail and stretch them as much as you can, so that even if sometimes you forget or you lose your grip.... Stretch them as much as you can so that they cannot just circle around your arm and press it so much that your hand opens. And even if your hand opens and their tongue comes out, hold them with both your hands. Don't let them turn upwards.
"The snake has its glands of poison in the top of the mouth, and its method of biting is, first, it bites with its teeth; that is just to make a wound in your body. Then it turns itself upwards, so from its gland the poison starts flowing on your wound. He does not bite you really, his teeth are not poisonous. His teeth are just to create a wound so blood is available to pour poison in; then the blood will take the poison around your body. So even if he opens his mouth, don't be worried. Just don't let him turn upwards -- hold him."
I tried it with the river snakes. That was a great experience. They are really quick, it is not so easy. Once I had learned with water snakes, I told the man, and he said, "Now you try with my snakes because they are trained and their poison gland has been removed.

But wild, these are really dangerous snakes. You should not start with them; first try with the trained ones. These are all for show business. Their glands have been removed so they cannot do anything; but they can make all the show of biting. And that's how snake-charmers used to sell medicine."
A small seed of some tree, which is rare and is found only in the Himalayas -- it has value because you cannot find it anywhere else -- they used to sell that. Their simple method was: they would let their snake bite them in front of you and blood would appear. The snake would turn upwards -- nothing but saliva was pouring on their blood -- and then they would just put that seed, which was a porous seed, on their wound. It sticks onto the wound and sucks the blood and the saliva that the snake has left there; when they take it off, their hand is almost clean, there is nothing. They were selling those seeds -- and they were useless, there was nothing in it. With the real snake nothing is going to work, but those snakes were just show business.
So he told me, "This is our business. We have nothing to do with real snakes. Don't bother with real snakes, you can play with my snakes. But once you learn, then if a chance arises you can catch hold of any snake."
And when my parents came to know... they had to come to know because that was the whole thing that I was learning.

I brought a long water snake into the class. That was the class the principal himself used to take. He was always talking of courage, and this and that. And when I came in with the snake hanging over my back and holding his mouth and went just close to his desk, he stood on his chair. He said, "Keep away! Keep away! Don't come close."
I said, "This is nothing, this is just a poisonous snake. You are not a cowardly man, come down."
He said, "Get out of the room! I want nothing to do with you. And I promise I will

not punish you -- just get out. I will never raise the question that you brought the snake into the class. Just get out!"
But I remained there, and I said, "What about my father? You have to promise before thirty students that I never came into this class with a snake. Say it loudly."
And the snake was so big that he had to say loudly, "I promise that you never came into this class with any snake."
I said, "That's okay. I am going."
But he became so freaked out..."This is now too much. If this boy starts doing this kind of thing, he can bring a lion or something. How did he manage?" He rushed to my father, and he told him. He said, "Don't say that I have told you because he has taken my promise before thirty boys who are always in his favor because if they are not he will create trouble for them. So the whole class as a solid unity is always behind him.

Whatsoever he does doesn't matter -- they are in his favor. So they will say he never came with any snake."
I came home. My father said, "Anything happen today?"
I said, "Every day something or other happens. Life is such a joy."
He said, "It may be for you but for others you are a nuisance. I am thinking of sending you to a boarding school." I said, "That's a great idea. Boarding school, you mean?"
He said, "You have some ideas about boarding school?"
I said, "It would be perfectly good because you will not be there, the family will not be there. Nobody to bother me -- and all that freedom.... And I will continue to do the same things that I do. I know what is troubling you. Badri Prasad Gupta was here?" I smelled around and said, "I can smell him -- he stinks!"
My father said, "Just get lost! I don't want to talk with you because from the very beginning you are prepared."
I said, "Yes, and if you want to see the snake it is in the bag." He escaped from me, ahead of me -- he was out of the room!
But there was no training as such; I was just enjoying everything. It was such a joy to learn to catch snakes. I followed the magicians to learn their small tricks, anything that I came across. And I learned much more outside the school walls, colleges and university than in the university, colleges and schools themselves.

So I feel really sad and sorry for all those people who think all learning is confined to those walls. The real learning is outside. What is inside the walls of schools, colleges, universities is all borrowed, bogus, with none of the authenticity of your own experience, or exploration.
Courage will come to you.
Just start with a simple formula:
Never miss the unknown.
Always choose the unknown and go headlong. Even if you suffer, it is worth it -- it always pays. You always come out of it more grown up, more mature, more intelligent.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ACCEPTING MYSELF AND LOVING MYSELF?

THERE is great difference between the two. Accepting yourself is a much lower state of consciousness -- better, of course, than rejecting yourself. It is a medicine; the disease is rejection. And anything medicinal has no permanent or ultimate value; its value is only in curing the disease. Once the disease is cured the medicine has to be thrown away.
The idea of accepting yourself arose because of all the religions for centuries teaching you not to accept yourself. They have created a certain conditioning in the mind which condemns you. It is the priest, the state, which have managed, by continuous repetition, to convince you that a few things are ugly in you: you have to hide them, repress them. And they also give you the idea what is good -- which is not in you, which you have to learn and practice.
This point has to be noted: the bad is in you, born in you, part of your nature -- obviously it has to be repressed, condemned, controlled, kept in order. The best thing is to destroy it completely. If it is not possible for you to destroy it, then at least don't leave it uncontrolled; keep it in control. And the society respects the man most who has destroyed that bad part completely, burned it out.
Such people are called saints, sages, mahatmas.

Lower than them are those people who have not been able to destroy it completely, but have been successful in controlling the bad part. It is within boundaries. They have created a cage for it -- it can go on roaming inside it, roaring inside it. It is troublesome to them but it brings tremendous respectability outside in the world.
These are the respectable citizens.
The most condemned are those who allow freedom to their natural parts which religions think are bad they go with them. These people are condemned as criminals by the law. And if they are not caught by the law then religions have provided a God who is all-observing for twenty-four hours a day.
He never sleeps for a single moment, never takes His eyes off you as if you are the only person in this whole infinite universe -- and goes on noting in detail what you are doing; not only that, but what you are thinking, dreaming, fantasizing. And all this has to be accounted for one day; on the day of judgment, you will have to answer for it.
So those who are caught by the law, the law will punish, and those who are somehow not caught by law -- and of course the law cannot catch you if you are thinking a bad thought, fantasizing something. Even if you are fantasizing a murder, it is not illegal, it is not a crime; the law cannot punish you. The law can punish you only when your thought becomes an action.

But religions were not satisfied only with that, they want to punish your thoughts too; so, God will punish you.... And they have created their hell for those who allow their unacceptable parts to go according to nature.
In short, the natural being in you is not acceptable in its totality to these religions. Many fragments of it are absolutely condemned. A few fragments of it can be used, but in moderation, with control. And the real good has to be learned. You don't bring it from nature: it has to be earned, deserved.
Now, if for millions of years this kind of conditioning goes on and on, naturally you start having a certain conscience -- which is not consciousness.
Conscience is a social by-product.
Consciousness is your ultimate nature.
For consciousness there is nothing wrong in you. Everything that nature has provided you can be used for the growth of consciousness. It is raw material.
Have you seen when a building is being constructed and all the raw material is

there? You cannot conceive that a beautiful building will come out of it, that a Taj Mahal will be created out of this mess. Your immediate idea will be, "What is this mess all about? Clean ground is far better." But you don't know that all that is cluttering the ground can become part of an immensely beautiful building. It just needs the right architect, the right builders.

There is a Sufi school whose name is simply "The Builders." They have chosen the name "The Builders" because of this fact that man comes from nature as raw material. Nature gives you everything that you need to become a god; but it gives you freedom. It does not impose it on you, because if you are made a god, manufactured a god, your godliness will be worthless. Then you are assembled in a factory.

No, so much freedom is given to you that from the same raw material you can create a devil, you can create a god; you can create a hell for yourself, you can create a heaven. You can fall to the lowest and you can rise to the highest. But nothing is unnatural, neither the highest nor the lowest. Both are your possibilities, and you are free to choose.

But religions have been telling an absolute lie.

They have been saying that you are born in sin, that your nature is basically leading you towards more and more sin. You have to fight with nature, so everything natural becomes in some way evil, and everything that you can do against nature becomes good. That is their definition.

Just look at all the religions and their definitions of good and bad. They may differ about certain things -- whether they are good or not -- but as far as their fundamentals are concerned, there is no difference.

This is the basic fundamental: that all that has a natural pull on you is sick.

You have to get out of the grip of nature -- nature is evil and you have to become something supernatural. Then this question of rejection naturally arises. Much has to be rejected in you; almost everything that is natural has to be rejected in you.

It means, in other words, life has to be denied, love has to be destroyed, laughter has to be crippled. You have to be made almost a robot, functioning according to principles given by your pseudo-religious prophets, messiahs.

For example, Jesus says, "Love your enemy." He himself cannot love, neither can his God do that. It is such a simple thing: if God loves His enemies then the sinners should be sent to paradise, not to hell. And the whole bogus theology falls with a single hit, nothing much is needed. If God loves His enemies, then what about the devil? The devil is God's archenemy -- He should make him a boyfriend, a girlfriend, anything, but He should love him.

And what are people doing in hell if God loves His enemies? If Jesus loves his enemies then, on the day of judgment, first he should choose his enemies to enter paradise. Christians should be the last because they are not his enemies; his love first should go to those who are against Christians. But that is not the case.

He promises his disciples that, "At the last judgment day, I will be there to sort out my people, my sheep." And it is significant that he calls them sheep.

Whether he was a shepherd or not is questionable, but those people were certainly sheep -- and they still are. In fact, except sheep, who needs the shepherd? -- not man.

Jesus reduced people to sheep by forcing them to believe, to have faith -- not to argue, not to doubt, not to question. You are destroying man's humanity, and by and by he becomes a vegetable. Of course vegetables are great believers. They

never argue, they never doubt; even if you cut them they don't distrust you. You go on butchering them, they go on believing in you -- and that's what Jesus wants from people.
Jesus cannot love his enemies. And he knows perfectly well that his father who is in heaven is also of the same mind, because when he was crucified.... His last prayer has never been looked at from this angle. It has been thought beautiful; from one angle it looks beautiful, but before you judge anything you should move around it and see it from all angles.
Jesus says, "Forgive these people for they know not what they are doing." He is asking his father to forgive these people who are crucifying him "because they know not what they are doing." Now, two things are certain: Firstly, he is not certain whether his father is going to forgive them or not; otherwise, what is the point of the prayer?
If He loves His enemies, He will simply give embraces and kisses to these people who crucified His son.

There is no question of forgiving them; otherwise you are depriving them of the kisses of God and the embraces of God and the love of God. If He forgives them, they are no longer enemies; they have not done anything wrong so the question of loving them does not arise. And Jesus praying certainly shows that he is not certain that God is going to forgive them. He is suspicious; otherwise prayer is irrelevant, absurd.
Secondly, even though praying for them, that they should be forgiven, he goes on being arrogant -- for which he is being crucified. And he is not leaving that point at all. In the end he adds his insistence, "Forgive them...." Why? "... because they know not what they are doing." They are ignorant and he knows. This idea, that they are all ignorant, is simply egoistic.
And you don't have any proof of what you have been telling them. They are simply asking for the proof, and this is one of the ways of finding out whether you are the messiah or not: the messiah should be crucified and there will be a resurrection. So these poor fellows are simply following religious scriptures. They know exactly what they are doing. They are not ignorant, they are really much too knowledgeable. Ignorant people are innocent; ignorant people don't crucify anybody.
These are knowledgeable rabbis, the high priests of the Jewish temple. These are very knowledgeable people, far more knowledgeable than Jesus is.

And this is the whole conflict, that they think this man is simply a crackpot -- with no arguments, with no logic, with no rationality, with no support of the scriptures -- who goes on proclaiming that he is the only begotten son of God. Now, anybody can say that. There is no way to disprove it.
I have heard a story.... A man, very ugly, dirty, poor, uneducated, fell in love with a very beautiful girl of the city -- rich, cultured. And he was in difficulty, how to get this girl? Even to meet her was difficult. The story belongs to India, it can happen only in India. One Gandhian, a follower of Mahatma Gandhi, suggested a simple method: do what Gandhi did.
The man said, "What am I supposed to do?"
The Gandhian said, "You simply go with your bed, spread the bed before the palace of that rich man and go on a fast. Say that unless you are married to the girl you are not going to break your fast -- a fast unto death. And I will collect people; don't be worried."
The idea was appealing, and soon the man was lying there with signboards all around and flags and decked, "With our love...." "Fast unto death for love." Nobody had ever heard of such a great lover before -- and so religious too; not threatening anybody, simply killing himself. Now, you cannot take action against

any person... and particularly in India. All the Gandhians were in support because of course it is a non-violent method.

The police cannot interfere, the government cannot interfere.
The father was in trouble, thinking, "This is something strange. If he dies I am condemned for my whole life. People will say, 'You killed that man.' The murder is on my head. And I cannot let this man get married to my daughter. He has no merit, no qualification he is a beggar, a criminal."
Two or three days passed and it was in all the newspapers with big photos of the man saying that he was dying for love, and condemning the rich man.
Finally, the old man went to an old Gandhian to ask, "You suggest something, because I have inquired of all my friends and they say, 'Nothing can be done against it; even the British government had to leave because of Gandhian fasts. And who are you? -- you will have to give in, otherwise that man will die on your floor and you are condemned forever. And nobody is going to marry your daughter either, remember, because a murder is on you, on your daughter: you killed a poor man."'
So finally he thought it was better to ask some Gandhian, an old Gandhian. The Gandhian said, "It is very simple -- just use a Gandhian technique against a Gandhian technique. I know a prostitute uglier than that man, very old, just on the verge of death, suffering from leprosy. Just for a little money she will be ready...."
The rich man could not understand; he asked, "What do you mean? What will that prostitute do?"
He said, "She will do everything.

We have to give some money to her and tonight she will also come with her bed, lie down by the side of the man and say, 'I will die if you don't marry me.' And by the morning the man will be gone -- don't be worried. Just seeing that woman will be enough! He will never come back to your house."
And that's what happened. The man did not even wait for the morning; the moment he saw the woman coming he asked, "What is the matter? What are you doing here?"
She said, "I am going to marry you, otherwise I am going to do a fast unto death, here, just by your side. Either marry me or I will die."
The man looked here and there, but it was silent and in the middle of the night there is nobody. He rolled up his bed and not only escaped from that place, he escaped from the town for a few days, because who knows, that woman might find him and catch hold of him.... He himself had started the Gandhian game; now he was caught in it.
It is a very cunning device invented by all the religions.... They had to invent it because without it there was no way to catch hold of humanity. And certainly, they have been successful. For millions of years they have been sitting on your head. They have reduced all humanity to slavery, in every possible way.
What they have done is this: what is natural to you they have condemned some part of it. Different religions have chosen different parts -- that doesn't matter.

All that matters is, it has to be natural.
Natural means whatever you do you cannot destroy it. Whatever you do there is no way to get rid of it; at the most you can repress it, hide it so deep within yourself that nobody may be able to detect. But you will know always.... The priest, of course, knows; and the priest has ways of finding out.
First, it is absolutely there; there is no question about it, because it is against nature to drop it. The priest knows it is there, you know it is there. You may even forget it is there but the priest will not allow you to forget that. He will go on

reminding you in every sermon, every scripture, every day in every possible way, that your animal -- they call your natural being the animal, the devil -- is within you, it is there. And the more sophisticated religions even make you confess it -- for example, Catholicism.
You have to go to confess to the priest what sin you have committed, what sin you have been thinking to commit, what your fantasies are, what your dreams are. The pope has called it also a sin to confess directly to God. The world seems to be absolutely idiotic, dumb: this polack goes on saying things and nobody even raises a question. Confessing to God directly is a sin? Why? Is not God your father also? No, the reason is, if you start confessing to God directly, what about the priest?
The whole key to the Catholic enslavement of its followers is in the hands of the priest.

He knows all the dark corners of everybody in the congregation. You cannot leave the congregation -- he may expose you. He is dangerous in a way because you have confessed your secret to him, and you have confessed those things which you have been hiding from everybody else. Your whole respectability he can throw within a second; you will be nowhere. Right now you are at the height of respectability, but before the priest... he knows where you are, exactly.
Now, that is a great invention of Catholics -- making you confess. But it makes no difference: all other religions, even without confession, know you... because what they have been asking of you is impossible. They have been telling you that two plus two is five, and they know it cannot be. Two plus two is always four.
And you have agreed with them that two plus two is five; now you are caught. If you say two plus two is four you are falling into your animalhood; two plus two has to be five. And you know that that is wrong, but the wrong is respected. The right is not right; the natural is not acceptable.
It is because of this that psychoanalysis became such a tremendously successful phenomenon. It took over the whole world. Never has a single man's idea been so significant that in his own lifetime it became a worldwide revolution. What was his secret? There was no secret. Simply seeing what Christians, Jews and other religions have been doing to people.

... They have all repressed your sexuality; on that point they all agree, because sex is the most significant force in you.
Sex is your life-force.
It is from this energy that you come.
It is this energy that keeps you running, alive.
Call it elan vital, call it life-force -- because the word sex has become so condemned by the priests that even to use it is to feel as if you are doing something wrong. Use "life-force" and you can see the difference. With the word life-force you don't feel at all guilty. With "sex" immediately something inside you starts pinching -- that is your conscience. The priest has managed to create a small mechanism in you; it starts pinching you, telling you that something is wrong.
Sigmund Freud is a by-product of the religions. If there had been none of these religions, there would have been no possibility of any psychoanalysis, because what would there be to analyze? First one needs a repressive system, then a Sigmund Freud is needed, an Adler is needed, a Jung is needed and they will go on coming.
While religions go on suppressing, more and more sophisticated methods of psychoanalysis and treatment will be coming. It is a growing profession. But they should remember this, and I think they have understood the point; within this half

century psychoanalysts have understood the point. Now they are functioning in cooperation with religions as deprogrammers.

.. very strange.

A Christian father may take his son to the deprogrammer because the son is moving away from Christianity to some new movement, to some new idea, some new ideology; and the psychoanalyst helps the father. Of course he charges -- that is his business -- and he deprograms the son. And things can be vice versa too.

Just a few days ago an old man was here, perhaps he is sixty-five. Now his children are thinking to take him to the deprogrammer because he has been coming here for one year continually, and joining in therapies and meditations, and now he is thinking of taking sannyas. Now a crucial moment has come -- the family is afraid. He is the head of the family -- not only the head of the family, he is the chairman of the corporation, the family's business, which is tremendously large; one thousand million dollars per year he earns.

Of course millions of dollars he gives to charity, to Christians, so that religion is involved. They are afraid if he becomes a sannyasin, those millions will not go to Christianity. The children are afraid because it is all their inheritance but it is in his power. The psychiatrist is there, ready to help bring him back to the Christian fold.

Psychiatrists have understood this perfectly well, that the whole of their religion and their profession are together, they cannot be separated. If psychoanalysis succeeds, it will commit suicide; hence, psychoanalysis goes on and on, it never succeeds.

It is not meant to succeed, because if a man is successfully psychoanalyzed he will be deprogrammed completely; then there is nothing to be done with him. He is completely free.

He will do things.... Now he need not have anybody else to guide him, to show him the way, to lead him to God. In his utter freedom he will know that he is part of this eternal existence and there is nobody to lead him. His nature is enough. His intuition is enough. Now he is clean enough to have his intuition function. No, psychoanalysis will not ever be complete.

And in the beginning of psychoanalysis the approach appeared as if it was against religion. It is not. They are conspirators in the same game. First the priest and the politician were two shareholders in the conspiracy. Now, a third shareholder has entered -- the psychotherapist, the psychoanalyst, the psychologist; and they have all kinds of varieties. They have all joined in the conspiracy.

Just the other day I heard the news that four priests in South America -- in one small country which has gone into the hands of the leftist revolutionaries, four priests have been told that they are no longer priests because they have accepted government posts. One is an education minister, three others are in higher posts. Now the pope cannot tolerate this -- in a leftist government? America has been trying to sabotage that government.

You can see how conspirators, without even meeting each other, go on functioning in synchronicity. America is trying to sabotage that country; the pope is trying to sabotage it from his side. Those four priests -- what wrong have they committed? I don't think there is any problem.

If the priest becomes an education minister the pope should be happy that now the priest will have enough power over education: he may be able to educate people in religion. He should be happy, he should welcome it. But no, the priest is expelled from the priesthood. The reason given is that no priest is allowed to

have a governmental post.
I was surprised. Then what about the pope himself? -- because he is the head of the government in the Vatican. The Vatican is a country, an independent country -- not very big, just eight square miles, but it is an independent country; and the pope is the head of the state and of the church, both.
This man should be expelled immediately. But who will expel him? -- that is the question. Only I can expel him, but it will not be followed. I declare him expelled, he is no longer a pope at all -- because if just by becoming an education minister in a small country somebody loses his priesthood, then your becoming the head of the whole government....
And the Vatican may be small but it has immense political power around the world, because six hundred million Catholics.

... So the land may be small -- that does not matter -- but six hundred million Catholics around the world, that is his real state. It is all over the world, spread all over the world. But I wonder whether he himself thought about it, what he is doing. It can backfire. But it won't backfire because nobody who has power is going to say anything against it; they will all be happy.
By the way these priests were thrown out, the pope has shown his attitude -- that he is against the leftist government, that Catholics should get out of this movement, that they should be against the govern ment, not for the government. He has shown, "I am for America," without saying anything.
In the Vatican they have created an academy of sciences. The purpose is not science; they will exploit it. Already twenty-six Nobel prize-winners are members of the academy. It has already become respectable. Who is going to be welcomed in the academy? Sixty other scientists around the world have joined the academy. Four times it will be meeting in the year, discussing scientific progress and the problems that scientific progress creates.
But the real reason is that they will supply to that pope all the necessary information, the latest in all fields of science, so that he can decide what is right and what is wrong; so he can decide whether science should move in this direction and should not move in that direction.

Particularly his interest is in genetic engineering.
Now, that is going to happen sooner or later, and it has to be done. We are capable now of engineering the human child in thousands of ways. We can give him a lifelong healthy body, from the very beginning prepared to resist all kinds of sicknesses. We can arrange how long we would like him to live, how long we would like him to be young; he can be young to the very last breath.
There is no need for old age. Old age simply can be wiped out, just as sickness can be wiped out. Man can grow up to youth, and then he can remain young for a hundred years, two hundred years; three hundred years is very easily possible. Right now it can be done, but it is not being done, because nobody is interested in life. All governments are interested in death.
All governments are putting seventy-five percent of their budget into arms. Even the poor countries are in the same competition: seventy-five percent of the budget of their country. People are dying, they don't have enough to eat -- and they are creating nuclear bombs and atomic bombs.
Nobody is interested in life; otherwise all facts and research are available to show that man can at least live three hundred years. In fact scientists say, "We don't see any reason why man should have to die, because if he can manage for seventy years on an automatic renewal system, all that is needed is that his genes be reprogrammed."

That is genetic engineering.

If your father lived to seventy, and your grandfather lived up to seventy, you can be quite certain that you cannot live more than that. Maybe you will live a year or two more because you have better medical facilities, but not much more because they have given you genes which have a program. Those are the same genes that your father had, your grandfather had, your mother had, your grandmother had. At the most you can take the average of the combination of all those people's genes, and that will be nearabout your life span.

But the genes can be reprogrammed; it is only a question of putting the right idea in their minds. Those genes have a certain small mind, and that mind carries the idea of seventy years of age. If you can just put one zero more it becomes seven hundred, and those poor genes will not in any way object to adding one zero more. It is no problem for them, not a burden. And genetic engineering is now capable of this; in animals it has succeeded, so there is no reason... because the process is the same whether in animals or man.

Now the pope is worried about that. And that is one of the reasons for creating the academy, so that genetic engineering be prohibited, or the pope decides whether it is moral or immoral. And certainly I can say that he will decide it is immoral, because God gives you seventy years -- it is a God-given thing -- and you try to improve upon God and make man seven hundred years old?

Certainly it will have implications, tremendous implications, because a man who is going to live seven hundred years will remain young at least up to five hundred years.

That will be the equivalent of fifty -- up to five hundred years he will remain interested in women!

You will have to change that phrase "dirty old man"; there will be no dirty old men. Up to five hundred years a man will be interested in women the women will be interested in men, and they will be capable of making love.

Of course the pope is worried. That's what he has been trying to cut down as much as possible -- and these fools, genetic engineers, they are trying to prolong it. Just seventy years is enough for eternal hell. Five hundred years of youth -- they will have to create new hells for you. The old hell will not hold that much population; such great old sinners will come in that the former old ones will look childish and be told "Just get out of here!"

It is strange that the academy that the pope has created is not interested in any real problem of life, but is interested only in how to cut man's life -- not to solve any problems. But this is the logical end of their whole history. Your nature has to be destroyed, crippled repressed. That creates the greatest religious thing. guilt. And any man who is guilty cannot get out of the prison of the religions.

He may change from one prison to another; he may become a Christian from a Hindu, or a Buddhist from a Christian. That doesn't matter; it is simply choosing your prison. That much you are allowed, because these prisons are without walls; you can simply move from one prison into another prison.

But you will remain imprisoned because every religion depends on guilt.

That's why I say my religion is the first authentic religion; it has no idea of guilt at all.

I don't want you to feel guilty about anything, because nature has given to you out of its bounty. It is a gift to be received with joy, whatever it is. And a gift has not to be thrown out, repressed. Enjoy it.

So the first thing is accepting yourself -- which is not very great; but seeing the situation in which humanity is, still it is a great revolution: accepting yourself.

But I don't like the word "accept," because that means somehow "What to do? This is the way I am; I accept it." No, with my religion just accepting yourself is

not enough.
Loving yourself, that is totally different.
Then you are feeling blessed.
Whatever nature has given -- and we are nature, extensions, parts of it -- we have to live it with a song, with a dance, with no question of guilt. That idea of accepting yourself has arisen because of guilt. Guilt says, "Don't accept yourself; reject, go on rejecting. The more you reject yourself, the greater a saint you are."

If you look into the history of religions you will find how many kinds of perversions have arisen out of this rejecting.
In Soviet Russia before the revolution there was a Christian cult, very prominent, which used to cut off their genitals.

Every year at Christmas time -- of course, that is the holiest time -- these people would gather in great crowds around the churches and cut their genitals off and pile them up. Now women were at a loss, but not for long; soon they discovered they could cut off their breasts... and they started cutting off their breasts. It was such a bloody, idiotic affair, but these people were respected, worshipped almost like sages -- they had done a great thing.
But even if you cut off your genitals that doesn't mean that fantasies about sex will disappear or sex will disappear. It is in the very cells of your body, every fiber of your body. But educated people, even in the beginning of this century, were doing this. It was only because of the revolution that it became a crime. It was very difficult to stop them even after the revolution because it was their religious practice. It continued even after the revolution, here and there; in secret they would gather and do it.
More or less all the religions have been doing it in different ways. Jainism gives its monks so little food that there is no possibility that they might be able to generate any sexual energy. The food is just enough for them to breathe -- only that much energy... Jaina monks are just skeletons. But the surprising thing is, sexual fantasy does not leave. The body has almost gone, there are only bones: the food is not enough for the most essential things in the body, so of actual sex there is no question.

First your life has to be saved. Sex is the life of your children, of your future generations; but first your life has to be saved; so when food goes into you it has priorities. First, it has to save your brain; otherwise, even if you are alive you will not be of any use, you will be worse than dead.
So the first priority is for the brain. But you will see in the Jaina monks, their brains start disappearing. You can see from their face no sign of any intelligence. They have not done a single creative act in five thousand years. So many people doing nothing -- what happened to their brains? Those very delicate tissues died because the food was not available. Right proteins were not available, right vitamins were not available -- those tissues slowly slowly died.
Then the heart has to be looked after. Then there are other functions in the body. Only when your whole body is looked after well do you accumulate sexual energy, because sexual energy is not in any way concerned with your life, it is concerned with lives to come. It is concerned with future generations, it can wait. But if you die there is no question of waiting; first you have to be preserved.
So Jainism has cut the food of the Jaina monk in such a way that he has simply destroyed his whole life energy, the whole system. He lives -- that means he breathes -- and he dies. He never experiences any joy, he cannot even smile.

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There is nothing left in his life to smile or laugh about.
All the religions in subtle ways -- for example, Catholics have monasteries where only monks live, no woman can enter. There are nunneries where only nuns live, no man can enter. And when they say no man can enter or no woman can enter.... I have inquired, "There must be some age limit -- for example, a six-year-old boy, he is a man, can he enter where the nuns live? Or a six-year-old girl, can she enter where only monks live?"
They said, "What are you saying? Scriptures say even a six-month-old girl"a six-month-old girl! "cannot enter the monastery." And for one thousand years, in one monastery, Athos, no woman, not even a six-month-old girl, has entered. Now, they have cut out sex in a different way -- but they have created a thousand and one perversions.
Homosexuality is one of the by-products of religions.
Now when I say it, all the religions will feel offended; let them be! Homosexuality is a by-product of religions -- I cannot deny the truth -- because you forced monks to live separately, nuns to live separately, you encouraged it.
Wherever only men are living, sooner or later homosexuality is going to happen. In army camps, in religious monasteries, in boys' hostels, in girls' hostels, in nunneries -- wherever a single sex is living, an intelligent human mind will find some way to express its sexual energy; it is bound to find a way into homosexuality.

All religions condemn homosexuality.
And they are the producers of it.
They are playing really a very criminal game with humanity. On the one hand they are the causes of all perversions; on the other hand they condemn you because you are perverted.
My whole effort here is to make you aware that the people who cause perversions are not the people who are going to help you out of them. They are living respectable lives -- rabbis, sages, popes, bishops, cardinals -- on your guilt. Let the guilt disappear from humanity and you will see all the religions disappearing so quickly.... It is just as when the early morning sun rises, and you can see that in the cool night, drops of water have accumulated on the petals of roses, on the leaves of trees. They are there, but as the sun rises they start

evaporating; just within a few minutes they are gone.
Once guilt is dropped religions will simply evaporate; they cannot remain on the earth even a single moment more. It is guilt that keeps giving them food, sustenance; hence, the idea of accepting yourself arose. It is a humanitarian idea. It has come from those people who have been thinking, "How has man become unnecessarily miserable? He has made himself miserable just by fighting against himself." They created the idea of accepting yourself. It was good for its time, but it is not enough.

It is the minimum that you can do. But when you can do the maximum, why stop at the minimum? When you can dance to abandon, then why go on just moving your body a little, as if under compulsion, ashamed: "What am I doing?"
Accepting yourself is just like that: smiling, and yet still feeling, "What am I doing?..."
Something is negative in "accepting" yourself. The very word, acceptance, means there has been rejection before, a denial, and now you are trying to cover that denial, that rejection, with acceptance. No, I don't want this kind of idea to be implanted in you.
My whole vision is of a human being, totally alive, intensely alive, enjoying everything that life makes available, and enjoying it with grace, with gratitude towards existence.
And that's what loving yourself means.
It means that you have thrown all the garbage of religious rejection, repression. You have dropped all the ideals that they have given to you; you are now standing on your own as if you are Adam and Eve. No priest has been there before, no religion has been there before; you are uncorrupted, unspoiled, clean.
Start like Adam and Eve -- just think of the idea!
Why bother about the past? Forget about it. You are the first man.
Start living as if you don't know how to live. Nobody is there to teach you, no guidelines exist. No books exist which say how to do this, how to do that.

You are just left alone on an island. Everything is available: Intelligence is within you, instinct is within you, intellect is within you, intuition is within you. Now start moving.
Yes, perhaps you may commit a few mistakes -- there is no wrong in it, that's how one learns. Perhaps a few times you may fall -- nothing to be worried about. You can get up again; and next time you will be walking more carefully, more alert, so you have gained something out of that fall. Out of each mistake, each error, you are constantly gaining something.
Errors are valuable. Mistakes are immensely necessary. If you are somehow protected from committing mistakes and errors, you will never grow, you will never learn a thing, you will never mature.
So behave as if you are the first here. The whole world is available to you to explore. And in exploring it you will be surprised that simultaneously your inner world is being explored too, because as you explore the outer world your insight becomes deeper, your intelligence becomes sharper, your awareness becomes keener. And a perfectly fulfilled man is one who explores both the outer and the inner, and who, at the moment of death, can have a smile on his face: he lived totally, he is happy that he lived totally, he burned his life's candle from both ends together.
When you can burn your candle from both ends together, why be miserly and burn just one end? When you can enjoy double the light and two flames together, enjoy it -- because enjoyment is not simply enjoyment.

Every joy is growth and brings you closer to blissfulness, to ecstasy.
And unless you have attained to a state of ecstasy where you can say, "I have arrived, I am fulfilled.... The purpose of existence in me is completed. If now death comes, it is welcome. Now that is the only thing that I don't know." A man who can say, "Death is now the only thing that I don't know -- life I have known," will be enthusiastic about death, will be eager to meet it, would like to have a plunge into it.
And this is the paradox of life:
One who is ready to die, never dies.
One who is himself ready to jump into death, for him death disappears.
Death is only for cowards.
Death is only for those who have not lived, who have really remained dead their whole lives.
Death is not for the living.
The more alive you are, the farther away is death.
If you are totally living, there is no death:
Death exists not.
Then there is only life, life eternal.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
CAN YOU TALK ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR US? I FEEL ITS IMPORTANCE MORE AND MORE, BUT I AM ALSO CONFUSED ABOUT IT. AM I AVOIDING SOMETHING?

THE problem of responsibility is one of the most fundamental issues. But before we can go into it, a few words will have to be understood rightly. The so-called religions have prostituted language as much as they could. In fact they are responsible for all kinds of prostitution in the world -- they have not left even language alone.
Responsibility in itself is a beautiful word of tremendous grace, significance, but in passing through the hands of the religious people it has become almost ugly, disgusting. First, the natural meaning of the word: it comes from response. To understand response you have to understand reaction.
Somebody insults you; that is his action. You get irritated, annoyed, angry; that is reaction. You are not acting on your own -- the other has pushed your button. He is the master, you are behaving like a slave.
Let me tell you one story, but don't let me drift... because stories are dangerous, intriguing. And when I start a story I have something in my mind, and by the time I end the story I have forgotten why I had started it. So I have to start again from something, where the story ends. But this story is not like that.
It is reported that Gautam the Buddha was passing by the side of a village.

The village was populated by anti-Buddhists; so much so that although Buddha had just bypassed them -- he had not even entered the village for the simple reason that he did not want to create any unnecessary scene there -- those idiots were not going to leave him so easily.
They came rushing out of the village behind him surrounded him and started abusing him in every possible way, using language which one should not use against another human being -- what to say of a man like Gautam the Buddha.
The followers of Buddha really became angry. They were ready to hit back, but in front of Gautam the Buddha it was impossible for them to take any action before

he said something. And what he said puzzled everybody, shocked everybody.
He turned to his disciples and said, "You have disappointed me. Those people are doing their thing. They are angry. They think that I am an enemy of their religion, of their moral values -- naturally they are angry. And I am listening to them; they are abusing me, not abusing you. Why are you getting angry? Although you are controlling yourself, that does not make any difference. You have allowed those people to manipulate you. Are you their slaves?"
The people of the village were also puzzled. They fell into a strange silence. Buddha said to them, "I am in a hurry to reach the other village, where people are waiting for me. If you are finished, I can go.

Or if something else is still there in your mind, when I come back I will inform you ahead. At that time you can complete the whole thing. So am I allowed to go?"
Those people said, "We have been abusing you, saying all sorts of dirty things against you; many of them are lies, we know -- but in love and war everything is right. But you are so cool and calm, as if we have just welcomed you, greeted you, and you are asking our permission to go ahead."
Buddha said, "Whatever you have done, that is your problem. I do not react, I act. Nobody can force me to do something, nobody can influence me to do something. If I want to do it, nobody can prevent me from doing it. My actions are my actions -- they are never reactions."
When you act, that is response; when you react, that is not response. But to act you have to be very conscious so that nobody can push your buttons, so that nobody can manipulate you into a certain kind of action.
Everybody is being manipulated.
Our whole society depends on manipulating.
Parents are manipulating their children, politicians are manipulating the masses, priests are manipulating their congregations.
Even children start manipulating their fathers, their mothers... very small children. Even a child six months old starts learning how to manipulate. He knows that if he smiles he is going to get toys, sweets, hugs, kisses.

He had no desire to smile, but he has learned a certain exercise of the lips. It is just there on the lips, an exercise -- he just opens his lips. It looks as if he is smiling, but if you look into the eyes of the child you will be surprised -- there is a politician.
A six-month-old child has to become a politician: What kind of society have we created?
He manipulates, and you go on rewarding his efforts of manipulation. Slowly slowly, he may forget that his first smile was false and all other smiles are just a continuation of his first smile. Perhaps his last smile when he is dying will be also just a continuity of the I first.
He may never discover what a real smile is -- a smile that comes from within you for no motivation, not to ask something, not to be rewarded by something. It is not a business deal. You are so joyful inwardly that a smile spreads all over your body.
When a real smile is there it is all over the body. You may be able to detect it only on the lips, perhaps in the eyes, but it is all over the body. Every fiber of your being is rejoicing. So it is not a question of being rewarded. It is not a question of desiring something, bribing somebody.... But it is not only the smile, he learns to manipulate with everything else too.
Buddha said to his disciples, "You are behaving like slaves to these people." And he said to the villagers, "You have come a little late.

You should have come ten years earlier -- then I would have cut off your heads, then you would have known what it means to abuse. Now it is too late! I cannot function like a slave. Now I am a Master -- you cannot manipulate me.
"I would like to ask a question of you. In the last village people brought sweets, fruits, flowers, just to greet me. I told them, 'We had our breakfast in a village earlier; now take these fruits and these sweets with my blessings. We cannot carry them. We don't carry food, we don't carry anything for the future. We will see what happens later on: somebody may offer something. And it has always been happening, so there is no problem in it.'
"I ask you: those people had taken the sweets and fruits back -- what must they have done with them?"
One of the men in the crowd said, "They must have distributed the fruits, the sweets, to their children, to their families, to themselves. They must have enjoyed them."
Buddha said, "That's where you make me sad. Now what will you do? I reject, I don't take your abuses. If I can reject fruits and sweets then those people have to take them back. What can you do? I reject your abuse, I don't take such things. For ten years I have not taken any such things from anybody. So now carry the load back home, distribute it among yourselves, to your children, your friends; whatever you want to do you can do.

"But this is your doing; I have nothing to do with it; I simply refuse. And I have the right to refuse anything. You are giving it to me and I am saying, 'Thank you, I don't want it.' You cannot force it on me. I only act out of my own consciousness. You cannot cloud my consciousness with your abuse and make me unconscious, and make me react."
Reaction is unconscious. You do not know exactly that you are being manipulated. You are not aware that you are behaving like a slave, not like a master.
Action out of consciousness is response.
But the religious people have made such an ugly association with the word responsibility that it has lost all its original quality: They have made you "responsible" for many things. What is right, they have told you; what is wrong, they have told you -- they have not left you to decide. No religion leaves you to be really responsible -- because to me the word responsible means you are capable of taking decisions. You are mature. You are conscious enough to decide what to do and what not to do.
Just now I had this news: pope the polack, addressing the youth in Latin America, said, "My dear ones, beware of the devil. The devil will tempt you with drugs, alcohol, and most particularly premarital sex."
Now, who is this devil? I have never met him, he has never tempted me. I don't think any of you have ever met the devil, or that he has tempted you.

Desires come from your own nature, it is not some devil who is tempting you. But it is a strategy of religions to throw the responsibility on an imaginary figure, the devil, so you don't feel you are being condemned.
You are being condemned, but indirectly, not directly. He is saying to you that you are the devil, but he has not the guts even to say that. So he is saying that the devil is something else -- a separate agency, whose only function is to tempt people.
But it is very strange... millions of years have passed and the devil is not tired, he goes on tempting. And what does he gain out of it? In no scripture have I found what is his reward for all this arduous work for millions of years. Who is paying him? By whom is he employed? That is one thing....

And the second: Is not your God omnipotent? That's what your scriptures say, that He is all-powerful. If He is all-powerful, can't He do a simple thing? -- just stop this devil from tempting people. Rather than going to every person and telling every person, "Don't be tempted by the devil," why not finish this one person? Or whatsoever he wants, give it to him. This is something to be decided between God and the devil. What business is it of ours to be unnecessarily trampled between these two?
God has not been able in millions of years to convince the devil or to change the devil or to finish the devil.

And if God is so powerless before the devil, what about His poor people to whom these representatives of God go on saying, "Don't be tempted by the devil"? If God is so powerless and impotent before the devil, what can ordinary human beings do?
For centuries these people have been telling these lies, and not even once have they themselves tried to be responsible. This is irresponsibility -- telling young people, "Be aware, the devil is going to tempt you."
In fact this man has put the temptation already in the minds of these people. They may not have been thinking right then of drugs, alcohol, premarital sex. They had come to listen to the pope, to some spiritual sermon. They will go back home thinking of premarital sex, how to get tempted by the devil, where to find the drug dealers.
And alcohol is certainly not a temptation of the devil, because Jesus Christ was drinking alcohol -- not only drinking it but making it available to his apostles. Alcohol is not against Christianity. Christianity accepts alcohol perfectly because to deny alcohol would be putting Jesus in jeopardy. Jesus was not a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. He enjoyed drinking, and he has never said that drinking is a sin -- how could he say it.
Now the polack pope seems to be far more religious than Jesus Christ. And I can certainly visualize that if the only begotten son drinks, the father must be a drunkard, and the Holy Ghost too.

These people may be the cause because from where did Jesus learn? Certainly the devil could not tempt him. We know that the devil used to tempt him, and he said to the devil, "Get behind me, I am not to be tempted by you." But these people seem to be mentally sick. You never come across the devil, and you don't talk with the devil this way: "Get behind me, and let me go on my way. Don't prevent me, don't try to tempt me." And if you do say these things and somebody hears, he is going to inform the nearest police station that here comes a man who is talking to the devil, and we don't see any devil anywhere."
Jesus is also contaminated by the rabbis and the priests. It is the same company, just with different labels and different trademarks. But the business is the same, the company is the same, their work is the same -- they corrupt human beings, they destroy your innocence.
This polack pope is worried about premarital sex -- it must be on his mind, otherwise how can it come out of it? And that is his most emphatic thing. But what is wrong with premarital sex? It was a problem in the past, but have you entered into the twentieth century or not?
It was a problem in the past because sex can lead to pregnancy, to children, and then the problem will arise of who is going to bring up those children? Then who is going to marry that girl who has a child? So there will be complications and difficulties.

There need not be -- it is just in the mind. In fact most marital difficulties arise because premarital sex is denied. It is as if you are told that until you are twenty-one you cannot swim: Don't be tempted by the devil; pre-adult swimming is a sin.

Okay, one day you become twenty-one but you don't know how to swim. And thinking that now you are twenty-one you are allowed to swim, you jump into the river. You are jumping to your death because just by becoming twenty-one, there is no necessity, there is no intrinsic law that you will learn how to swim. And when are you going to learn to swim?

What actually are these people saying? -- they are saying that before entering the river you should learn to swim; if you enter the river you are committing a sin. But where are you going to learn to swim -- in your bedroom, on your mattress? For swimming you will need to go to the river.

There are aboriginal tribes which are far more human, natural, where premarital sex is supported by the society, encouraged, because that is the time to learn. At fourteen years of age the girl becomes sexually mature; at eighteen years of age the boy becomes sexually mature. And the age is going down: as human societies become more scientific, technological, food is sufficient, health is taken care of, and the age goes on falling.

In America girls become mature earlier than in India.

And of course in Ethiopia how can you become sexually mature? -- you will die long before. In America the age has fallen from fourteen to thirteen to twelve because physically people are more energetic, have better food, a more comfortable life. They become sexually mature early, and they will be able to function also longer than in poor countries.

In India people simply cannot believe when they read in the newspapers that some American at the age of ninety is going to get married. The Indians cannot believe it -- what is happening to these Americans? By the time an Indian is ninety he has been in the grave almost twenty years; only his ghost can get married, not he. And even if they are in their bodies, a ninety-year-old person marrying a woman who is eighty-seven... just great! Simply unbelievable! And they go on a honeymoon....

They are really very practiced, they have done this all their lives many times -- getting married, going on a honeymoon -- and they have been fortunate enough so that in one life they have lived at least five, six, seven lives.

Premarital sex is one of the most important things to be decided by human society.

The girl will never be more alive sexually than she is at the age of fourteen, and the boy will never be so sexually alive as he is at the age of eighteen. When nature is at its peak, you prevent them. By the time the boy is thirty you allow him to get married.

He is already declining in his sexuality. In his life energy he is already on the decline, he is losing interest. Biologically he is already fourteen or sixteen years late -- he has missed the train long ago.

It is because of this that so many marital problems arise and so many marital counsellors thrive, because both partners have passed their peak hours, and those peak hours were the time when they could have known what orgasm is. Now they read about it in books and they dream of it, fantasize about it -- and it doesn't happen. They are too late. The popes are standing in between.

I would like to say to you: don't be tempted by the popes. These are the real evil ones. They will spoil your whole life. They have spoiled the lives of millions of people.

When you are thirty you cannot have that quality, that intensity, that fire that

you had when you were eighteen. But that was the time to be celibate, not to be tempted by the devil. Whenever the devil tempts just start praying to God, repeating a mantra: om mani padme hum. That's what the Tibetans do. Whenever you see a Tibetan quickly doing "Om mani padme hum," you can be certain he is tempted by the devil, because that mantra is used to make the devil afraid. And the faster you do it, the faster the devil will run away.

In India there exists a small book, HANUMAN CHALISA. It is a prayer to the monkey god, Hanuman, who is thought to be a celibate and a protector of all those who want to remain celibate.

So all people who want to remain celibate are worshippers of Hanuman. And this small book you can memorize very easily.

They go on repeating this prayer, so Hanuman goes on protecting their celibacy, goes on protecting them from the devil who is always around, waiting for the chance to get hold of them and tempt them.

Nobody is tempting you.

It is simply nature, not the devil.

And nature is not against you:

It is all for you.

In a better human society premarital sex should be appreciated just the way it is appreciated in a few aboriginal tribes. The reasoning is very simple. First: nature has prepared you for something, you should not be denied your natural right. If the society is not ready for you to get married, that is society's problem, not yours. The society should find some way.

The aboriginals have found the way. It is very rare that a girl gets pregnant. If a girl gets pregnant the boy and the girl get married. There is no shame about it, there is no scandal about it, there is no condemnation about it. On the contrary, the elders bless the young couple because they have proved that they are vigorous; nature is powerful in them, their biology is more alive than anybody else's. But it rarely happens. What happens is that every boy and every girl become trained.

In aboriginal societies I have visited, it is a rule that after the fourteenth year the girl, and after the eighteenth, the boy, are not allowed to sleep in their houses.

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No astrologer can manage to fit you to each other....
One astrologer used to live by my house. And he was very famous. People from faraway used to come for his advice about marriage, and they would bring the birth charts of the boy and the girl. His fee was higher than anybody else's.... And I used to see him being beaten by his wife.
One day, walking in the morning, suddenly I came across him. I asked him, "I can understand that you are a great astrologer, but what happened? -- you could not manage your birth chart? And your wife beats you!"
He said, "Don't say it to anybody. This is the only problem in my life; otherwise my profession is going so good and I am earning so well. But this woman... I have to keep her out of the view of my customers and clients, because if they see her and her behavior with me they will think, What kind of astrologer is he?"
I said, "Then you have to promise me one thing; otherwise I am going to make it well known, I am going to publish it in the newspaper." I was editing a newspaper, so I said, "I am going to publish it. This is cheating."
He said, "I will do whatever you say."
I said, "Just promise me -- whenever I say, 'Let these two get married,' you have to manage it."
He said, "I will do it, there is no problem, this is just a game. Whatever you say I will do."
And once in a while it used to happen.

... One of my friends was very worried because his girl's birth chart was not matching with any boy's, and he was tired of it all.
I said, "Don't be worried. Just bring both charts I
I have the best astrologer."
He said, "But his fee is too high and I am a poor man."
I said, "Don't be worried, there is no fee. Just give me both charts and I will take them to him and he will manage."
And what he used to do if they were not meeting -- he would make another chart which did meet, and throw the old one! He said, "There is no problem in it. Sometimes people come to me and say that these two charts should not be allowed to meet. I take my fee for that. I don't let them meet; I tear one up, even if they are meeting, because another astrologer could fix them -- so I just change the chart."
These people, and they are very religious people.... But this is not the way. You can see all over the world that neither arranged marriage has been successful, nor what you call love -- marriage. Both have failed, and the basic reason is that in both cases the couple is inexperienced; the couple has not been given enough freedom to find the right person. There is no other way than through experience to find the right person.
Very small things can be disturbing. Somebody's body smell may be enough to spoil your whole marriage. It is not a great thing but it is enough: everyday.

.. how long can you tolerate it? But to somebody else that smell may be very fitting, may be the smell that he likes.
Just let people have experience -- and particularly now, when problems of pregnancy are no longer there. Those aboriginals were courageous to do it for thousands of years. And then too there have not been many problems. Once in a while the girl may get pregnant, then they get married; otherwise there is no problem.
In those tribes there are no divorces, because, of course, once you have looked

at all the women, have been with all the women of the tribe, and then you choose, now what else are you going to change? You have chosen out of experience, so in those societies there is no need, there is no question of divorce. The question has not arisen.
It is not that divorce is not allowed; the very question of divorce has not arisen in those tribes. They have not thought about it, it has never been a problem. Nobody has said that they want to separate.
All civilized societies suffer from marital problems because the husband and wife are almost enemies. You can call them intimate enemies but that does not make any difference. It is better that the enemies are far away and not too intimate. If they are intimate that means that it is a twenty-four-hour a day war, continuously -- day in, day out. And the simple reason is the stupid idea of these religious teachers: Beware of pre marital sex.

If you want to beware, beware of marital sex, because that is where the problem is. Premarital sex is I not a problem, and particularly now when all birth I control methods are available.
Every college, every university, every school, should make it a point that every child, girl or boy, goes through all kinds of experiences, all types of people, and finally chooses. This choice will be based and rooted in knowing, in understanding.
But the problem for the pope is not that the whole of humanity is suffering from marriage, that all couples are suffering from marriage, and that because of their suffering their children start learning the ways of suffering -- he is not concerned. His whole concern is that birth control methods should not be used. In fact the pope is not saying, "Beware of the devil"; he is saying "Beware of birth control methods."
Real problems are not being dealt with, only unreal, bogus ones. And he goes on advising the whole world.... And this time when he goes back to the Vatican he will find all the workers in the Vatican -- eight hundred in all -- are threatening a strike because they are not paid well.
The promises that had been given to them have not been fulfilled. For eighteen months they have been waiting and asking. So this time they are ready; when the pope comes back from his tour of Latin America, then they are going to give him a hard time.

He cannot manage eight hundred people -- and he is trying to manage the whole world. Everybody's psychological problems he is trying to manage -- and he cannot manage even eight hundred poor people. And they must be desperate, only then could they have come to the point of declaring that they are going on strike if action is not taken immediately.
And the pope is now the richest person in -- the world. Six hundred million Catholics go on pouring their money into the Vatican -- and you cannot feed eight hundred people rightly? And you go around the world preaching great sermons....

These people have given a wrong idea of responsibility: you are responsible to your parents, you are responsible to God, you are responsible to the priest, you are responsible to the teacher, you are responsible to the society; you are responsible to everybody except yourself. This is the idea that they have imposed upon you.
And I want to say to you that you are only responsible to yourself, and nobody else.
And when I say it, don't misunderstand me -- because a person who is

responsible to himself is automatically responsible to everybody with whom he comes into contact. He cannot be irresponsible. His every act comes out of consciousness, how can it be irresponsible?
What have religions done? -- they have done just the opposite. No religion says you have to be responsible to yourself; but to the motherland, to the fatherland to the church.

.. to all kinds of nonsense. And by being responsible to all that nonsense you destroy your freedom, your consciousness.
They have given you another word, conscience. Otherwise there was no need. They have repressed consciousness and put on top of it a conditioned layer, which they call conscience. Conscience means what your religion wants you to do; if you go against it you are being irresponsible. And the scripture decides what is right and what is wrong.
No, no scripture can decide what is right and what is wrong. Each moment the situation changes, and each moment you have to come up with a fresh decision, whether it is right or wrong. No dead principles can help, but only living consciousness. And there is no need....
Only a blind man asks, "Where is the door?" and, "Should I go to the right or to the left?" But when you have eyes there is no need to ask, "Where is the door?" -- you can see. In fact, there is no need even to think where the door is; when you want to get out you simply get out, you have eyes.
Consciousness gives you eyes.
Conscience gives you only words.
And then everybody is ready to exploit you.
One of my professors was annoyed with me, and the reason for his annoyance was valid. He was the professor of economics. And just then it was happening that in Indian universities the change of the medium from English to Hindi was taking place.

The professors were all accustomed to English -- although they all could speak Hindi. They were Hindi speakers, it was their mother tongue, but as far as their subject was concerned English was easier for them. They were accustomed to teach in English, but once in a while they got stuck at a certain word.
This professor knew that I had always been of help to him; whenever he was stuck with an English word and he could not find the equivalent in Hindi, I used to supply him the equivalent Hindi word. So he trusted me -- but he had no sense of humor at all. One day he was teaching about bargaining and haggling. On the word "haggling" he got stuck. What in Hindi is haggling? So he asked me, "What is the Hindi word for haggling?"
I said, "CHAKALLAS." It sounds close to haggling, the sound of the two words was very close, but chakallas means "joking," it does not mean haggling. So he started using chakallas. Now whenever he said, "You go to the market and you start chakallas," the whole class would laugh. Whenever he used the word chakallas, everybody would laugh; so he said to me, "What is the matter? Why do you all suddenly start laughing for no reason at all?" But he could not figure out that it was chakallas, the word, that was creating the whole trouble.
But he must have inquired of others, and they said, "That boy played a joke on you. Chakallas does not mean haggling, that's why they all were laughing."

Next day when he came in he was very angry, and he said to me, "You stand up!"

I said, "I know... it must be chakallas."
He said, "Yes."

I said, "But it was only chakallas -- don't take it seriously. You are so serious that this was the first time in your class there was laughter. You should enjoy it.
And nobody was harmed, nobody was insulted -- we just enjoyed it. Do you hate us enjoying ourselves once in a while and laughing once in a while?"
He said to me, "Nobody has asked me before, but because you have raised the question, it makes me really feel sad for myself because I have never enjoyed laughter. And if others are laughing I feel irritated, I am angry."
I said, "Then you are in a great mess. We can pull you out. As far as I can tell you must have been in a convent school."
He said, "Yes."
I said, "That's what convent schools do to people -- they make them serious."
Everything religious is serious, and everything that is joyful is somehow condemned. Have you ever seen any picture of God laughing? I don't think He has ever smiled in millions of years -- He is running a serious affair. The thing is so serious that even the devil does not laugh. You can just think to what extent existence has become serious: even the devil has forgotten laughter.
This professor called me home, and he said, "I thought about it again and again and I feel that I am missing something.

My life seems to be so dry, and I cannot even make friends with people."
I said, "You need just a little chakallas."
He said, "Don't use that word! That word made me the laughing stock of the whole college. Now everybody saying that I was befooled. This translation into Hindi such a trouble, and I have to take your help. Never do such a thing again."
I said, "I cannot promise because promising is not my way of life. Tomorrow we will see, tomorrow will take care of itself. I never promise. If you are afraid, stop asking me. You can ask anybody else, or you can manage on your own; I am not interested. But if you ask me once in a while there will be chakallas. I don't like that serious, dead class. And how can you manage for years living in this deadness? What is the point? If you cannot even laugh, commit suicide."
These people have destroyed so much in human beings that you will be surprised: If it all can be replaced, you may feel for the first time really alive.
They have taught you "responsibility" for everything.
In my final years in the university, in India a law was imposed on all the university students that everybody had to take army training. I went to the vice-chancellor and said, "I cannot follow this law. If there is any punishment I am ready for it."
He said, "No, there is no punishment but they have created trouble: if you don't bring the certificate from the army office that you have been attending their courses regularly then we cannot give you the certificate.

Their clearance is needed first."
So I said, "I won't ask for the certificate."
"But," he said to me, "you have a responsibility towards the motherland."
I said, "Don't talk nonsense to me. The whole earth is mine so why should I have responsibility only to this small piece of land? And on what grounds have you divided it? Who are you to divide the earth into lands and then impose the idea of responsibility?
"I am responsible towards existence. I am not responsible to any nation, to any political division. And I I am going to fight for it -- if you don't give me the certificate I will go up to the supreme court to fight for it. You cannot impose on me any army training, because I don't want to kill anybody. I would prefer to be killed -- there is no problem in it -- but I don't want to kill anybody, and I don't want any training of this kind."
He understood that it was going to be tough and I some trouble for him. So he

said, "Don't be worried I will talk to the colonel in the army and I will manage somehow to get a clearance for you."
I said, "That is your business. You have to give me the certificate, otherwise I go to the court. I don't have any responsibility for any piece of land. And you have to prove on what grounds and on what authority I have any responsibility to any part of the land.
"Just a few years before I was responsible to the land which is now Pakistan.

Now I am not responsible to it. It was my mother country; now it no longer is. Bangladesh was my responsibility; now it no longer is. So what guarantee is there? -- I may die for this land, and tomorrow it may not even be my motherland?
"You first give me a clear-cut idea of what my motherland is -- because I have seen before my eyes part of the country become PaKistan. It is no longer my motherland, it is an enemy country, and this whole I training is for nothing but to fight with Pakistan. Bangladesh was my part of the country, now this whole training is to fight with Bangladesh. Tomorrow perhaps Punjab will become an independent country, then it is no longer my motherland.
"So what kind of mother is this? -- hands, head, legs go on disappearing, and to whatsoever remains I am still responsible. My responsibility does not reduce with my mother reducing continually. At least that much freedom should be given to me: as much as you reduce my mother...." ,
He managed something with the army. He gave me a certificate and he said, "You keep it to yourself because if you spread this thing then other students will create trouble. For one I can manage but for everybody I cannot manage. And I know you are right."

The land is simply land. Either the whole earth is our mother or no land is our mother. Countries go on being born and disappearing -- just political games, chess.

Israel was not there for hundreds of years, now it is there. And now it is the motherland of the Jews, and their responsibility is to die for it -- and they are dying for it.
And they will have to continue to die for it because it is never going to be a safe, secure, peaceful land; that is impossible, because it is surrounded, all around, by the Mohammedans. And in fact for centuries it has been a Mohammedan country -- palestine. Centuries before, sometime, it was Israel, but you cannot go back. And those Mohammedans are not going to leave it.
When it was created I was a very small child, but even then I said, "This is simply stupid. Look at the map: it is surrounded by Mohammedans, it is a Mohammedan country. You are just changing its name and giving it to the Jews because you are now in power."
Britishers and Americans -- because they won the second world war and were in power, and their armies were there -- simply handed over Israel to the Jews. I don't think that this was an act of friendship, this was an act of absolute enmity." They have created an eternal trouble spot for Jews for the future, one which will never be solved; there is no way to solve it. The Jews will have continually to fight, and they will have to be continually beggars, asking for help from all over the world, particularly help from America.
So America has played a good political game: fix the Jews there so their whole problem is there, their trouble is there.

If Jews were intelligent enough, they would have refused it, and said, "We don't want a country which has been Mohammedan for centuries, populated by

Mohammedans, dominated by Mohammedans. Now it is their country."
If America is so compassionate towards Jews, then give them Oregon. Make it the new Israel -- that will be perfectly good. And all the money that is being wasted in Israel would remain in America, and Oregon would become a beautiful country.
Jews have done tremendous labor there, but it is all futile. And they have poured all their money there, which is all futile. Nothing is going to help: the trouble spot will remain continuously a trouble spot. It is just a small island in an ocean of Mohammedans. You cannot finish that ocean; that ocean is, sooner or later, going to drown you all.
Giving Oregon to the Jews -- this would have been generosity, compassion, friendliness. Anyway, fifty percent of Oregon's land is already federal government land, and the remaining fifty percent they also want to purchase. They want to make it a federal, a completely federal, state.
So it would have been very easy to give it to Jews; there would have been no problem. It would have helped the Jews, it would have helped America. The money would have remained here, the people would have remained here. New people would have come from all over the world. And New Israel would be far better than getting that old rotten Israel which Moses had found.

And he did not find it really....
Moses was tired of searching, so finally he said, "This is it" -- because at some point he had to say it... forty years' search! Just the way I have said, "This is it".... How long can one go on searching? Otherwise, do you think of this desert I was going to say, "This is it"? But now there is not much time for me, and I cannot go on and on.
The same I know happened with Moses. Israel is not something better than you have got; it is worse. He was just tired, utterly tired. His disciples dying every day, three-quarters of the original already dead.... A new generation had come up who did not even recognize him, who he was and what he was. And they didn't care about him at all, because there was a gap, a big gap. And even his closest friends were angry: "It is time; forty years we have been wandering -- where is your Israel?"
This is the trouble with all utopians. They can paint the utopia so beautifully that many become fascinated. But once you start searching for the utopia then the trouble starts, because that kind of utopia never exists anywhere. It has to be created, not found. And that was the basic mistake; they were searching, believing that somewhere there was Israel. I
Nowhere is there any Israel. You have to create it.'
So I have not been searching that way: thinking that somewhere some place is there and we have just to reach there and all is okay.

I have been looking for a place where we can create it. It is always going to be a creation.
But now that Mohammedan country is the responsibility of the Jews....
One of the great poets of India was always complaining about his sons because they were not listening to him and they were not following him. And he was a well-respected man; he was known as the national poet. He was Maitreya's friend, Ramdharisingh Dinkar. Tired of his continuous talking about his sons, that they didn't listen, I asked him, "Did you ever ask them before giving birth to them, 'Do you want to be born? "'
He said, "WHAT?"
I said, "Have you asked them? It is your responsibility, not their responsibility. You brought them on the earth and now you go on imposing every kind of responsibility on them: 'I am your father; you have to respect me, and you have to do things according to me.' Why should they? In the first place you forced

them to come into the world without their permission, and now you want them to continue to follow you -- and you want them to feel guilty about it.
"You again and again are asking me... for what reason? You want me to tell your sons, 'This is your responsibility.' I cannot say that. You lived your life the way you wanted. Now let them live their life the way they want. Why are you interfering? And they are not children."
He looked at me for a few moments.

He said, "So I you are also with them?"
I said, "No, I am not with them. I have never seen them, I have never met them. But if you want, then next time I come to Patna, arrange a meeting."
He said, "No, I don't want any meeting with you -- you will spoil them more. You are saying that it is my responsibility that I have given birth to them?"
I said, "Then whose responsibility is it? Mine? And even after giving birth to them, into this miserable world, you want them still to follow you? It is enough that they don't kill you!"
That was the last time.... After that I used to inquire, "What about your sons?"
And he would say, "Never mind my sons! Don't bring that subject up at all; I have dropped that subject. At least with you I am not going to discuss that subject."
Fathers and mothers go on forcing on children that, "this is your responsibility."
They have given the word responsibility a strange turn.
It simply means response-ability. Break it in two: not responsibility, but response-ability, your ability to respond. That means you have to drop all your conscience, things that people have told you are right and wrong. It may have been right and wrong for them, you have nothing to do with that.
Drop your conscience, which is imposed, and become conscious of every situation that faces you. And every moment there is a situation that faces you; become conscious of it, and out of that consciousness, act.

And whatever you do out of consciousness is right.
And whatever you do unconsciously is wrong.
So to me the act itself is not right or wrong. To me it depends on you -- your consciousness, the quality of awareness that you bring to the act. Then everything has a different perspective.
I will tell you a few Zen anecdotes. One is: A great Zen Master had this habit, that once in a while he would just raise his finger towards the sky for no apparent reason. Talking of something else, without any relevance, not in context, suddenly he would raise his finger towards the sky, as if there was some undercurrent also going on of which nobody was aware.
One of his young disciples was just a little boy of twelve years old who used to stand by his side to fan him because it was too hot. He also saw this finger, and he learned to imitate it because he was standing at the side a little back; the Master could not see him.
Once in a while, just while fanning the Master... and then everybody would start laughing, and he would start fanning him again. The Master could not figure out what was happening, why people started to laugh, and from where it came. And that boy was just waving his fan again, and once in a while.... Finally the Master found out.
One day when the boy did it, the Master caught hold of his finger -- he had a knife with him -- and he cut off the boy's finger completely! It was a shock.

Nobody could have even imagined that the Master would do that. He cut the finger completely off! And not only that, he said, "Now, point it again!" The boy was in such a shock -- the blood was falling from his finger, and the finger

was already on the ground, but the Master said "Point!" And the boy pointed the finger which was no longer there.
For a moment there was great silence. And then the boy came in front, bowed down, touched the Master's feet and said, "I had never thought... I have been listening, standing there, knowing that it is not for me, but then... no thought, no mind, and bliss started showering.
"When you shouted at me I was full of pain, but I forgot it when you shouted, 'Now point your finger!' And you pulled me in front and I pointed my finger which was not there. And because my finger was not there and I was pointing it, suddenly my whole thinking stopped. My mind could not make any sense out of it, what was happening?"
It was so sudden -- the cutting of the finger and the shouting of the Master, everybody in shock, blood on the floor, the finger on the floor... and he says, "Now point it!"
And the boy said, "At that moment, just for a split second, there was no mind. I was not there. Just as my finger was not there, I was not there, and there was no mind. And you are right, Master, blessings started falling on me."
Now cutting off anybody's finger, is it right or is it wrong? -- moral or immoral? Very difficult to say.

If a Zen Master does it, you cannot say it is wrong. And the result shows it is not wrong: that boy became his Master's successor. That cutting of the finger began a process in his life of which he was not aware at all. He was just a servant, he was not even part of the congregation.
It is difficult to decide just on the act itself. The question is, what do you make of it? The question is, who does it? From what consciousness does it come? and to what result does it lead?
It came from a pure, conscious mind, and it led to a moment of pure consciousness. The cutting of the finger means nothing. If the Master had cut off the whole hand even then it would not have been bad. Even to cut off the head and give a chance for a moment to pass without a thought, without a mind, to make time stop.... Even if the man is beheaded the act is absolutely right.
I am not saying that you should start beheading people. My emphasis is that the act is unimportant. That's what all religions have been trying to teach: The act is right or wrong. If you do it, you are responsible; if you don't do it, you are irresponsible.
I am changing the emphasis from the act to the actor.
It is you who are right or wrong, it is never the act.
It is always my consciousness which is decisive.
The act in other hands may be immoral, but in the hands of a conscious mind it changes its very quality.

Consciousness is the only magic there is.
So I call responsibility 'action with awareness'.
And if you simply go on doing the so-called responsibilities unconsciously, I don't consider them responsibilities; you have been cheated.
Now that is what the pope is going to do with the academy of sciences that he has created in the Vatican. The whole purpose is to create a sense of guilt in the scientist... because this is a very strange step. Popes have always been against science, against scientists.
Three hundred years ago no pope could have even thought that in the Vatican there would be an academy of sciences. But if they had had the whole idea of what is behind it then they would not have been surprised. For three hundred years they have been trying to prevent science in every possible way. They have

failed, they could not prevent it. Now they want to persuade.
It is no use trying to be antagonistic -- for three hundred years they have been enemies and Christianity has failed; science has been the victor. Now the pope is taking another move. If by enmity it was not possible, then perhaps it may be possible through friendship. He is certainly a cunning man. And scientists are never cunning, that is the difficulty.
Priests are always cunning, and scientists are always innocent people, even lacking in common sense because their whole mind is concentrated on their work.

They are absolutely oblivious of the other aspects of life. They live a very simple life, concentrated on their own work. But priests are cunning.
Now this academy of sciences is one of the most cunning steps a pope could have taken -- and the scientists are falling prey, falling into his trap because he is making it a question of great respectability. To be a member of the academy of scientists, to be an academician of the Vatican academy is a respect which will not be available to all. Very few people, like Nobel prize winners, will be accepted; great scientific institutes can suggest a few names and they will be considered.
And because science is mostly a Western monopoly there is not going to be much trouble: most of the scientists are Christians and half of them or more than half, will be Catholics. Most of the scientists are spread in America, in Europe, in England.
The only problem is about the Soviet union. So he has opened the door for the Soviet Union too; their scientists are welcome. Four have already joined the academy. Of course Soviet scientists will join for a different reason. They will join to find out what is going on there, so that nothing should go against Soviet Union. They will be spies there.
But the pope is going to make a fuss about it, that I now this is an international, the only international academy where all are represented, even atheists, communists -- all are represented.

And what does he want to do with this academy? He wants to decide what science should do and what science should not do. That will be the pope's decision. And he will corrupt these scientists' minds -- because just now he has declared that science is not the ultimate value; the ultimate value is religion, morality. So the decisive point is going to be religion and morality, not science.
The position does not change, the position is the same. That's what they have been saying for all these centuries, that the scientists should listen to the pope, to the church, because the ultimate value is religion. Science has to be only a servant. It can be a good servant if it follows religion, otherwise it is a bad servant.
The same position.... Now he declares that science is not the ultimate value, the ultimate value is religion and morality. Of course religion and morality have to be decided by the pope.
The academy's function is to review what is happening in different fields of science, just a synopsis of the latest developments in different fields, so the pope can declare whether they are moral or immoral, whether they should be pursued by Christian scientists or not. It will not be said directly Christian scientists -- they are all Christian -- but in this way he will sabotage scientific progress and try to turn it towards lines that the church wants science to go on.

I would like to say to you:

Science is the ultimate value.
And there are only two kinds of sciences: one, objective science, that decides about the outside world; and two, subjective science, which up to now has been called religion.
But it is better not to call it religion. It is better to call it the science of the inner, and to divide science into science of the outer, and science of the inner-objective science and subjective science. But make it one solid whole, and science remains the ultimate value -- nothing is higher than that. And the decision should not come from a third-class pope who knows nothing about science. The decision should come through a consensus among scientists themselves.
If we were to create an academy here of scientists then I would like them to meet -- we should only provide a meeting place, a relaxing place, a holiday for them. They should meet here and they should come to a consensus among themselves. That is their business -- what has to be done or not done. If they want any help from us, we can give that help in a totally different form, not as a decision -- because who are we to decide?
Our help can be only through meditation. We can tell them to meditate with our meditators.
That will give them more consciousness, more awareness.
And out of consciousness whatsoever they do will be responsible.

And out of unconsciousness, even if the pope guides them, whatever they do will be irresponsible.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
ARE YOU AGAINST GOD AND JESUS CHRIST TOO? IT FREAKS ME OUT.

IT freaks me out too. How I can be against God, who does not exist at all? To be for or to be against, one thing is absolutely necessary, the existence of God.
There are fanatic theists in the world, and similarly fanatic atheists too. Those who believe that God exists, their fanaticism can be forgiven. But those who think that God does not exist, their fanaticism is unforgivable. They should not bother about God at all. I don't bother a bit.
But there is a human weakness, the weakness of categorizing: if you are not for, then you are against. And the mind functions in polarities, it does not allow the middle way. This is something significant to understand, that the mind can exist only at the extremes. The farther away you go from the middle point, the more you become a mind. The closer you come to the middle point, the more your mind starts disappearing
When you are exactly at the middle, there is no mind at all. That's why Buddha called his path majjhim nikai 'the middle path'. He chose really a very profound name, the middle path -- avoiding both the extremes. But mind feels uneasy.... With any extreme it is perfectly at ease.
So if I say there is no God you naturally start inferring that I am against God, but you have not thought of a simple thing -- that if there is no God, how can I be against Him? The people who are for God may turn against Him.

But you can depend on me: I cannot turn against Him because to be against I would have to invent Him first.
Friedrich Nietzsche says, "God is dead." I cannot even say that. He thinks he is saying something tremendously anti-God, anti-religion, anti-Christianity,

antiChrist. This is not so. To say that God is dead implies that He was there, alive. You have accepted the existence of God -- if not in the present, then in the past -- and it is going to be very difficult to prove how the existent God died. Nietzsche never argued further and the theists are not capable of raising significant questions.
The whole of western Christianity was shocked by the statement that God is dead. They were angry, they would have liked to kill Friedrich Nietzsche. But nobody asked him, 4You have accepted the primary existence of God, now you have to explain how He died And if He was God, how could He die?" And particularly to ask Nietzsche... because Nietzsche believes in the recurrence of life, that life continues. He is the only Western philosopher who believes in the Eastern idea of reincarnation.
If God is dead, He must be born again. That is a simple corollary of his own philosophy. If man dies and is born then why be so unfavorable to God? At least give Him as much as you give to ordinary human beings, to animals, to birds -- to all life.
Either God has never been there or will always be there.

Life can change its forms but can never become death. That, Nietzsche accepted. And no Christian bothered him, raised the question, argued with him.
I cannot say God is dead. I think Nietzsche is not really against God. He is against the priesthood, against Christianity particularly, against Jesus. But God is the foundation of all these, so he has to hit God to demolish the whole edifice of the only begotten son, the messiah, the pope, the church, and the whole ugly history of Christianity. Without God it all becomes absurd. That s the reason he says God is dead, but deep down he knows God is.
My situation is totally different.
I am not against God.
I have been searching and seeking Him everywhere.
And this is my finding -- that He is not anywhere.
I have looked in, I have looked out; I have done everything that is possible to be done. There is no God. This is a simple statement of fact, with no anger, with no enmity. What can I do if He does not exist? It is not my fault.
But man's mind wants some extreme position. It is worth understanding.
Why does man's mind want some extreme position?
Either you have to be theist or atheist; either you have to be for or against. It does not allow you a third alternative. The reason is simple: the third alternative becomes the death of the mind. Mind lives on extremism; that is its very nourishment.

Exactly in the middle, where two polarities dissolve and contradictions meet, mind simply goes out of function. The mind cannot conceive how contradictions can meet, how polarities can be one. But in existence they are meeting, they are one.
Have you seen life and death separate? It is your mind that makes the categories and words separate But look into existence -- it is life turning into death death turning into life. There is no division, they are part of one whole. It is the mind that has created the idea of beauty and ugliness.
But in existence... do you think that if all human minds for a moment disappeared from the earth -- would there be beauty in anything, ugliness in anything? Would the rose still be beautiful? No, as the mind is not there, there is nobody to judge and beauty and ugliness are mental judgments.
The rose will be there, just as the thorn will be there, but there will be no evaluation because the evaluator is not there. They will both exist without any

hierarchy. The rose will not be higher than the thorn. The flower of the marigold will not be a poor flower and the rose, a rich flower; they will be on the same plane.
All hierarchy is created by the mind: the lower, the higher, for and against.
Think in another way: for a moment, let the mind be there but drop judgment -- which is a little more difficult.

You can visualize a state where all minds have disappeared and certainly you can see there is no possibility of anything being ugly, beautiful. Things will be there, just themselves, with no comparison, no judgment, no labeling.
Now try the other, which is a little more difficult. Let the mind be there -- so all the minds are there but nobody is judging -- for one hour, no judgment. Can beauty be there, can ugliness be there? Can something be moral and something immoral? Can there be a sinner and a saint?
For that one hour, all these categories will disappear and you will have, for the first time, a real contact with reality as it is, not as projected by you, manufactured by your mind. Your mind is continuously manufacturing reality; otherwise, who is a saint and who is a sinner?
Just now I read the news that in England a vicar has died of AIDS. Now it is not right for saints to do this, priests to do this! And he has created a trouble. All the old ladies are phoning in inquiring about it, because in Christianity, the vicar drinks the wine as the blood of Christ and then, from the same cup, everybody else drinks -- particularly the old ladies. Because who else goes to these vicars? -- you think young girls? They have many other things to do. These old ladies have done everything and found nothing; now they are trying God.
Now the old ladies are worried that they may have contracted AIDS from the vicar.

Now it is time that Christians should stop this stupidity of passing the bread and the wine, because the saliva of the priest, the vicar, the cardinal may be carrying AIDS.
Now this is something about which the polack pope should declare: "From now on this is a sin, to drink the blood of Jesus...." In fact it was a sin from the very beginning. Just an ugly idea: drinking the blood of Jesus, eating his flesh. That was okay up to now, but now... and the priest has to start the game.
The pope is involved in things which have nothing to do with him -- this is. Now I am giving him a problem which faces him, and if he has the courage then he should declare that this practice is immoral. Then all the popes up to now have been doing immoral things; even Jesus was doing immoral things.
AIDS may not be a new disease, it may be only a late discovery. It may have been happening before, because it has no symptoms. It is a strange kind of disease, without symptoms. To call it a disease is not right -- it is really a slow death, a very slow death. So you cannot find symptoms. You can only watch a man's life: if he is losing his resistance to diseases then he has AIDS.
This is a very complicated phenomenon. If he is losing resistance to other sicknesses then he has AIDS Thus only a long observation can make it certain that you have AIDS: You go on getting infections, and to cure any infection becomes more and more difficult and slowly you find your life-force falling lower and lower, and for no particular reason you start losing well-being.

You cannot pinpoint that this is the reason why you are losing your well-being -- just suddenly you don't feel okay. Nothing is wrong, but your life no longer has the same force.
This kind of thing may have always existed but to detect it was not possible before -- only now, and even now it is in a great confusion. But the confusion will

be cleared up. Perhaps the cultures where kissing is thought to be unhygienic have a far more advanced idea... and these are primitive people.
Perhaps the brahmins in India, Jainas in India have a better idea in reference to AIDS, because there this is not their practice, that you drink from the same cup; that is thought to be ugly. And to make it a religious thing is going too far. Sooner or later the pope will have to be forced to prevent this practice.
What I was saying was this, that it is very difficult to say who is a sinner and who is a saint. Now, this vicar was a saint up to now. The fool should have chosen to die a little earlier; just one or two years earlier and he would have remained a saint. But now, what is going to be the situation?
It is proved that he was a homosexual, it is proved that he was not a celibate, it is proved that he was indulging in perverted kinds of sexualities. If he had died two years earlier he would have been in heaven. Now ask Lord Jesus Christ where his vicar goes. And with this vicar many more will soon be discovered all around the earth, because that is one of the most dangerous things about AIDS -- that through saliva it can be given to anybody.

Perhaps the French will prove the highest, the greatest... because they have discovered great kisses. And the French must have given AIDS to many more people than anybody else in the world. Now, these French people should be stopped. It is a question of world health, life, future. These idiots should be told, "Stop all this nonsense. Find out some better ways of loving" -- and there are....
In some islands near Japan lovers rub noses. That's perfectly healthy and hygienic, and it gives you the same joy. What joy are you getting in kissing? You think you are gaining something? Rubbing noses is more clean -- that seems to be far better.
The Indian sex scripture, the first sex scripture in the world, Maharishi Vatsyayana's KAMA SUTRAS, suggests all kinds of things which can become prevalent in the world. For example: lovers should play with each other's ear lobes. That's perfectly hygienic; and ear lobes are very erotic. Try to discover it; just play with ear lobes. It may look a little dry -- it is dry cleaning -- but at least you can avoid AIDS.
Man's mind is easily ready for any extreme because the extreme is its life-force. When two extremes meet, they cancel each other and they leave a vacuum. That's the meaning of the middle way: let the extremes come to a point where they cancel each other and suddenly you are left neither atheist nor theist.

Those questions become irrelevant. But the mind is not ready to drop either in religion, in philosophy, or even in science.
Vivek just gave me a documentary film on the history of mathematics. The whole history of mathematics can be said to be the whole problem of the human mind. For two thousand years or more in the West and for five to ten thousand years in the East, mathematicians have been trying to find the ultimate science.
One thing is certain in their eyes, that only mathematics can become the ultimate science, for the simple reason that there are no mathematical things around you. It is a pure science. You don't see mathematical objects: this is a mathematical chair and that is a mathematical house.
Mathematics is just a pure ideological game. It consists not of things but ideas. And because ideas are properties of your mind, you can refine them to their ultimate purity. So it has been an accepted thing that mathematics can become the purest science possible. But there have been problems. Those mathematicians were not aware that your mind itself is the problem, and the mind is going to create a science which will have no problems, no contradictions, no paradoxes.

You can play the game. You can make a great edifice but whenever you look at the base, you will know that at the very base the ultimate problem remains unsolved. For example, Euclid's geometry.

... I could not go much into it for the simple reason that I could not agree with the basic hypotheses.
My teacher of geometry simply told me, "Your problem has nothing to do with me. Find Euclid -- get out of the class. Find Euclid and settle things with him. I am a poor teacher, I just get my salary; I have nothing to do with his fundamental axioms. Whatever is written in the book, I teach. I am not interested at all whether his fundamental hypotheses are right or wrong. You get out.
He wouldn't allow me in the class. I said, "But how can you go on teaching year after year knowing that the basic points are absurd?"
He said, "I never knew; it is you who is hammering on my mind that they are absurd. I have never bothered; I am not a scientist nor a mathematician, just a poor teacher. And I never wanted to be a teacher, I wanted to be an inspector, but they didn't choose me. I tried to be an inspector, but they didn't choose me. I tried other jobs; everywhere no vacancy. It is just out of compulsion that I am a teacher here.
"Don't torture me. Your problem is with Euclid -- don't bring me in. If you want to read what is written in the book, I am ready. But if you tell me that the fundamentals are wrong...."
I said, "I cannot go on unless I am certain about the base, because this is dangerous: the foundation of the house is missing and you tell me to go on up in a skyscraper.

I cannot move a single inch. First I have to be certain about the foundation, whether the foundation is there which can support this skyscraper. You are going to fall -- that is your business -- but I am not going to fall with you. If you want to commit suicide, do it."
He said, "This is strange! With Euclid, nobody commits suicide. What are you talking about?"
I said, "I am talking about exactly what I said. It is suicide. Not a single hypothesis of Euclid's is explainable."
And still for two thousand years Euclid has been the foundation, not only of geometry but of all other sciences, because he has to be used in other sciences too. He says about a line, its definition, that it has only length -- only length.
I asked my teacher, "Draw a line which has only length. The moment you draw it, it will also have some breadth, howsoever tiny." And a point, according to Euclid, has no length, no breadth. I said, "Make a point which has no length and no breadth. And the same Euclid says a line consists of points -- one point after another point, in a row. Now, a line has only length the point has no length, no breadth -- then how can the line have length? because it has only points standing in a queue. From where does the length appear?"
He just folded his hands to me and said, "Simply go from here. I have told you that I am just a poor teacher and you are beyond me."

I said, "This is not the answer. You can simply accept that these axioms are not explainable."
But the mind has some difficulty in accepting the idea that something is there which is not explainable. Mind has a very mad urge for everything to be explained... if not explained, then at least explained away. Anything that remains a puzzle, a paradox, goes on troubling your mind.
The whole history of philosophy, religion, science, mathematics, has the same

root, the same mind -- the same itch. You may scratch yourself one way, somebody else may do it differently, but the itch has to be understood. The itch is the belief that existence is not a mystery: mind can only feel at home if somehow existence is demystified.
Religion has done it by creating God, the Holy Ghost, the only begotten son; different religions have created different things. These are their ways to cover up a hole which is uncoverable; whatever you do the hole is there. In fact the more you cover it, the more emphatically it is there. Your very effort to cover it shows your fear that somebody is going to see the hole.
It used to happen in my childhood every day because I love to climb the trees: the higher the tree, the greater the joy. And naturally I fell many times from the trees; I still carry on my legs and knees and everywhere, scratches. Because I was continually climbing the trees and falling, every day my clothes were torn, and my mother would say, "Don't go out with that hole in your clothes.

Let me do a little patchwork."
I said, "No, no patchwork."
She said, "But people will see that you are the son of the best cloth merchant in the town, that you are always roaming around the whole town with torn clothes; and nobody takes care."
I said, "If you patch it then it becomes ugly. Right now anybody can see it is fresh. I did not come out of the house with this hole. This is fresh, I have just fallen from a tree. But with your patchwork... this is an old thing that I have been hiding.
"Your patchwork will make me look poor, my torn shirt simply makes me look courageous. Don't be worried about it. And anybody telling me about it I can challenge, 'You can come with me up that tree, and if you can manage without falling then only have you any right to say anything.' "
And there are a few trees in India which are very soft, easily breakable. One is a jamun tree. Jamun is a very sweet fruit, but the tree goes very high and is very weak; its branches can break any time. And unless you go higher you don't get the best quality of fruit because the lower ones have been taken by lower quality people already -- those who could dare to go up only to ten feet.
If you have courage to go to thirty feet, then you will get real juicy ones. They are preserved for those who have courage. But from there, a fall is almost certain. You cannot do anything about it, it is not in your power.

Just a little strong wind.... You cannot get down very quickly; the whole branch breaks away from the tree, and before you can do anything you are already on the ground.
But my mother could never understand my idea. I tried to explain to her, "It is very simple. If you have not mended my shirt, it simply means the tear is fresh; just now it has happened. But mended -- that certainly shows it is not fresh. You have come from home with a mended shirt. It stands out more then, and I don't want to be thought so poor."
She said, "I cannot understand what kind of mind you have got, because everybody else in the house -- whenever somebody's shirt is torn or some buttons are missing -- they come to me and say, 'I am going out -- first mend it.' And you are the only one... I have to come to you, and still you are not willing for the mending to be done."
I said, "No, not for mending. If you want to give me another shirt, that's okay. A mended shirt I am not going to wear. Unmended, I can wear it for the whole year; there is no problem because it is always fresh. I can always say I have just fallen from a tree."
The whole history of mind, in different branches, has been doing this patchwork --

particularly in mathematics because mathematics is purely a mind game. There are mathematicians who think it is not, just as there are theologians who think God is a reality.

God is only an idea. And if horses have ideas their God will be a horse. You can be absolutely certain it will not be man, because man has been so cruel to horses that man can only be conceived as a devil not as God. But then every animal will have its own idea of God, just as every human race has its own idea of God. Ideas are substitutes for where life is mysterious and you find gaps which cannot be filled by reality. You fill those gaps by ideas; and at least you start feeling satisfied that life is understood.
Have you ever thought about this word "understand? It means standing under you. It is strange that this word has by and by taken a meaning which is far fetched from the original idea: anything that you can make stand under you, that is under your thumb, under your power, under your shoe, you are the master of. People have been trying to understand life in that same way, so that they could put life also underneath their feet and declare, "we are the masters. Now there is nothing which is not understood by us."
But it is not possible. Whatever you do life is a mystery and is going to remain a mystery. Even if you I mean man someday comes to understand the whole of life, a new problem will arise: "Who is this man, this mind, this consciousness which has understood everything? From where does it come?"
In that documentary film one thing will be helpful to you.

One of the mathematicians in the beginning part of the century -- a very famous mathematician, one of the greatest in the whole history of mathematics -- Freger, was doing the same work. His whole life he had devoted to creating a mathematical system which dissolves all paradoxes, all mysteries, all puzzles, and solves everything -- the ultimate solution.
And he was just going to publish it -- it is published now and it is a tremendous task that he has done.... But Bertrand Russell -- a young man at that time, and not very famous, just a little bit known as a philosopher in philosophical circles -- was also interested in mathematics. Later on Russell wrote one of the monumental books on mathematics, PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA, in which three hundred and sixty-two pages are devoted only to proving a simple problem: one plus one is equal to two.
The book is just impossible -- to go on trying to read it is enough to drive anybody crazy! Even Bertrand Russell accepted that "after writing that book I have never been so sharp again; my whole sharpness got lost." Certainly he put too much energy into it, and a strange kind of energy; nobody reads that book.
I have been touring in India, visiting all the universities, great libraries, and I had a few things which I always took note of. One was to look at the book PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA of Bertrand Russell, to see whether anybody had read it or not.

Its pages were not even cut, many pages were still joined.
In the old days, particularly the very famous publishers used a method -- I don't know why -- in which they never cut the pages, they left them joined. It was a much later development, just within thirty, forty years, that all the publishers started cutting the pages. But I think that one thing was good about it, about not cutting the pages: you could always know whether the book had even been read or not.
I have never seen in any university of India, in any library of India, the book's pages cut. Who is going to read three hundred and sixty-two pages just to find the conclusion that one plus one makes two? It is really so! Who is going to read

three hundred and sixty-two pages of a large-size book?... and then it goes on for thousands of pages.
So Bertrand Russell was interested in mathematics. Knowing that Freger was going to publish a book which was going to solve all paradoxes, mysteries, and mathematical problems, he sent a paradox to this great mathematician who was trying to solve all great mysteries -- a simple paradox.
Freger was devastated, he felt all enthusiasm gone. The books were ready -- two volumes, his whole life's work -- and this man sends a brief letter with a small paradox saying, "Before you publish your book, please think about this paradox." That paradox has become famous as Bertrand Russell's paradox.

It is very simple, but Freger had no answer for it He did not publish his books in his life; they were published after his death. They are monumental, but he failed in the purpose of solving all paradox. He could not solve the single paradox that Russell had sent him.
The paradox is very simple: All the libraries in the country are ordered to make a catalogue of all the books in the library and send the catalogue to the national library. One librarian made the whole catalogue, and as he was going to pack and send the catalogue to the national library, a question arose in his mind: "Should I also include this catalogue inside or not? -- because this too is a book in the library. And the order is clear that all the books in the library should be catalogued.
"Now, what am I to do about this catalogue? This is a book in the library, so to include it seems to be right according to the order." This problem must have arisen in many a librarian's mind. What happened was that two types of catalogues arrived in the national library.
The national librarian made two piles, one which included the catalogue also in it, and another pile which did not include the catalogue in it. The national librarian was ordered to make a catalogue of all the catalogues that didn't include the catalogue in themselves. So he made a catalogue of all those catalogues which did not include the catalogue in themselves.

But when he was finishing he was puzzled what to do about his own catalogue. If he did not include it, then one catalogue which did not include itself would be left out of his catalogue. If he included it then this would not be a catalogue of only those catalogues which did not include themselves.
So Russell sent this simple paradox: "What is this librarian supposed to do? Before you go on solving other, bigger problems, please solve this problem! This librarian is in a difficulty." Now, whatever you do is wrong. If you don't include this catalogue, then one catalogue which does not include itself is out of your catalogue: all catalogues which do not include themselves are not included in it. If you include it then this is not a catalogue of only those which do not include.... You follow me?
But I don't see any problem. Freger was finished; Russell also had no answer for it. And every science, every philosophy, every religion, comes to the same point: somewhere or other something comes to the point where either you have to accept it unquestioningly, blindly... that's what religion calls faith, belief It is a patchwork.
By asking you to believe in it, to have faith in it, it means you shouldn't try to take away the patch because there is a hole -- abysmal, bottomless -- cover it! But by covering it, it is not dissolved. Nothing is solved; nothing is helped by covering it -- except that you remain blind.

So why cover it? -- just close your eyes.
That's why all followers are blind followers, because if they have eyes then there is going to be trouble. Then they are going to find problems which are unsolved, questions which are unresolved.
Why has God been created? -- just to solve an unresolved question: Who created the universe? From that question all the religions take the plunge into some hypothesis -- God created the world....
But the question is exactly the same as Bertrand Russell's paradox. It is nothing different, it is just that that is mathematics and this is religion -- but the problem is the same. The axiom is that anything that exists has to be created by somebody. How can it come into existence by itself? This is the problem.
Everything that is, has been created; otherwise how can it come in the first place? So they bring in God to help you solve the problem, Who created the universe? But what are you going to do with God? Does God exist?
If He exists, then who created Him? If He does not exist then how could He create the universe? If He Himself does not exist, how can He create existence?
If He exists, then what about your basic maxim, that anything that exists needs a creator? No, about God don't ask that. That's what all the religions say -- about God don't ask that. But this is strange -- why not? If the question is valid about existence, why does it become invalid about God?
And once you ask about God, who created God, then you are falling into a regress absurdum.

Then you can go on: God one, God two, God three, and you go on numbering them and... but finally the question will be the same. After thousands of Gods you will find the question stands clean, clear, untouched; not even a dent has been made in the question by all your answers. Who created existence? -- it is the same question.
To me existence is a mystery.
There is no need for it to stand under our feet, there is no need for existence to be understood.
Live it, love it, enjoy it -- be it.
Why are you trying to understand it?
I am not against God, I am only against a stupid hypothesis which leads nowhere.

And you ask me, Am I against Jesus Christ too? Why should I be against that poor fellow? I feel sorry for him, sad for him. I don't think that he deserved to be crucified. Yes, he was a bit crazy -- I cannot deny that -- but anybody who is a little bit crazy... that does not mean that he needs crucifixion. And crucifixion is not a cure for craziness.
In fact in crucifying Jesus you have created Christianity and you have driven so many people crazy. It is the crucifixion which is responsible for all this nonsense which has been going on for two thousand years and is still continuing.
Two of our sannyasins who are teachers in a school in Germany have been told that they cannot go in orange clothes and with the mala.

They have been going for two years, so they asked, "What happened? -- because we have been coming with the mala and with our orange clothes and it has not disturbed our teaching. Has there been any complaint? Is our teaching in any way affected by it? Have we tried to convince anybody of our religion or our ideas?"
They said, "That's not the question. These are religious symbols and we don't want anybody to have religious symbols here."
Those teachers said, "Many people have crosses -- then their crosses should be taken away."

And you will be surprised what the answer from the committee was: "The cross is not a religious symbol it is just a piece of jewelry." So they wrote a letter to me asking, "What to do now? They say it is a piece of jewelry.
So I advised them, "Go to court and take your chairman to court. Let him prove that the cross is a piece of jewelry, that is has no relationship with Christianity, with Jesus Christ. Then inquire why only Christians use this piece of jewelry? Then ask why this cross is there in every church? A piece of jewelry... what is a piece of jewelry doing in the church? Why is it on top of every church -- a piece of jewelry? And what is this piece of jewelry doing in every graveyard, on every grave? And that, only in Christian churches, on their graves; no Hindu uses the piece of jewelry. A strange piece of jewelry!
"So take him to court and let him prove that this is a piece of jewelry, and it has no religious significance.

Let him say that. Then he will be condemned by Christians themselves. And if the cross is allowed then he cannot prevent my people having their mala and their clothes,"
It is the crucifixion which made Christ -- without his knowledge -- the founder of Christianity.
I am not against that poor guy. In fact, he deserved a little better treatment. If we can find him somewhere there is no need to crucify him; he needs a few therapies to put him right, to put him together.
A little deprogramming..."You are not the son of God -- drop this idea. This is what is making you look unnecessarily a clown. It does not prove that you are a messiah, it simply proves you are nuts. And we have put many nuts together who were falling apart. Just a few people's nuts get loose, a few people's bolts get tight -- we just have to fix them a little bit."
Jesus was nothing dangerous. He was a nice fellow, but just to be nice is no protection against going crazy. He was nice, and gullible. He heard this idea continually proclaimed, "The messiah is going to come who will save the whole of humanity," and it got into his head; he had a swollen head. Just a little bit of treatment here and he would have been a perfectly good sannyasin.
I am not against him, I feel for him. This was too much, to put him on the cross; he had not committed any crime. And freedom of speech allows it; anybody can say, "I am the son of God."

I don't think it harms anybody, or it takes away anybody else's right. You can say you are also the son of God. There is no problem in it.
Why did they make so much fuss about him? There was no need at all. All that he needed was to be ignored. If nobody had taken note of him he would have come to his senses by himself without any therapy. But because people started taking note of him and people started getting angry at him, he became more and more obsessed with the idea.
It is a natural conclusion: "If people are annoyed, irritated, then there must be something in it, otherwise why... why should they bother? If I was just a madman they would have laughed and gone home." But the whole of Judaism, all the rabbis, were disturbed. That was enough proof for Jesus that whatever he was saying must have had some significance.
Those old fools, those rabbis, destroyed that young man. By giving him importance, attention, they spoiled him. In fact, they needed to be punished -- and he was punished. I feel sorry for him. I am not against him. I am all for his treatment, cure, and a long, healthy life.
And you say you are freaking out.
Should I be freaking out or should you be freaking out?
I have been explaining to you continually that I want existence to be accepted as

a mystery, because only as a mystery is it beautiful, liveable, loveable, blissful, ecstatic.

It is good that existence cannot be demystified.
There is no way to demystify it.
And I am the last person to demystify anything.
My purpose is just the opposite.
That's what I have been doing my whole life -- mystifying everything. It is not a difficult job because people have forced demystifications on things; I simply remove the cover, the patchwork, and I give you the raw life as it is.
There is no answer anywhere which is ultimate.
And there will never be any answer which will solve all the problems; hence, God is an impossibility because God means the ultimate answer.
And it is good that there is no God, otherwise we would be condemned. Then there would be no possibility of any joy, freedom, exploration, ecstasy -- no possibility for anything. God would have killed everything.
So I say to you, even if God was there then I would have trained you in how to kill Him. But fortunately He is not there, so we are saved from being in any way violent; otherwise that one violence I would have allowed. Even though I am for vegetarianism, if God was there I would have told you, "Finish Him! because with Him life is impossible."
You have not thought about the implications:
Only without God are you free.
Then your inner being has freedom. Then your essence has all possible potentialities to grow.

Then there is nobody to dominate, nobody to dictate, nobody to manipulate.
You are not responsible to anybody except to yourself. Nobody can question you, why you did this; nobody can punish you or reward you. There is no way of somehow manipulating you into a certain way of life, because there is no God; and because there is no God how can there be a messiah and the son of God?
That's why I call Jesus nuts. It is just out of love and compassion that I call him nuts. But I am not against him. If I had been there I would have told the Jews and Pontius Pilate, "What are you doing? You are creating a religion -- of nuts!
"By crucifying this man you are committing a crime against the whole of humanity for centuries to come. Just leave him. Let him talk. What harm is it? -- it is just pure entertainment. People enjoy, they gather and they listen to him -- there is no harm in it. And he is not saying anything against the scriptures. Let him be free so that no religion is created."
He was incapable of creating Christianity, you can see that perfectly well. All that he could manage were twelve uneducated dodos; they became his apostles. But in this world it is very difficult to find who is the greatest dodo -- very difficult. Those dodos were great, but there are even greater dodos -- like Ronald Reagan. Now, in his speech on the budget he is quoting those dodos from THE BIBLE.

Those illiterate, uneducated fishermen, farmers and woodcutters -- what do they know about America and the budget? They may never have heard even the words budget, economics planning -- and he is quoting them! That's why I say it is very difficult to say who is the greatest dodo. There are dodos and dodos.
Jesus would have been unable in any way to create Christianity. He had no organizational power, he had no capacity to influence the cream of the society. How was he going to create a religion? But the crucifixion did everything. In this world things function in a very strange way.

Once he was crucified thousands of people who had never bothered about him felt sympathy for him. The same people who would not have even gone to listen to him if he had passed their way felt sympathy for him. And it was natural. Even Jews felt, "This is too much. The man was innocent... maybe talking in an outrageous way, but it was only talk, hot air -- nothing much in it. There was no need to crucify that fellow." It created a great wave of sympathy. Such sympathy is a natural phenomenon.
And those twelve dodos for the first time found that people who had never listened to their master were listening to them. And slowly slowly, people started gathering. They made THE BIBLE. They created the church. They started stories, miracles -- which are easier when the person is gone.

In those days these things were just rumors. And a rumor from one mouth to another ear has a tendency to become bigger because everybody wants to add something to it, some spice to it. Over three hundred years Jesus became a thousand times bigger than he ever was: by then he was a myth.
The real person was just an ordinary carpenter's son talking off the wall. But in three hundred years' time people's imagination did the whole work. And then in these two thousand years, scholars, professors, theologians, philosophers -- they are all going to increase the myth as much as they can and bring out of Jesus, meanings, words, philosophies, and ideologies of which that poor fellow was never aware.
I am not against God, or against Jesus Christ -- or against anyone.
But I am for the truth.
If it goes against anybody, I am helpless.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
YOU SAY THAT LOVE AND HATE ARE ONE; BUT I SEE MORE HATE IN THE WORLD THAN LOVE. AT THE SAME TIME, YOU SAY THAT ENLIGHTENMENT IS NEITHER LOVE NOR HATE. ARE YOU SPEAKING OF TWO DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF LOVE? HOW DOES THIS FIT WITH YOUR MESSAGE OF LOVE?

LOVE and hate are just two sides of the same coin. But with love something very drastic has happened. It is unimaginable how this drastic step was taken by people who had all the good intentions in the world. You may never have even suspected what has destroyed love. It is the continuous teaching of love that has destroyed it. Hate is still pure -- love is not.
When you hate, your hate has an authenticity.
And when you love it is only hypocrisy.
This has to be understood. For thousands of years all the religions, politicians, pedagogues, have been teaching one thing, and that one thing is love: Love your enemy, love your neighbor, love your parents, love God.
Why in the beginning did they start this strange series of teachings about love? They were afraid of your authentic love, because authentic love is beyond their control. You are possessed by it. You are not the possessor, you are the possessed. And every society wants you to be in control.
The society is afraid of your wild nature, it is afraid of your naturalness, so from the very beginning it starts cutting your wings.

And the most basic thing which is dangerous in you is the possibility of love, because if you are possessed by love you can go even against the whole

world.
A small man possessed by love feels himself capable of doing the impossible. In all old love stories this fact has emerged in a very subtle way; and nobody has even bothered about it or even commented on why this factor comes automatically into old love stories.
For example, in the East we have the most famous love stories of Majnu and Laila. That is a Sufi story. It doesn't matter whether it is historical or not, that is not our concern. Our concern is its structure, which is almost the same structure as all the love stories around the world. The second famous Eastern love story is about Siri and Farhad -- but the structure is the same. The third famous story is about Soni and Mahival, but the structure remains the same.
The structure is that the lover is asked to do something impossible; if he can do that impossible thing then he can get the beloved. Of course the parents and the society are not ready to accept this love affair. No society is ready to accept any love affair, but to say no seems to be unmannerly.
When somebody comes with a proposal of love you can't just say no. Even if you want to say no, and you will say no, a way has to be found -- and this is the way. Ask the lover to perform something impossible, something which you know he cannot perform, which is an inhuman task.

And if he cannot perform it then you are not responsible; he himself has failed.
This is a civilized way of saying no. Farhad is told that he can have Siri if, alone, he can create a canal through the mountains and bring the canal to the palace of the king -- Siri is the daughter of the king. And the canal has to be of milk, not of water.
Now, this is absurd. In the first place, even if it was just going to be a water canal, a young man, single-handed... and from the mountains, hundreds of miles away, it will take thousands of years for him to bring the canal to the palace. Even if it is accepted, hypothetically, that it may be possible, how can he manage a canal of milk? From where will that much milk go on continuously flowing through the canal? And the king wants his palace gardens to be watered with milk -- only then will Farhad be qualified to ask for the hand of the king's daughter.
I have been thinking about hundreds of love stories around the world, but somehow or other this factor constantly appears: something impossible is asked. My own understanding is that that factor does not appear without any reason. There is somewhere in the unconscious of the human mind the knowledge that love can make the impossible possible.
Love is so mad. Once you are possessed with love you don't think in terms of reason and logic, reality. You live in a world of dreams where everything is within your hands.

My only concern with these love stories has been to find out something about love which is very essential, and this is what I have found about it: Love makes you so mad that nothing is impossible.
When Farhad is asked to do this job of making a canal from the mountains thousands of miles away, he starts. He does not even say, "Are you mad? What are you asking? You are making it impossible from the very beginning. Why don't you simply say no? Why go so roundabout?" No, he does not say a single word; he simply takes a spade and moves towards the mountains.
The people in the court of the king ask the king, "What have you done? You know perfectly well this is not possible. You cannot do it, we cannot do it -- nobody can do it. You with all your army, with all your forces, cannot bring this canal to the palace -- and bringing milk from where? Milk does not come out of streams in the mountains. You can conquer the whole world -- we know your power and we

know your armies -- but that's another matter. You cannot change the ways of nature.
"In the first place, that poor boy alone -- you have told him he is not to ask any help from anybody -- is going to dig the canal from the mountains to your palace. It will take millions of years for him, and even if he manages to do it, from where is the milk going to come in the canal?"
The king says, "I know all about it -- it is not going to happen.

That's why I have asked, that's how I have thrown the whole responsibility on him. Now, if he cannot do it, he is responsible. I am saved from saying no to anybody."
But the people in the court are more puzzled about the young man, Farhad. They rush out, catch hold of him and ask him, "Are you mad or something? Where are you going? It is not possible."
Farhad says, "Everything is possible. Just my love has to be authentic, to be true."
Existence cannot deny love. Existence may change its nature, its laws, but it cannot deny love because love is the highest law of nature. For the higher law, lower laws can be erased, changed.
Those wise counsellors of the king are shocked by the answer, but the answer seems to be significant. What the mad young man is saying makes sense. The story is that Farhad succeeded. Alone he managed to create the canal, and just because of his authenticity, his truthfulness, his trust in existence, the water turned into milk.
This is just a story; I don't think existence or nature is going to change its laws. But one thing is certain: society became aware very early that love is mad. And once a man is possessed of love then he is beyond your control, then you cannot convince him of anything. Then no reason is applicable, no logic makes any sense to him; his love is the ultimate law. Everything else has to submit to it.

I am not saying that it does submit, I am not saying that nature is going to change its ways, I am not saying that love will make miracles possible. No, what I am saying is about this fear that love can make a man so mad that he can start believing in things like this; then he is beyond your control.
To keep man in control you have to, from a very early age, create a false idea of love in him, and go on enforcing it continuously so he never becomes possessed by authentic love and never goes mad, but always remains sane. Sane means a slave to the rules of the society, sane means a follower of the games of the society.
Love can make you rebellious.
False love makes you obedient.
That's why they teach you to love God. Now, telling a small child to love God is such utter nonsense. The child does not know who God is, and without knowing the object how do you expect him to love God? But you pray to God with folded hands toward the sky, and the child starts imitating you. God is there, above, in heaven -- still -- although now everybody knows that the earth is round.
What is above to us is not above in India; it is below them, we are below them. The sky that is above us is not above them. But people around the earth are looking towards the sky and the God that lives there above, in heaven.
Now, knowing the fact that the earth is round -- heaven is everywhere above.

And different corners of heaven are above different people; and that too is not fixed because the earth is moving on its axis continuously, so what was above you a few minutes before is no longer above you. What was above a few

hours before is no longer above you; it may be below you.
Your God will have to perform a real circus act to fulfill your desire that He remain above you. You have given Him such a task that even if you give Him omnipotence he cannot manage it. It is simply not possible.
But the small child simply starts imitating; whatever the parents are doing, the child will start doing it. They go to the church -- he goes to the church. They go to the synagogue -- he goes to the synagogue. This is nurture against nature. And a man who can love God is a man who will never know what love is.
Just think: a man who can love God without even knowing who this guy is, where He is, whether He is or not, and if He is whether He is worth loving -- is He at all interested in you and in your love? A man, without knowing any of these things, loves God, loves Jesus Christ, not knowing whether this man was ever an historical person or not. If Christians' stories about Christ are true then Christ cannot be historical. This is a paradox.
If their stories about Jesus are true then Jesus cannot be true. Jesus can be true only on one condition: if the stories told by Christians about him are proved to be untrue.

Now this is a difficult problem, because if all the stories told about him by the Christians are proved untrue, Christians will not be interested in such a Christ. They were interested only because of those stories that you have proved untrue.
Jesus has meant nothing to them except those stories: the virgin birth, his walking on water, his turning water into wine, his changing stones into bread; his curing of blind people, crippled people, paralyzed people; his raising of the dead to life. All these stories are the basis for a Christian to have faith.
I am saying, if all these stories are true then Jesus is a mythological figure. He cannot be an historical fact because real men don't walk on water. There is no way to change water into wine, there is no way to change stones into bread.
In Jesus' life itself you will find enough evidence that these things cannot be true, because there are days when he and his disciples were hungry and had to sleep with empty stomachs because the villagers they had passed were very against him. They would not give him shelter, they would not give him bread. But if this man was able to change stones into bread, what was the problem?
In fact he could have changed the whole status of humanity, and there would have been no need for Jews to crucify him, if he had provided the whole of humanity with food. And there are enough stones in the world -- mountains! He could have changed the Himalayas into a big loaf, so Indians could go on eating for centuries and centuries.

He could have changed oceans into wine so there would be no need to worry about it; even poor people could afford the best wine, the oldest wine, the finest wine.
If he was capable of raising the dead then rather than raising Lazarus -- who was of no use at all... I don't see that raising Lazarus was of any value. He should have chosen Moses, Abraham, Ezekiel -- then Jews would have worshipped him rather than crucifying him. If he had raised all the old prophets, the Jews would have, without any question, accepted him as the only begotten son of God. What would have been the need to argue? -- he could have proved himself by action.
But those stories are just stories. Jesus, to be historical, has to be denuded of all those miracles. But once you drop all those miracles Christians are no longer interested in Jesus. What is left in him? Why should they believe in him?
They really never believed in him. That's why I say that my religion is the first and the last religion on the earth, because you are here with me not for any miracle that I have performed. You are here with me not because of anything

that is special about me.
I don't carry any authority from God, I don't have any support from the scriptures. I am just as ordinary as you are.
Up to now this has never happened. People love Jesus because of his miracles; take the miracles away and their love disappears.

They were attracted by the magical qualities, they were not concerned with Jesus at all. They were interested in Krishna because he was the incarnation of God and performed so many miracles. Just take those miracles away, and Krishna is finished!
You cannot finish me. You can take anything away from me but you cannot finish me, because I have not in any way tried to influence you, impress you, by something which is superhuman. Everything can be taken away from me, but your relationship towards me will remain the same; it can't be changed, because in the first place it is a simple relationship.
Those relationships between Christians and Christ, and Jews and Moses, and Hindus and Krishna, are not at all concerned with the individual. If Jesus meets you on the way and tells you, "I am Jesus Christ," the first thing you will ask him is to walk on water.
You cannot ask me that. You cannot even ask me to walk, because I have never done even that miracle! Walking on water... you cannot ask me because you will look foolish. But with Jesus, you can ask him and you will be perfectly right. If he simply drowns in water then he is going to drown. It is just against physical laws: he is going to drown.
Then what will be your relationship with a Jesus who drowns... you have to run and jump and save him and give him artificial breathing. What will be your relationship with this man? Just think of it.

No, you don't have any relationship with Jesus, Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna, not at all. Your attention is diverted.
They teach you to love Jesus. Why? Because he turned water into wine? Even if he turned water into wine, that does not mean he deserves your love. In fact he has committed a crime, he should be behind bars. Turning water into wine without a license... you are going against the law, against the government, against society. He should be punished -- i don't see how he can deserve your love. And it is an old story -- today he would turn any vegetable into marijuana, hash.
President Ronald Reagan goes on quoting Jesus, not knowing about the man, that if he was here and if he was to do any miracle -- and he would have to do a miracle because without that miracle he is nobody -- then he would be the biggest dope dealer in America. That would be the only miracle that America would understand. He would not turn stones into bread -- there is enough bread in America -- he would turn stones into L.S.D.
No, he never did any of these things. But then your love and your faith disappear.
From the very childhood you have been told to love God, whom you know not; you are not even certain that He exists. Your love has been diverted in a direction which is absolutely imaginary, it has no corresponding reality to it.
Your love for Jesus is not for Jesus but for things which any mediocre mind feels impressed with.

If you have a little bit of intelligence you can see that all that is nonsense.
But from the very childhood they are diverting your love into unreal dimensions.
One thing which is a very cunning strategy is to give your love a mode, a certain direction, which is unfulfillable; and because of it, that which was fulfillable will

not be attractive to you.
A man who has been taught to love God will feel that in loving a woman or a man he is falling too low. God is there, far above, in the heaven -- and this is an ordinary man, an ordinary woman.
They have given your love an object so impossible that all that is possible becomes below you. Even if, because of your nature, your biology, you fall in love, there is a part in you which goes on saying, "Something is wrong in it," you go on feeling guilty. This is one thing they have done to your love.
The second thing they have done is to say, "Love your mother...." Why? -- "because she is your mother." Is that enough for love to exist? Do you have to love somebody because that somebody is your mother, your father, your daughter, your brother, your sister? These relationships cannot create love. They may create a certain kind of respect -- she is your mother and you can respect her. He is your father, you can respect him; he has brought you up. But love is not something that you can manage.
Respect is something within your hands, but love is not.

Love is something that when it comes it comes like a cyclone, surrounds you, holds you totally in its grip.
You are no longer there.
Something higher than you, bigger than you, deeper than you, has taken possession of you.
To avoid this they have been teaching you hypocrisy in the name of love: Love your mother. Just because of this teaching -- love your father, love your mother, love your brother, love your wife, love your husband, love your children -- because it has been told so many times you have never asked, "Is it possible? Is it within human capacity to love somebody?" A very fundamental question has been completely forgotten.
If you are told to love somebody, how are you going to do it? Yes, you can act, you can pretend, you can repeat beautiful dialogues from the movies you have been seeing, from the novels you have been reading. You say beautiful things, but nothing is arising from you. You are not in love, you are just doing a drama.
And the tragedy is that most of us continue our whole lives doing the rehearsal, not even the drama. The time for the drama never comes just the rehearsal goes on and on.
And even if for a few people the time of drama comes, that drama is also as unreal as anything can be, because your heart is not in it. It is dead, it does not breathe. It has no warmth, no liveliness, no dance. You are doing it because you have been trained to do it.

It is a kind of exercise, a gymnastics, an etiquette, a mannerism -- anything -- but not love.
These are the ways they have spoiled your authenticity about love.
Your question is, that I say love and hate are the same energy; then why is there so much hate in the world and not so much love?
It is because nobody has been teaching you about hate; hence, hate has remained pure, unadulterated. Nobody has bothered about you, nobody has told you how to hate, whom to hate. Because hate has been left untouched by your parents, teachers, and priests, it has a purity, a sincerity.
When a man hates you, you can trust that he hates you.
But when he loves you, you cannot trust him.
You know perfectly well that when you hate someone it has a tremendous force, and when you love someone there is not that force. You remember your enemies more than your friends. You can forget your friends but you cannot forget your

enemies.
What is happening?
It is because your love has been distorted, and something unreal, which is not love, has been handed to you. And you have been playing with that toy called love, unaware that you have a potential of love within you.
So when you love it is just so-so, skin-deep. Scratch it a little bit and it is gone. But when you hate, you hate from your guts. It is not skin-deep -- it is gut-deep.

I have been surprised how much purity your hate has, how much authenticity, naturalness, spontaneity. And just because of its spontaneity, naturalness, authenticity, purity, I see in it a certain beauty which is not there in your love. Your love is hocus-pocus.
This is the reason why in the world you don't see so much love and you see so much hate.
You listen to too much talk about love in the world. Everybody is loving everybody else, talking about love, but it is all talk: yakketty-yakketty-yak! It goes on all over the world. Everybody is talking about love -- beautiful dialogues -- but in fact you see hate everywhere.
Religions hate each other. Nations hate each other. Political parties hate each other. Classes hate each other. Just go on looking and you will be surprised how many sources of hate there are.
And every ten years, twelve years, you need a world war -- so much hate and still it gets accumulated. Every day you go on expressing hate that's separate -- still it goes on accumulating so much that every ten, twenty years, it explodes into a world war.

In three thousand years, five thousand wars have been fought in the world. Who is responsible? -- the good-doers who are continuously after you, teaching you about love, kindness, compassion. Nobody teaches you about hate, so it is still there, far more strong, far more vibrant and young and fresh.

I would like a time to come when nobody teaches you about love either. You should be left alone. You should be told to be more aware about whatsoever happens to you -- hate or love, that is not important.
What is important is that if you hate, hate with awareness. If you love, love with awareness.
If I was going to teach you I would not tell you whom to love, how to love. That is all nonsense. Love is your intrinsic quality. You are born with it, just as hate is also there. I will teach you, be aware.
Before anything happens to you -- love or hate, anger, passion, compassion, anything -- be aware.
Let everything arise out of your awareness.
And the miracle of awareness is that without your saying anything, without your doing anything, it simply dissolves all that is ugly in you into all that is beautiful. Awareness is a transforming force.
For example, if you are aware of anger, it will disappear. If you are aware of love it will become stronger. If there is hate and you become aware of it, it will disappear, dissipate. Soon you will find that that cloud of hatred has disappeared and instead a totally opposite quality -- a mixture of compassion, kindness, lovingness -- has been left behind like an aroma.
To me this is the criterion:
Whatsoever deepens with your awareness is virtue.
Whatsoever disappears with your awareness is sin.

To me this is the definition.
I don't label any act as sin, virtue, right, wrong -- acts don't have that quality. It is your awareness.
Just try it and you will be simply amazed that there are things in you which cannot stand in front of awareness, they simply disappear.
Awareness functions almost like magic.
And what I am saying you can experiment with. I am not telling you to believe in it, because belief will not help. You will have to experiment with it. You will have to see, with the different things in you, what remains and what disappears.
And it is only you who can find what is right for you and what is wrong for you.
Then keep the thread of awareness running through all your actions, and in your life you will not find any hate, any anger, any jealousy. Not that you have dropped them, not that you have repressed them, not that you have somehow got rid of them, not that you have practiced doing something against them. No, you have not done anything, you have not even touched them.
This is the beauty of awareness: it never represses anything; but there are things which simply melt in the light of awareness and change. And there are things which become more solid, more integrated, more profound, more strong: love, compassion, kindness, friendliness, understanding.
All the religions up to date have been focusing people's minds on actions; and labeling -- this is bad, this is good, this you have to do, this you have not to do.

I want to change the whole emphasis.
Actions have nothing to do with right and wrong.
It is you, your alertness, which is decisive. Any action with awareness may become beautiful; the same action without awareness may be ugly. With your awareness, the same action in one situation may disappear, and in another situation may become solid, stronger.
So it is not something like a fixed quality of any act, of any emotion; it all depends on a thousand and one things. But your awareness takes note of everything, you need not be worried. It is just like light in which everything becomes clear to you, you can see it.
One Zen monk, throughout his whole life, was imprisoned again and again. He was a great Master with thousands of disciples. Even the magistrates loved him, respected him. And they prayed of him, "Why do you do such strange things? We can't understand, it is beyond our comprehension" -- because he was stealing small things from his own disciples, and naturally the law had to take its course. The magistrates would say, "We know there is something else in it. Why should you steal one shoe of somebody's? -- it is useless, you cannot use it. And now we have to send you for two months into jail." The Zen Master was always very happy when he heard, and he used to say to the magistrates, "Can't you send me for a little longer? -- because anyway, when I come out I will do it again, and you will have to send me in again.

Why can't you send me for a longer period and save me from doing all these things?"
Only in the end, when he was dying, did his disciples ask, "Now let us at least ask, because we will never again have a chance to know what was the reason you were stealing things, things which mattered not at all to you. We were always ready to bring anything you wanted, but you never said anything, you never asked for anything."
He laughed. He said, "The real reason was I wanted to be as long as possible in the jail because there are three thousand people in the jail, and I have found in

those three thousand people more innocent, more natural human beings than I find outside the jail. And outside the jail there are many masters and many religions, and they are doing their work. Nobody takes care of those poor people. When I am in the jail I teach them meditation, I teach them how to be aware -- the jail has become a monastery!

"We have changed it completely. All the prisoners are meditating. The jailer cannot detect it because they are simply doing everything with awareness. They are continuing to do the same work as before: if cutting wood, then cutting wood; if cutting rocks, then cutting rocks; if making roads, then making roads. Whatever they were doing before they are doing now, but with a great difference.

"And the best monastery I know right now," he said, "is the jail where I have been going continually, because this jail has people who are sentenced for life -- twenty years, thirty years.

Now, this is a great opportunity: for thirty years they can meditate without any disturbance from the outside world. Where else could I find such people?

"And I am immensely happy because I am leaving behind me, in that jail, a thread which will continue for centuries. This jail will remain a totally different jail. Whoever comes there is bound to get involved in meditation because some old-timers will always be there."

Now, looking at it from the outside, a man stealing is doing something wrong, and a man continually going to jail, being sentenced again and again, is certainly a criminal. But if you look at that man's consciousness and the act out of that consciousness, it is totally different.

Never judge anybody by his act, because the real thing is not the act but the consciousness through which that act has been performed. But we all judge by acts because acts are available outside like objects. Consciousness we don't know.

It happened in a Zen monastery... there were two wings, a left wing and a right wing -- the monastery was just made in that way. Five hundred monks lived in one wing, five hundred in the other wing, and the Master's house was just in the middle of both.

The Master had a cat, a very beautiful cat, and all the disciples were very loving towards the cat. But once in a while there was a quarrel because the left wingers wanted the cat -- they were having some party, some fun -- but the right wingers were not willing to allow them the cat at that time.

The cat became a constant object of quarrels, fights....

One day the Master called all the disciples and asked them to bring the cat. He told them, "You both love the cat, but the cat is only one." So he cut the cat in two -- it was a shock to all the disciples -- and told them, "Now you can have half, and you can have half. Now no more quarreling in this monastery."

There was silence. They could not understand that such a non-violent person could cut the cat in two. They all wondered and worried and thought about it. The story reached the king, who was also a disciple of the Master. He could not contain his curiosity; he came the next day. He asked, "I have heard that you have killed your most loved cat."

The Master said, "I have not killed the cat, I have killed a conflict, a quarrel which was growing every day and was growing out of proportion. And these fools won't understand unless I take a drastic step. I have not killed the cat, because nobody dies. The cat is freed from this body because of these fools. And anyway she was going to die; she had already lived long enough -- perhaps she would have lived one year or two more years at the most.

"So before killing her I became totally silent, aware, and asked myself, 'What is this poor cat going to do in those two years? Nothing. But in two years these fools

will do much.'
"I have not killed the cat out of anger, I have not killed the cat out of hate.

I loved her and I love her more now because she helped to solve a problem. And it was a good shock to these idiots, because without shocks their minds don't function. Once in a while you have to hit them."
And certainly it happened from that day all kinds of quarreling simply disappeared, because those disciples became aware that this man is dangerous, he can kill somebody; the quarrel can be too hazardous. All arguments ceased.
And the king was absolutely satisfied. He said, "This has always been your teaching, that it is not the act but the consciousness. We can only see the act; we don't know in what consciousness you did it. That is only known to you. Who are we to decide about it?"
Never judge anybody by the act.
Wait. Try to find out his awareness -- otherwise don't judge at all. It is safer not to judge. And about yourself, remember, whatsoever you are doing, keep only one thing in mind, that you are doing it with full awareness.
Then I allow you total freedom.
No religion has allowed you freedom.
I allow you total freedom.
No religion has given you responsibility unto yourself, no religion has given you the right to decide what is right, what is wrong. I give you the right, the responsibility, because to me everything arises out of a single source -- and that is awareness.
The question says that I have talked about love, my message is about love, and I also have said that the man of enlightenment has neither love nor hate.

Now, rather than asking me, you are mature enough to work out simple things. It is so simple: when through awareness the whole hate energy turns into love, it is totally a new phenomenon -- it needs a new name. But what to do? Languages are poor so we have to use the same words, giving them different meanings, definitions.
My message of love is not the message of that love which is the polar opposite of hate.
My message of love is of that love which is capable of absorbing hate and transforming it.
Now, the question arises that if there is no more hate, how and why should this new energy be called love?
Love, in our minds, is something against hate. Now, there is no opposite to love.
That's why, once in a while, I have been reminding you that the man of enlightenment has neither hate nor love -- that is to deny your hate and your love. Love and hate as polarities, he has none. That does not mean that he is indifferent, although that's how it will appear to you. That's why I speak of the poverty of language.
If the man of enlightenment has no love, no hate, that means he will be indifferent, neutral -- no, that is not the meaning.
He has a new kind, a new quality of love which is not opposed to hate. Now, there is no word for it; so either I have to say he has no hate, no love the way you have, or I have to say that his love is a totally new kind of love; a love which is closer to compassion than to passion, which is closer to a relatedness than to a relationship; a love which is more a giving without asking anything in return than your so-called love.

which is a bargain -- where each party is trying to get more and give less.
The enlightened man simply gives.

It is not that he wants to get something from you -- you don't have anything to give to him. What do you have to give him?
He gives because he has too much to give, he is overburdened.
He gives because he is like a raincloud, so full of rain that it has to shower. It does not matter where, on whom -- on rocks, on good soil, on gardens, in the ocean... it doesn't matter at all. The cloud simply wants to unburden itself.
The enlightened man is just like a raincloud.
He gives you love, not to get anything back. He shares it and is obliged to you that you allowed him the opportunity; that you were open enough, available, vulnerable; that you did not reject when he was ready to pour all his blessings on you; that you opened your heart and received as much as was within your capacity.
The world can be full of love, the love I am talking about. And only that love will transform the hatred in the world -- not the love that has been taught to you. That has not made the world more loving, it has made the world more hateful: made its hate truer and more authentic and its love more of a hypocrisy.
I would like a world full of love. But remember, that love has no opposite to it. It is simply because you inside yourself have been able, through awareness, to transform your hate into love.

Even to say that you have been able to transform it is not right, but what else to do with language? Whatever you say, something is wrong in saying it, something goes wrong in saying it.
The fact is, awareness itself transforms your hate into love, not that you transform it. Your work and function is simply to remain aware. Don't let anything happen in your life without awareness.
I am giving you the simplest and the most natural religion possible. That's why I say it is the first and the last, because it cannot be simplified more. There is nothing more below awareness; we have come to the very last root. There is no way to go beyond it, further than it. This is it!
Just go on doing all the things that you are doing, but keep aware. Make it a constant remembrance that no act passes in unconsciousness.
It will take a little time. Every day you will miss many things; later on you will remember, "My God! I forgot again." But there is nothing to be worried about. Don't get worried about it, otherwise you are going to miss something else. That which is gone is gone -- don't waste a single moment on it. It is good that you have remembered. Use that remembrance to be aware right now in whatever you are doing.
So, many times you will forget, many times you will remember. Slowly slowly, you will forget less, remember more. And one day it happens.

.. whenever the balance of remembrance is more than the balance of forgetfulness, whenever it is weightier than your forgetfulness -- instantly the revolution, the transformation. Suddenly you are a totally different man -- the new man is born.
And that new man will find this whole world new because he will have fresh eyes with new qualities to see, fresh ears with new ways to hear, new hands to feel and touch things in a new way. And a single man of that awareness starts triggering the process of awareness in others. Not by any effort, not that he has to do something to trigger the process -- that doing has been our undoing -- he has just to go on living his way, being his way, and it starts happening of its own accord.
His presence somehow starts something in people who come close to him... an arising of a new energy, the beginning of a new flame. He does nothing, nor does the other person do anything: it happens. All that is needed is a little closeness,

friendship.
And that's what the function of the Master is -- to gather friends around himself.
There is no goal to be achieved, no particular activity to be done.
The function of the Master is just to remain available.
One never knows when somebody is on the borderline from where the jump can happen.
One never knows in what moment one is open -- and just a look from the Master's eyes, and things will never be the same again.

But these are all unpredictable moments, so one has to wait silently in awareness.
The most you can do is: don't create barriers, don't create hindrances, don't keep yourself tight, away. Be relaxed... come closer.
You have nothing to lose -- you have only to gain.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
DO MIRACLES REALLY NOT EXIST?

I am sorry to disappoint you, but I can't help it.
I cannot give you the consolation that has been given by all the religions down the centuries. I cannot do it because that consolation has cost too much. It has not given anything; on the contrary, it has taken away your very religiousness.
I cannot say anything that in the short-term may seem to help your growth towards religion, but in the long-term is simply poison. That's what the idea of a miracle is.
The human mind is begging for it. It is the need of a sick mind -- but all minds are sick.
Mind as such is the sickness of man.
When the mind disappears you are, for the first time, really healthy and whole.
Mind needs all kinds of poisons to continue to exist. The idea of miracles is one of the most important. The idea is absolutely against existence.
First you have to understand, what does a miracle mean? It means that existence is not trustable, that nature is not unprejudiced, that the laws of life allow exceptions. This is an absolute absurdity. Existence has no prejudices -- that for Jesus it has a soft corner in the heart, and not for you; that it allows Mohammed to go beyond natural laws, but it does not allow you. A miracle simply is a condemnation of the fairness of existence.
No, there is no such thing as a miracle -- never has been, never will be.

If miracles happen then science cannot happen; and we know that science has happened. And as science has grown, miracles have diminished in exact proportion. The more science grows, the less and less are there miracles. If you go farther back you can find thousands of miracles happening.
Most of those miracles are just stories invented to create messiahs, prophets, reincarnations of God -- because how can you manage to put a certain man above all humanity? How can you manage to make him superhuman? His body follows nature, his life follows nature. From birth to death there is not a single exception.
But the fools around the world will not accept an ordinary man as enlightened. They need a superman, only then is their mind satisfied: Of course, he is a

superman, a messenger of God; he can be enlightened -- but how can we poor human beings be enlightened?
And how to prove that he is superior to you? Just look: Jesus is not superior as far as intelligence is concerned, shows no special intelligence. There were hundreds of more learned rabbis, great scholars of profound intelligence; he is just an uneducated, unpolished carpenter's son.
By intelligence he cannot prove -- nor can his followers -- that he is superior, that he is special, that he is the only begotten son of God. By physical strength he cannot prove that either. Any Muhammad Ali will throw him flat.

Just by a single hit on his nose he is finished. Physically he cannot prove that he is superior.
Now these are the only two things in human life where you find.... Somebody is an Albert Einstein, a Bertrand Russell, a Jean-Paul Sartre -- they have proved intellectually they are sharper, more talented. But a strange thing is, they don't claim they are the only begotten son of God. No intelligent person can claim such an unintelligent thing.
Or there are people who are physically talented. They may come first in the Olympic race, in some game, in some wrestling, but that simply shows a difference between you and them of quantity, not of quality. Howsoever powerful a man may be, he is only quantitatively different from you; and the difference of quantity is no difference at all.
If you had worked on the same lines with the same gymnastics for the same time, perhaps you might have proved even a better wrestler, a better runner. All that is proved is that this man has practiced a certain talent. Certainly he should be respected -- but he does not become the messenger of God.
There are people who are world champions in chess playing. Certainly they have a tremendously complicated mind. A real chess player has to think five moves ahead. When you play chess you only think of one move ahead, at the most two moves; more than that and you will get puzzled.

Five is the minimum to become a world champion. Five moves means you take one move, the other person will take a move. You have to visualize what he is going to take, then what you will do, then what he will do, then what you will do -- five times. You have to be clear about five moves ahead, only then can you be a world champion; otherwise it is impossible. That much concentration, practice... it is a maddening thing.
But even then, somebody becoming a world champion in chess is not a prophet. He has a mind closer to a computer than you have. Your mind is simpler, a little more primitive a computer; his mind is a little more sophisticated a computer. Your mind can be trained also in the same way. It is only a question of training. The difference is only of degrees, there is no difference of quality. He is just as human a being as you are.
Then how to prove that Jesus, Mohammed, Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna -- that these people are not just ordinary like you? The way that has been discovered is called the miracle. That makes them qualitatively different from you, because whatsoever you do, you cannot get trained in walking on water. Whatever you do you will be drowned again and again. So it is not a question of training, discipline, knowing certain strategies -- no, nothing will help. How can you turn stones into bread? How can you turn water into wine?
These stories are invented for a certain purpose -- to make that man qualitatively higher than you.

But this is exploiting humanity, corrupting human consciousness, giving people false ideas.
Just look at these miracle-men of the world and you can see that of all those miracles, ninety percent were invented by the followers or by the originators themselves. It is difficult at such a long distance to know who started them. Most of them must have been started by the originators themselves, and of course followers go on adding to them.
It becomes an absolute necessity for followers to go on adding more and more miracles, because it is a competitive business and everybody has to prove his messiah the highest, the greatest. Everybody else is below him. Now, only miracles can do that miracle, there is no other way.
Jainas have twenty-four tirthankaras, twenty-four messiahs. Because Jainas had twenty-four, Buddhists were at a loss; they had only one -- Gautam Buddha. In the market -- and this whole world is a market and every human being is a customer -- when you are selling your messiah, your religion, your holy book, small things count. A Buddhist feels at a loss because people ask how many buddhas there have been. lust one? Looks very poor -- Jainas have twenty-four! Hindus up to that moment had ten incarnations of God. They immediately changed to twenty-four because ten looked poor before twenty-four. The idea of Jainas having twenty-four.... Before Mahavira, all Hindu scriptures talk of ten avataras; after Mahavira suddenly a great change happens -- Hindus start talking about twenty-four.

Buddhists are at a loss because their religion starts with Buddha, so where to put twenty-four buddhas? But they have to be a little more creative. They started talking about twenty-four lives of Gautam Buddha -- this was the twenty-fourth life. He had been an awakened one twenty-three times before.
You can see a clever legal process. They had no historical grounds to prove that there had been twenty-four buddhas. Even Buddha cannot say that because he was the originator. But this was easy, to invent twenty-three previous lives.
The span is thousands of years, and in those days particularly in India history was not written. History was not even counted as a subject. Writing history was introduced by the Mohammedans in India. In India the idea was that history consists of mundane, ordinary, day to day things, which go on being repeated. A king is born, a king dies; another king will be there, he will die. Empires are built and disappear.
If you look at the millions of years in India it has been the custom to look at existence extending for millions and millions of years -- what does it matter that a man was a prime minister for three months in a country? Why bother? For three months out of millions and millions of years, in a country on a very mediocre planet, of a very mediocre solar system, a certain man was prime minister -- why bother? The Indian attitude is, why unnecessarily waste time?
So instead of history.

.. the Indian word for history is very significant. It is itihas. The word means "that which comes and disappears like a soap bubble" the end is not very far from the beginning. So instead they used to write puranas. Now, the word puranas means something not concerned with individuals but with essentials.
For example, a tirthankara is not just a person. There are only twenty-four tirthankaras in one creation, and one creation means millions and millions of years. Each tirthankara simply represents the essence of consciousness touching the highest peak. In millions of years only twenty-four times has human consciousness risen so high that it touches the ultimate.
Now, this is essential. When Mahavira was born and when he died -- that is

history -- doesn't matter; any date will do. What difference does it make whether he was born twenty-five centuries ago or twenty-six centuries ago, on Monday, on Sunday, on Saturday -- what does it matter? What matters is that a consciousness reached a peak.
If you go in a Jaina temple you will be surprised to see twenty-four tirthankaras all looking exactly alike. This is impossible, that all these twenty-four persons -- and they were born over a long period of thousands of years -- looked absolutely alike. Their noses, their eyes, even their ear lobes... because a Jaina tirthankara's ear lobes have to be so long that they touch the shoulder -- on all twenty-four tirthankaras.

You cannot say whose statue this is -- even Jainas cannot say whose statue this is. So they had to make, near the feet, a symbol: a lion represents Mahavira, a peacock represents somebody else.... So if you ask a Jaina he will just immediately look at the symbol near the feet. Only by the symbol can he say who this is; otherwise they are all alike.
It certainly is not history. No two persons are ever born exactly alike; to find twenty-four people exactly alike is impossible. But they are not concerned with those persons -- their bodies, their noses, their ears -- their concern is with their consciousness; and everything else is representing symbolically the highest peak of consciousness.
For example, the ear lobes touching the shoulders.... Perhaps once in a while you may find a person whose ear lobes do touch, but I have never seen one. I have seen millions of people and I have looked at their ears, but I have never seen a single person whose ear lobes touched the shoulders. Just one person I know -- he was a colleague of mine in my high-school classes -- who had special kind of ears.
He could move them according to his will and wish. You cannot do it. You don't have muscles, you cannot do anything with your ears. Just try to do something; you cannot do anything. But this boy was a miracle! He could turn his ears down, up, move them in and out.

He is now a doctor, but more famous for his ears than anything else. Patients will come and ask, "Doctor, please, just show your ears." I have been searching for a second person who can do that even better -- I have not found one. Some freak of nature.... It seems he has some muscles and nerves in his ears which are not needed, so he can pull his ears and do things with them.
But what were these tirthankaras doing with ears that long? One thing, it is not history, so it is not representative of reality; it is representative of something different. To me those long ears simply mean that these people were capable of listening. Now, how do you represent in a marble statue that they were totally capable of listening? Now, to represent that, they don't care about history; it is puranas. Puranas means we are concerned about the essentials.
All these twenty-four statues have their eyes half-closed. You can see only the lower white part of the eyes; otherwise the eyes are closed. But why half? That is the only difference you will find in a Buddhist statue and a Jaina statue: the Buddha's statue has the eyes completely closed.
Again, it is not history. They are not saying anything about these people; they are saying that a man who touches the highest consciousness is so complete that the outer and the inner become one. His half-closed eyes symbolize that the outer half and the inner half are meeting.

This is what I mean by essence.
Mahavira had twenty-three predecessors -- Buddha was in a difficulty. And there were so many miracles about those twenty-three predecessors of Mahavira that Buddha looked poor. So first he had to create the idea that he had been a buddha twenty-three times before; and then about those twenty-three buddhas he created miracles. Perhaps the miracles about him are created by his disciples later on, but he must have initiated them in some way.
At least one thing is certain, that none of these fellows prevented their disciples by saying, "Don't do this mischief to me." Even if they had not created the miracles themselves they allowed them by remaining silent. If the rumors were going around that they were doing miracles or miracles were happening, there is not a single statement from Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Mahavira, Mohammed, which says no, these were rumors.
My mother was just telling me yesterday... and Vivek listened to her talking so animatedly for the first time in so long; otherwise whatever she has to ask is answered in one or two sentences; yes or no, and the conversation is over. But yesterday she was talking for a long time and she was very animated, so Vivek asked me, "What was your mother telling you?"
I told her she was remembering a few things. I have not told her yet what she was telling me, because it was a long story.

She was telling me that when I was five months old in her womb, a miracle happened.
She was going from my father's house to her father's house; and it was the rainy season. It is customary in India for the first child to be born at the maternal father's home, so although it was the rainy season and very difficult -- no roads, and she had to go on a horse -- the sooner she went, the better; if she waited longer then it would have become more difficult, so she went with one of her cousin-brothers.
In the middle of the journey was a big river, the Narmada. It was in flood. When they reached the boat, the boatman saw that my mother was pregnant, and he asked my mother's cousin-brother, "What is your relationship?"
He was not aware that he would get into trouble so he simply said, "We are brother and sister."
The boatman refused; he said, "I cannot take you because your sister is pregnant -- that means you are not two, you are three."
In India, this is a custom, an old custom -- perhaps it started in the days of Krishna -- that one should not travel on water, particularly in a boat, with one's sister's son. There is a danger of the boat sinking.
The boatman said, "What guarantee is there that the child in your sister's womb is a girl and not a boy? If he is a boy I don't want to take the risk -- because it is not a question only of my life, sixty other people are going in the boat.

Either you can come or your sister can come; both I won't take."
On both sides there were hills and jungle, and the boat used to go only one time a day. In the morning it would go -- and the river is really vast at that point -- and then it would come back by the evening. The next morning it would go again, the same boat. So either my mother had to remain on this side, which was dangerous, or go on that side, which was just as dangerous. So for three days they continued to ask him, beg him, saying that she was pregnant and he should be kind.
He said, "I can't help it -- this is not done. If you can give me a guarantee that it is not a boy then I can take you; but how can you give me a guarantee?"
So for three days they had to stay in a temple there. In that temple lived a saint, very famous in those days in that area. Now, around that temple there has arisen

a city in the memory of that saint, Saikheda. Saikheda means "the village of the saint." Sai means the saint; he was known as Sai Baba. It is not the same Sai Baba who became world-famous -- Sai Baba of Shirdi -- but they were contemporaries.
Sai Baba of Shirdi became world-famous because of the simple coincidence that Shirdi is near Bombay, and all the celebrities of Bombay and the rich people of Bombay started going to Sai Baba of Shirdi. And the richer you are, the more famous you are, the more successful you are, the more you are in need of something to give you fulfillment, because all your success, your riches, your fame has brought you nothing.

These are the emptiest people in the world, the hollowest. And because of Bombay being a world center, soon Sai Baba of Shirdi's name started reaching outside India, and so many miracles were created around him.
The same was the situation with this Sai Baba who lived in that temple. Finally my mother had to ask Sai Baba, "Can you do something? For three days we have been here. I am pregnant and my brother has told the boatman that he is my brother, and he won't take us in the boat. Now, unless you do something, say something to that boatman, we are in a fix. What to do? My brother cannot leave me here alone; I cannot go alone to the other side. On both sides are wild jungles and forests, and for at least twenty-four hours I will have to wait alone."
I never met Sai Baba, but in a way I did meet him; I was five months old. He just touched my mother's belly. My mother said, "What are your doing?"
He said, "I am touching the feet of your child."
The boatman saw this and said, "What are you doing, Baba? You have never touched anybody's feet."
And Baba said, "This is not anybody; and you are a fool -- you should take them to the other side. Don't be worried. The soul that is within this womb is capable of saving thousands of people, so don't be worried about your sixty people -- take her."
So my mother was saying, "At that time I became aware that I was carrying someone special."

I said, "As far as I understand, Sai Baba was a wise man: he really befooled the boatman! There is no miracle, there is nothing. And boats don't sink just because somebody is traveling with their sister's son. There is no rationality in the idea, it is just absurd. Perhaps sometime accidentally it may have happened and then it became a routine idea."
My own understanding is that because in Krishna's life his mother's brother was told by the astrologers that "one of the children of your sister will kill YOU," he kept his sister and his brother-in-law in prison. She gave birth to seven children, seven boys, and he killed them all. The eighth was Krishna, and of course when God Himself was born, the locks of the prison opened up, and the guards fell fast asleep, and Krishna's father took him out.
The river Yamuna was the boundary of Kansa's kingdom. Kansa was the person who was killing his sister's sons in the fear that one of the sons was going to kill him. The Yamuna was in flood -- and it is one of the biggest rivers in India. The father of Krishna was very much afraid, but somehow the child had to be taken to the other side, to a friend's house whose wife had given birth to a girl so he could exchange them. He could bring the girl back with him because the next morning Kansa would be there asking, "Where is the child?" and planning to kill him. A girl he wouldn't kill -- it had to be a boy.

But how to cross this river? There was no boat in the night, but it had to be crossed. But when God can open locks without keys, without anybody opening them -- they simply opened up, the doors opened up, the guards fell asleep -- God would do something.
So he put the child in a bucket on his head and passed through the river -- something like what happened to Moses when the ocean parted. This time it happened in an Indian way. It could not have happened to Moses because that ocean was not Indian, but this river was.
As he entered the river, the river started rising higher. He was very much afraid: what was happening? He was hoping the river would subside, but it started rising. It went to the point where it touched the feet of Krishna, then it receded. This is the Indian way, it cannot happen anywhere else. How can the river miss such a point? When God is born and passing through her, just giving way is not enough, not mannerly.
Since that time there has been this idea that there is a certain antagonism between a person and his sister's son, because Krishna killed Kansa. The river was crossed, it subsided; it favored the child. Since then rivers are angry against maternal uncles -- all the rivers of India. And that superstition is carried even today.
I told my mother, "One thing is certain -- that Sai Baba must have been a wise man and had some sense of humor."

But she wouldn't listen. And it became known in the village what had happened, and to support it, after one month another thing happened which.... In life there are so many coincidences out of which you can make miracles. Once you are bent upon making a miracle then any coincidence can be turned into a miracle.
After one month there was a very great flood, and in front of my mother's house in the rainy season it was almost like a river. There was a lake, and a small road between the lake and the house, but in the rainy season so much water came that the road was completely like a river, and the lake and the road became merged into one. It was almost oceanic; as far as you could see it was all water. And that year perhaps India had the biggest floods ever.
Floods ordinarily happen every year in India, but that year a strange thing was noted, that floods started reversing the rivers' flow of water. The rains were so heavy that the ocean was not able to take the water as quickly as it was coming, so the water at the ocean front was stuck; it started flowing backwards. Where small rivers fall into big rivers, the big rivers refused to take the water, because they were not able even to contain their own water. The small rivers started moving backwards.
I have never seen it -- that one also I missed -- but my mother says that it was a strange phenomenon to see the water moving backwards.

And it started entering houses; it entered my mother's house. It was a double-storied house, and the first story was completely full of water. Then it started entering the second story. Now, there was nowhere to go, so they were all sitting on the beds, the highest place that was possible there. But my mother said, "If Sai Baba was right, then something will happen." And it must have been a coincidence that the water came up to my mother's stomach and then receded!

These two miracles happened before I was born, so I have nothing to do with them. But they became known; when I was born I was almost a saint in the village! Everybody was so respectful; people were touching my feet, even old people. I was told later on that "the whole village has accepted you as a saint."

When I must have been nearabout four I was the only child in the house -- nothing to do, no school, no place to go. My maternal grandfather had a multipurpose shop, of all kinds of things. That was the only shop in the village so every kind of thing... a very miniature market it was rather than a shop. So I started playing with sweets and things, and I don't know how it occurred to me... but soon people were continually coming who were sick; and there was no doctor, no physician, no hospital, even for hundreds of miles, no hospital. Somehow it came to me that if people think of me as a saint, and they touch my feet, I would start giving them medicines.

And the medicines were nothing but mixtures of a few sweets, ground well, powdered, and kept in bottles of different colors. And of course, people who get fever or headache or a stomachache don't die. And they started getting cured. They were going to be cured anyway -- that was not a miracle, but it became a miracle.

My nana, my maternal grandfather, started saying, "You will spoil my shop -- now it is a hospital! The whole day people are coming and sometimes I even have to give your medicines, and I have no idea what those medicines are! You are destroying my sweets and my shop. But they are getting cured, so no harm, you continue."

When I moved after seven years to my father's house I dropped that business of giving medicines, but people from that village, whenever they used to come, would remind me. They had already started calling me Doctor Sahib, and I would say, "Please don't use that word here, because I have stopped that profession completely. In the first place there are no sweets here; my father has a shop of cloth, I cannot make medicines out of cloth. And here nobody knows that I can do miracles. First people have to know, then you can do them; otherwise you cannot."

Coincidences perhaps may have happened in the lives of Buddha, Jesus, Krishna, but it would have been far more honest of them to say that these were coincidences, that nature had not broken its law, it had not given a special power to somebody.

But they remained silent about it. Silence is a support. Perhaps there was not any bad intention, because it has been noted that people are not in search of truth but in search of power -- and the miracle is a symbol of power, not of truth. Truth has nothing to do with miracles

But who is interested in truth?

Everybody is interested in power.

So when you see a man of miracles you are immediately impressed: here is a man who has power. And that is your deepest urge -- the will-to-power. Then you start following this man. In fact, if somebody tries to explain to you that these are not miracles you don't want to listen because he is taking away your power; your only hope he is destroying.

So the people who believe in miracle-men are not ready to listen for the simple reason that you may destroy their faith, their belief You may be able to prove that either it is magic -- that means just conjuring tricks -- or it is simply a coincidence, or it is just an invented story. And many things can be managed very easily....

I used to know in Jabalpur a man from south India. He must have come some thirty, forty years before from Madras, and he had lived in Jabalpur for forty years; still he was known as Madrasi Baba because he was from Madras. It was known that he had revived dead people. I was a student in the university; I heard this many times so I collected a few people and one night we went to Madrasi Baba.

He used to live in a small hut outside the town, so it was very easy.
We all entered his hut, and we took hold of him -- he was lying down on his cot.
We tied his feet and hands, and I told him, "You have to tell the truth -- we are not going to tell anybody, but if you don't tell us the truth then today we are going to do a miracle."
He said, "What kind of miracle?"
I said, "Today we are going to turn an alive man into a dead man. Just in front of your house there is a big lake; we are going to throw you into it. And we will make every certainty and surety that you cannot survive. We have big rocks outside which we are going to put on your chest, bind with your cot and throw the whole cot with you and the rocks. And you will go down -- unless you tell us how you managed to revive a man."
He said, "I will tell you but please don't tell anybody; otherwise my whole life will be ruined. I live only on that miracle."
I said, "First tell us." And what miracles had he done? It was one of his friends who pretended to be dead. He was a practitioner of yoga, they both were practitioners of yoga. If you practice yoga then there is a possibility that for at least ten minutes you can stop your breathing.
With certain exercises it is possible that your heart goes on at the minimum, the pulse at the minimum, and your breathing completely stops -- but for not more than ten minutes.

But ten minutes are enough to prove a man dead, you don't need more.
One morning he declared that his friend had died. People came, they looked, they took his pulse; it was gone. There was no breathing, his heart was not beating -- he was dead. They covered him, and then Madrasi Baba chanted some mantras in Telugu, in his language, so nobody knew whether he was chanting mantras or singing film songs. And after seven rounds of chanting and throwing some invisible power over the man he took off the cover, put his hands on the nose of the man, looked upwards -- and slowly slowly, the breathing came back, the pulse came back and the heart started beating.
The man is still alive, the other man. And we confirmed the story through this other man also, in the same way; we had to because there was no other way. We said that Madrasi Baba himself had told the whole story, "but now you are also in the same situation. So you just tell us, otherwise you will go; we will perform the real miracle."
And he said, "It is true, I conspired with him -- we are partners. Whatsoever money he gets, half he gives to me. For these forty years life has been very pleasant, without any work, without any trouble; we have lived comfortably, and people respect us. Now I am his disciple in people's eyes, but really I am a partner in his business." So either miracles are invented....
Now, nobody can say this Lazarus was not a partner in the whole conspiracy.

He was a friend of Jesus' -- that much is reported. And why only Lazarus?
There were so many people dying. Did he have to wait to do the miracle only when Lazarus died? And Lazarus was young -- it was not his time to die either. He was Jesus' friend so there is every possibility that Jesus may have told him, "Just pretend you are dead." He had learned all yoga practices in India, in Egypt; both countries know the secrets about stopping the breath.
Either it is a coincidence, or it is a conspiracy, or it is just a myth created when the person is gone. But you can judge very easily.
Jesus can revive a dead man, but when he is feeling thirsty on the cross he cannot materialize a single glass of water, or just a Coca-Cola. That would have been a real miracle -- if he had produced Coca-Cola. Then I would never say that miracles don't exist, because to produce Coca-Cola at that time would not have

been possible. Even today you cannot make it, because the secret of Coca-Cola is absolutely preserved, there is no way.... There are so many cold drinks available in the world, but nothing comes close to Coca-Cola.
If Jesus had produced that, with the label of Coca-cola and the bottle and everything, then there would have been no need for any other proof; they could have just preserved the Coca-Cola bottle in the Vatican.
But whatever he did is not of much significance, and he could not do it when he was himself in need.

He could revive the dead but he could not change those apostles, transform their beings.
What to say of transformation -- even on the last night when Jesus is to depart he says to them again and again, "Remain awake, don't fall asleep! This is my last night; tonight they are going to catch me. Remain awake so that I can pray silently -- and be watchful!"
And after each hour he comes and he finds his disciples are fast asleep, snoring. He wakes them up and tells them again, "Have you forgotten?"
Now, with these stupid people Jesus wasted his whole life -- people who were not even capable of remaining awake just one night. When the master is going to be crucified the next day, even out of curiosity one would have remained awake; but even curiosity is not there. The moment Jesus goes back behind the bushes to pray... and why does he go behind the bushes? That I don't understand. You can go behind the bushes to piss, not to pray, but it would stink.
He should have remained just in the middle of those fools and prayed there; that would have kept them awake at least. But going behind the bushes.... Again and again, the whole night that drama continues, but they are not ready. You can't change people's minds just a little bit but you can raise people from the dead? It doesn't seem to be possible.
There are miracles around Buddha -- that when he passes, trees blossom out of season.

The whole forest might be dry if the season was fall and all the leaves had fallen, but if Buddha passes through the forest it looks disrespectful -- those barren trees without leaves, without flowers. No, suddenly the whole forest changes its course of millions of years; suddenly there are leaves, suddenly there is greenery, flowers, fruits.
I can say this must be a myth because Buddha himself has a personal physician continuously moving with him, his Devaraj. For what? If even trees understand, I won't his body understand? The most famous physician of those days, Jivakar, was continuously with him, just like a shadow, taking care of his body -- and still he died of food poisoning. Not a great way to die, through food poisoning.
If some glutton dies of food poisoning he can be forgiven, but not Buddha. The poison had no consideration for Buddha, the food had no consideration, the body had no consideration -- and the trees and the forest and the mountains had consideration for him?
He was sitting in meditation, and his brother, his own brother, Devadatta, who was a follower... but he wanted Buddha to declare him his successor. Buddha said, "That is not possible. You are not yet capable of such a position. And there are people -- Mahakassapa, Sariputta, Moggalayan -- so many people who are already enlightened. How can I declare you, an unenlightened person, as my successor? I am not going to declare anybody my successor because there are so many people who are capable of being my successor -- how am I to choose?"
But Devadatta was very angry, so angry that he left Buddha, taking five thousand disciples of Buddha with him.

And he tried many ways to kill Buddha. One was that while Buddha was meditating, sitting on a rock Devadatta slid a big rock from the mountain top aimed exactly to hit Buddha.

And it would have simply crushed him -- there was no chance -- but the rock, just on the way, thought, "There is Buddha, and this would not be right, to go on falling in the traditional way." It moved, changed its course -- which was very strange because there was no reason for it to change its course, no obstacle that moved it from its course.

Devadatta brought a mad elephant who was known to have killed many people and so was kept always in chains. He brought him and left him without chains close to where Buddha was sitting. And the elephant came rushing, because after many days he had got the chance to kill somebody. He was murderous. But just coming close to Buddha, a sudden break: no, this is not the man to kill. He lowered himself, went on his knees and touched Buddha's feet.

Now if elephants, mad elephants, rocks and trees are so careful about Buddha -- and I would like them to be so careful, there is no harm in it. I would like them to be so careful about everybody, why only about Buddha? But when he eats the poisonous food his own body does not bother; the poison takes no care. That proves that all other stories are beautiful stories created to make Buddha a superhuman being.

The same is true about all your miracle-men. As far as I am concerned, a miracle is something against nature, against existence; hence it is impossible. Yes, your mind wants it because your mind is sick. It is hungry for power and it would like its master to be a man of power. Then of course you can hope that some day you can manage -- by serving the master, by trusting the master, by surrendering to the master -- you can get some power yourself.

It is a deep desire for power that goes on asking again and again whether miracles happen or not.

I say categorically they have never happened, because in the very nature of things a miracle is an absurdity. It simply means suddenly nature forgets its laws, existence changes its course. No, existence is fair, it is equal to all, exactly the same to all. And it is good that it is fair and equal; otherwise there would be the same bureaucracy and hierarchy that goes on in governments.

And that's what religions have been trying to create. What is this Christianity? A certain kind of bureaucracy from God, the Holy Ghost, Jesus, the messiah; then the pope, his representative; then the cardinal, then the bishop, and so on and so on.... It goes on and on to the lowest priest in the village.

This is a hierarchy, a bureaucracy. But everything is based on the miracles of Jesus. That's why I want to hammer those miracles as forcibly as possible.

If they are broken completely the whole hierarchy and bureaucracy falls down; they have nothing else to support them. And the same is true about all religions

I know only of one miracle which is not included in your question about miracles; and that miracle is a jump of consciousness between the Master and the disciple. Something transpires, but it is not done by the Master, it is not done by the disciple. Both are surprised when it happens.

The Master is available.

Whenever the disciple is also available, it simply happens.

This is the only miracle I know of

But it is not to be categorized with other miracles because it is really the ultimate law of existence. It is not something against existence, it is something which is the deepest, most central, most fundamental part of existence itself.

Just look for this miracle, wait for this miracle, and forget all nonsense about everything else.
If you really want to be religious, if you really want to be transformed, then you have to destroy all barriers between you and the transformation you are searching.
Yes, that miracle is possible. That miracle is possible any moment -- here, now.
So prepare for that. Don't go on digging in bullshit.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHY IS THE WORLD IN SO MUCH MISERY? WHY CAN'T WE ALL BE JUST AS BLISSFUL AS YOU ALWAYS ARE?

THE child is the father of the man, and down the centuries we have been destroying the child. And once the child is destroyed, the whole life becomes unnatural, miserable, meaningless.
The question is, Why has every society, every civilization tried to spoil the child?
It is something very important to understand, that all that we have created up to now -- social structures, religious philosophies, teaching systems -- knowingly or unknowingly all need a miserable man for their existence. They are parasites.
If man is not miserable then all your so-called great institutions will disappear from the earth. Just think: no animal needs any religion, no animal needs any philosophy, no animal needs any culture, civilization. Still, the animals have been living happily, far more happily than your man has managed to live. You will not find animals in misery, in anguish.
All these institutions which exist upon your misery are bound to create more and more misery; that is their feeding ground, that is their food. A miserable man is bound, sooner or later, to end up in a religion because he will need consolations.
He does not have reality to support him; he will need fictions to substitute for reality.
He knows nothing about love.

He has been prevented from the very beginning from knowing what love is.
He has been diverted into something else which is not love, which is only a game -- artificial, a hypocrisy. You can pretend, but it is not going to nourish you. It is, on the contrary, going to exhaust you. It is going to take so much out of you because it is not a simple phenomenon.
To pretend continuously is a heavy job, perhaps the heaviest in the world. You can carry a mountain on your head -- that will not be so heavy as carrying for your whole life, all kinds of lies, pretensions, false faces.
You become a mess just trying to keep all those faces, pretensions, lies, together.
They are all falling apart; all are against each other, and they have no roots in reality. You have to feed them your own blood, your own heart, your own marrow. Naturally it creates a miserable world.
But the priests are happy with the miserable world. They were very unhappy with pagans, so unhappy with pagans that the very word "pagan" became condemnatory.
One day I was talking to Vivek, just taking my tea. I said, "I am a pagan."
She said, "Never use that word in the West."
I said, "Why? It is such a beautiful word."
She said, "It may be beautiful for you, but Christianity, Judaism, the whole West,

uses the word in a very derogatory sense."
I said, "I was not aware of it.

That means now I have to use it for myself. The word has to be freed from these criminals and their hands. They have destroyed a beautiful word."
Once the pagan existed on the earth and he was as happy as any other animal; he knew nothing of misery. He loved, he lived, never bothering about ultimate questions and problems. He enjoyed eating, drinking -- the simple things of life, not making everything a problem. The pagans have disappeared from the world. Religions destroyed them everywhere, all over the world.
All the religions have been against the pagans because if pagans exist then there is no possibility for religions. They cannot coexist because the pagan is not interested in what happens after death. He is not interested in what happened before birth.
He says, "Between birth and death, it is so much just to live. First let me finish this -- don't bring in unnecessary things to waste my time. Right now I am in the middle of life, let me live it. When I am in death I will try to live it too, but why should I bother about death now? -- because I don't remember ever bothering about life before. Right now life is in my hands, and I want to squeeze the whole juice out of it."
I am reminded of a beautiful story; it is so beautiful that one wants.... It would have been good if it was true too; but it is very close to truth.
In paradise, in a restaurant, Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, Lao Tzu, all four are sitting gospeling.

And then an apsara, a beautiful dance girl, comes dancing with a flask in her hands -- it is full of wine -- looks at them and says, "You are talking about life, and listening to you talk about life I wondered.... Life is available here in this restaurant; that's our special recipe. We make life, the juice called life. I have brought this flask. There is no need to discuss it, why don't you drink, taste it?"
Buddha immediately closed his eyes. He said "Birth is pain, death is pain, and between two pains there is no possibility of life being bliss. I don't even want to see it."
Jesus looked at the girl and told her, "Life is born in sin, and you are trying to tempt us? You must belong to the devil. Get out of my sight!"
Confucius was more human; he said, "I cannot be like these two guys; they are against life. I am a pragmatist." Confucius made China one of the most pragmatic countries, very practical. He said, "I am a practical man. I cannot say anything without tasting -- give me a little taste of the juice you call life." He tasted it a little, gave the cup back and said, "No, it is bitter. Those two fellows are right."
Lao Tzu said, "Unless you drink the whole of it you cannot pass any judgment, because there are things which are bitter in the beginning and sweet in the end. And moreover, one has to learn tasting too. Just taking one sip, with no previous experience of drinking life.

.. your judgment is simply worthless.
"Confucius, you are a confused man and you have confused thousands of others. You pose as if you are pragmatic, but what kind of pragmatism is this, that just by tasting a little bit you make a judgment about the whole? By knowing the part you don't know the whole. Yes, by knowing the whole you know the part, but not vice versa."
Lao Tzu took the whole flask -- he was not a man to drink from a cup -- drank the whole flask, emptied the flask, thanked the lady, and told all those great friends of his, "You are all idiots! It is tremendously beautiful, delicious, but one has to experience it in its totality. Less than that won't do."

This is the whole approach of the pagan.
Lao Tzu is a pagan. That's why in his writings you will not find God mentioned, or heaven and hell talked about. He is solely concerned with here and now. He lived that way.
Once Confucius had asked him, "People ask me about death but I don't know anything about death. Perhaps -- you are older and wiser, and you love to move into dangerous spaces of consciousness -- perhaps you have some idea about death."
Lao Tzu said, "Without dying, there is no way to know death. Commit suicide; go and jump from the hill and you will know what death is. The only way to know is to live it. Asking about death, trying to find an answer about death, is silly.

Right now try to live; otherwise you will miss this too.
"And mind my advice, that you are not going to live forever; soon you will be dead. Then, Lying in your grave, meditate upon death as long as you want -- nobody will disturb you.
"But don't waste your lifetime thinking about death, because those are the people who, when they are dying, will be thinking of life. That's how their mind functions. They are never where they are, they are always where they are not. That has become their routine. While alive they are worried about death -- while dying they will be worried about life."
I am a pagan.
And only a pagan can drop miseries.
Only he has the guts to drop miseries.
The society won't allow you to drop your miseries -- it has so much investment in them.
You are miserable, you go to the priest; he gives you fictions, consolations. Of course he takes his fee and assures you that he will take care of you; he will persuade God in favor of you. You just be patient and accept whatever happens to you, trusting in God, trusting in the holy book, trusting in the messiah. You need not be worried: these miseries will be soon over, life is so short.
For people who don't know how to live, life is so short.
For people who know how to live even a single moment is equal to eternity.
The priests will tell you, "It is just a short life, it will pass.

It is just like a nightmare, but you will wake up in paradise. Just keep faith burning in your heart, don't lose your belief"
Now, if you are not miserable, there is no need to go to a priest. I have never been to a priest. I have never asked anybody how not to be miserable, because in the first place I am not miserable.
Once in a while it happens... because no system can be one hundred percent foolproof, for the simple reason that all systems are made by fools -- how can they make a system foolproof? So once in a while a few people have slipped through the loopholes.
From my very childhood it has been my basic contention that blissfulness is natural, just like health. You don't have to find reasons why you are healthy. You don't go to the doctor, worried, and say, "Doctor, for a few days I have been having this problem of health. Am I supposed to do something or just continue being healthy?" No, you don't make health a problem. Why? You accept it as natural. Disease is not natural.
The word disease is beautiful. It simply means a state of uneasiness. Whether it is physical, psychological, or spiritual, does not matter; disease can be on any plane. Dis-ease is not going to be your nature, it is something unnatural; you have got diverted from your natural course. So whenever you find yourself miserable, that simply means you are doing something to create it.

This has been my basic contention from my very childhood, that just like health, happiness is a natural phenomenon. But unhappiness is not natural; something somewhere has gone wrong. If a person is continuously miserable, that means many things have gone wrong together. And if the whole world is miserable, that means the whole world is functioning on wrong principles.
For example: each child is told not to be himself. You may not be told so directly, but you are told in a thousand and one ways not to be yourself: you are not acceptable. You can be acceptable if you follow certain rules given by your parents, your priests, your teachers.
But neither the teacher is nature, nor the priest is nature, nor do your parents have any monopoly on nature. But they all are trying to push you into some unnatural way of life. They call it principles, discipline, ideals. They give you great ideals: you have to become like Krishna, like Jesus, like Rama.
In my town there was only one church. There were very few Christians, perhaps four or five families, and I was the only non-Christian who used to visit the church. But that was not special; I used to visit the mosques, the gurudwara, Hindu temples, Jaina temples. I always had the idea that everything belongs to me. I don't belong to any church, I don't belong to any temple, but any temple and any church that exists on the earth belongs to me.

Seeing a non-Christian boy coming continually every Sunday, the priest became interested in me. He said to me, "You seem to be very interested. In fact, in my whole congregation -- it is such a small congregation -- you seem to be the most interested. Others are sleeping, snoring, but you are so alert and listening and watching everything. Would you like to become like Jesus Christ?"and he showed me Jesus Christ's picture, of course of him hanging on the cross.
I said, "No, absolutely no. I have no desire to be crucified. And a man who is crucified must have something wrong with him; otherwise who cares to crucify anybody? If his whole country, his people, decided to crucify him, then that man must be carrying something wrong with him. He may be a nice man, he may be a good man, but something must have led him to crucifixion. Perhaps he had a suicidal instinct.
"The people who have suicidal instincts are not generally so courageous as to commit suicide, but they can manage to get others to murder them. And then you will never find that they had a suicidal instinct, that they prompted you to kill them so that the responsibility falls on you."
I said, "I don't have any suicidal instinct in me. Perhaps he was not a suicidal man but certainly he was some kind of masochist. Just looking at his face -- and I have seen many of his pictures -- I see him looking so miserable, so deadly miserable, that I have tried standing before a mirror and looking as miserable as he looks, but I have failed.

I have tried hard, but I cannot even make his face; how can I become Jesus Christ? That seems to be impossible. And why should I become Jesus Christ?"
He was shocked. He said, "I thought you were interested in Jesus."
I said, "I am certainly interested, more interested than you are, because you are a mere preacher, salaried. If you don't get a salary for three months you will be gone, and all your teaching will disappear." And that's what finally happened, because those Christian families were not permanent residents of the town -- they were all railway employees, so sooner or later they got transferred. He was left alone with a small church that they had made. Now there was nobody to give money, to support him, nobody to listen to him except me.
On Sundays he used to say, "Dear friends -- "

I would say, "Wait! Don't use the plural. There are no friends, just 'dear friend' will do. It is almost like two lovers talking; it is not a congregation. You can sit down -- nobody is there. We can have a good chitchat. Why unnecessarily go on standing for one hour, and shout and...?"
And that's how it happened. Within three months he was gone, because if you don't pay him.... Although Jesus says, "Man cannot live by bread alone," man cannot live without bread either. He needs the bread. It may not be enough, he needs many more things, but many more things come only later on; first comes the bread.

Man certainly can live by bread alone. He will not be much of a man -- but who is much of a man? But nobody can live without bread, not even Jesus.
I was going into the mosque, and they allowed me, because Christians, Mohammedans -- these are converting religions; they want people from other folds to come to their fold: They were very happy seeing me there -- but the same question: "Would you like to become like Hazrat Mohammed?" I was surprised to know that nobody was interested in my just being myself, helping me to be myself.
Everybody was interested in somebody else, the ideal, their ideal, and I have only to be a carbon copy? God has not given me any original face? I have to live with a borrowed face, with a mask, knowing that I don't have any face at all? Then how can life be a joy? Even your face is not yours.
If you are not yourself, how can you be happy?
The whole existence is blissful because the rock is rock, the tree is tree, the river is river, the ocean is ocean. Nobody is bothering to become somebody else; otherwise they would all go nuts. And that's what has happened to man.
You are being taught from the very childhood not to be yourself, but the way it is said is very clever, cunning. They say, "You have to become like Krishna, like Buddha," and they paint Buddha and Krishna in such a way that a great desire arises in you to be a Buddha, to be a Jesus, to be a Krishna.

This desire is the root cause of your misery.
I was also told the same things that you have been told, but from my very childhood I made it a point that whatsoever the consequence I was not going to be deviated from myself Right or wrong I am going to remain myself Even if I end up in hell I will have at least the satisfaction that I followed my own course of life. If it leads to hell, then it leads to hell. Following others' advice and ideals and disciplines, even if I end up in paradise I will not be happy there, because I will have been forced against my will.
Try to understand the point. If it is against your will, even in paradise you will be in hell. But following your natural course of being, even in hell you will be in paradise.
Paradise is where your real being flowers.
Hell is where you are crushed and something else is imposed on you.
I am reminded of a story. One very famous philosopher of England, Edmund Burke, was puzzled about a question because he read, and heard also in the sermon of the archbishop of England, that those who have faith in Jesus, in God, in the Holy Ghost -- those who have faith, their entry into heaven is guaranteed. Those who have not faith, they can be certain of falling into the darkness of hell. Edmund Burke was a philosopher. Naturally, philosophers are hair-splitters; he thought about it and he came up with a question.

The question was: A man who has faith but is in every way evil, bad, a sinner -- what is going to happen to him? And on the other hand, a man who is

very good, virtuous, compassionate, always ready to serve others, has never harmed anybody, has never done anything that you can call sin, but has no faith -- what happens to him?
Edmund Burke could not figure it out himself so he went to the archbishop and said, "I am in trouble -- listening to your sermon this problem has arisen."
The archbishop was also in trouble because he had never thought about it. The question was valid: "A man can be good and without faith; there have been men.... What about Gautam Buddha? What about Socrates? These people you cannot say were bad people. Even one who is against them cannot say that they were bad people. It is difficult to find better people than those -- but they were without faith. What about these people? And there have been many like that: Mahavira, Epicurus, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu -- what will happen to these people?
"And we know there are, in your congregation, all kinds of sinners. In fact you even go to the prisons to give sermons to people who have committed all kinds of crimes, even murders, and are sentenced to death or sentenced for life -- and they have faith."
In fact, if you think in a very clear way, only these people need faith. Why should a good person need faith? Isn't goodness enough?
That was Buddha's point, his argument against God: Is not being virtuous, innocent, harmless, truthful, honest.

.. all the qualities of a good man -- are they not enough? Is faith in a god still needed?a god for which there is no proof, which a really sincere and honest man cannot accept.
That was the situation in India. Once I was in court; they asked me to take the oath in the name of God. I said, "No, I can take the oath in anybody's name but not God's, because I am a man of truth."
The judge said, "A man of truth, and you cannot take the oath in the name of God?"
I said, "It is obvious. A man of truth, how can he accept this fiction of God? I don't see any truth in it."
He said, "You are the first person to raise this question about the oath."
I said, "That simply means you have been meeting criminals, sinners -- all these people, your advocates, and perhaps you yourself, are afraid to lose faith in God because that is your only saving device; you don't have anything else."
In India there is a proverb -- I quoted it. The proverb is: For a drowning man even the support of a straw floating in the water is enough. He starts hoping that even by clinging to the straw he will be saved; he can't lose the straw. Any man of a little intelligence will know that the straw will not help you; but to a drowning man even the straw.... Perhaps there is no straw at all, just a fiction, just the drowning man dreaming that there is some support. He may not open his eyes even, because who knows? -- if he opens his eyes and finds that in his hands there is nothing.

...
I said, "I cannot take the oath in the name of God because that will be the beginning of lying -- and you want me to say only the truth. You are asking a contradiction of me. In the name of the greatest lie, I have to take the oath to speak the truth? If you want me to speak the truth please forget all about God, because you cannot prove God's truth, and without the proof I cannot take the oath."
The judge was really in trouble. He said, "But somehow the case has to be started."
I said, "The case can be started -- i can take the oath on my own authority. If you can believe my oath in the name of God, whom are you believing, God or me? I

am taking the oath, and if I am determined to lie, I can lie even while I am taking the oath. Who can prevent me? The oath cannot prevent me. You are trusting me if I take the oath. You can't trust me directly? A fiction is needed? I say on my own authority I will speak the truth and only the truth.
"You can start your case. If you insist on God then this case is never going to start, because for millions of years people have tried to prove God and not been able to. Now, first you prove God, then we will see."
You have been told beautiful lies, fictions. You have been persuaded, bribed, to become somebody else. And you have been trying hard to become somebody else. Of course you cannot become, it is not in the nature of things.

You cannot become somebody else, hence the misery.
Because you go on failing, you go on failing, you go on failing -- how can you be happy? Whatever you do makes no sense; something somehow always goes wrong. You never arrive at any goal. You don't get any juice out of life -- but life is not at fault.
You are trying to get juice out of stones. There is no juice in those stones. They may look beautiful, they may have been sculptured like flowers, like fruits, they may have been painted like fruits, they may look even better than fruits, but you cannot get any juice out of them.
And if you are not getting any juice out of your life, that simply means the foundations are wrong.
The first foundation is you are trying to be somebody else -- knowingly, unknowingly, that is not the point. You will have to find out what you have been trying to be. You may not be very clear. It may not be one image, it may be many images in your mind, because your father is putting something in your mind, your mother is putting something in your mind....
Your teachers -- and there are so many teachers -- they are putting different things in your mind. It may be a confused image, not clear-cut; you may not see Krishna, or Jesus, or Buddha, so clear-cut.
You may be born into a Hindu family, then you may have been taught by Christian missionaries in a Christian school.

Now your Hinduism and your Christianity are bound to get mixed up. And it is going to be a very difficult mixture to sort out because the flute of Krishna and the cross of Jesus are so mixed up that Krishna is playing his song on the cross and Jesus is crucified on the flute of Krishna! It is going to be a maddening affair.... The head may be of Buddha and the hands may be of Krishna and the legs may be of Christ and the voice may be of Socrates.
You are in a tremendous confusion, but the confusion is rooted in the idea that you have to become somebody else.
Then many people came in your life and gave you the same idea, but with a new ideal. Now you don't know where to go. You are standing before the White House on the Pentagon. A crossroads is at least symmetrical -- even if you are divided, you will be divided in four equal parts -- but on a pentagon! One leg is going on one road, another leg is going on another road; one hand is moving on one road, another hand on another road; your head has run on some other road. It is a pentagon situation.
It is going to be difficult to put all your parts together again because they are all running fast to reach the goal. And who is going to bring them all together? Your parents, your society, have not left you in a position of control. On the contrary, they are in the position of control, they know how to control you.

In fact, before they could control you it was absolutely necessary that you were no longer in control of yourself

In my childhood it was an everyday problem with my parents. I told them again and again and again, "One thing you should understand, that if you want me to do something don't tell me, because if you tell me that I have to do it then I am going to do just the opposite -- whatsoever happens."
My father said, "You will do just the opposite?"
I said, "Exactly -- just the opposite. I am ready for any punishment, but really you are responsible, not I, because I have made it clear from the very beginning that if you want something to be done please don't tell me. Let me find it myself
"Once I am ordered, I am determined to disobey, even though I know that what you are saying is right; but that is not the question. This small thing and its rightness does not matter much. It is a question of my whole life, Who is going to be in control? These small rights and wrongs don't matter to me -- what does it matter?
"What matters to me it is a life and death question is who is going to be in control? Are you going to be in control, or am I going to be in control? Is it my life or your life?"
A few times they tried and they found that I was determined. I would do just the opposite. Of course it was not right, what they wanted was certainly right.

And there was no denial of the fact from my side that "what you wanted was right. But that you wanted it was not right; you should have allowed me to want it. You were impatient; you forced me to take the opposite action. Now who is responsible that things have gone wrong?"
For example, my grandfather was sick. My father was going out and he told me, "You are here, and you are such a great friend to your grandfather, so just take a little care. This medicine has to be given at three o'clock, and that medicine has to be given at six o'clock."
I did just the reverse -- I gave the medicine that was to be given at six o'clock at three, and gave the medicine at six o'clock that was to be given at three... changed the whole order. Of course my grandfather became more seriously ill. And when my father came he said, "This is too much. I had never imagined that you would do this."
I said, "You should have imagined. You should start imagining, visualizing. When I have said it, I have to do it even if it means putting my grandfather into danger. And I have told him that I have reversed the order because I have to do it this way. And he agreed with me."
He was a jewel of a man. He said, "You do exactly what you have said. Remain determined. My life I have lived, your life is ahead. Don't be controlled by anybody. Even if I die, never feel guilty about it."

He did not die, but I had taken a risky decision. My father stopped telling me to do things from that day. I said, "You can suggest, you cannot order. You have to learn to be polite to your own son, because as far as our beings are concerned, who is father and who is son? You don't possess me, I don't possess you; it is just an accidental meeting of two strangers. You had no idea to whom you were going to give birth. I had no idea who was going to be my father, my mother. It is just an accidental meeting on the roads.
"Don't try to exploit the situation. Don't take advantage because you are powerful, you have money, and I don't have anything. And don't force me, because this is ugly. You suggest to me. You can always give me a suggestion that 'this is my suggestion -- you can think over it. If you feel it is right, you do it; if you feel it isn't, don't."'
And slowly it settled that my family started giving only suggestions. But they were in for a surprise, because I started giving suggestions too. My father said,

"This is some new development. You had not told about that."
I said, "It is simple. If you can give suggestions to me because you are experienced, mature, I can also give you suggestions because I am inexperienced. And that is not necessarily a disqualification, because all the great inventions in the world have happened through inexperienced people.

Experienced people go on repeating the same -- because of their experience they know the 'right' method; they cannot invent anything."
For invention you have to be ignorant of the "right method that has always been done, only then can you break new ground. Only an inexperienced person will have the guts to go into the unknown.
So I said, "You have a qualification of experience, I have a qualification of inexperience. You are mature, but maturity also means that your mirror is no longer as clean as my mirror is; much dust has gathered over it. Yes, you have seen much of life -- so that is your qualification.
"My qualification is I have not seen any of life. No dust has gathered on my mirror -- my mirror reflects more clearly, more accurately. Your mirror may simply imagine that it is reflecting. It may be just an old memory floating, not a real reflection of the objective reality.
"So this has to be: if you can give suggestions to me, I can also give suggestions to you. I am not telling you to follow them. It is not an order. You can think over it just as I think over your suggestions."
But each child has to fight from the very beginning; this is the trouble. Children fight, but fight for wrong reasons, wrong things. I have never asked for a single toy. My father used to go at least three, four times to Bombay, and he would ask all the children, "What would you like?" And he would ask me also, "If you want anything I can note it down and bring it from Bombay."

I never asked him. Once I said, "I only want you to come back more human, less fatherly, more friendly, less dictatorial, more democratic. Bring a little more freedom for me when you come back."
He said, "But these things are not available in the market."
I said, "I know they are not available in the market, but these are the things I would like: a little more freedom, a little bigger rope, fewer orders, fewer commandments, and a little respect."
No child has asked for respect. You ask for toys sweets, clothes, a bicycle, and things like that. You get them, but these are not the real things which are going to make your life blissful.
I asked him for money only when I wanted to purchase more books; I never asked money for anything else. And I told him, "When I ask for money for books you had better give it to me."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I simply mean that if you don't give it to me then I will have to steal it. I don't want to be a thief but if you force me then there is no way. You know I don't have money. I need these books and I am going to have them, that you know. So if money is not given to me then I will take it; and remember in your mind that it was you who forced me to steal."
He said, "No need to steal. Whenever you need money you simply come and take it."
And I said, "You be assured it is only for the books," but there was no need for the assurance because he went on seeing my library growing in the house.

Slowly there was no place in the house for anything other than my books. And my father said, "Now, first we had a library in our house, now in the library

we have a house! And we all have to take care of your books because if something goes wrong with any book you make so much fuss, you create so much trouble that everybody is afraid of your books. And they are everywhere; you cannot avoid stumbling on them. And there are small children...."
I said, "Small children are not a problem to me; the problem is the older children. The smaller children -- I respect them so much that they are very protective of my books."
It was a strange thing to see in my house. My younger brothers and sisters were all protective of my books when I was not there: nobody could touch my books. And they would clean them and they would keep them in the right place, wherever I had put them, so when I needed any book I could find it. And it was a simple matter because I was so respectful to them, and they could not show their respect in any other way than to be respectful to my books.
I said, "The real problems are the older children -- my uncles, my aunts, my father's sisters, my father's brothers-in-law -- these are the people who are the trouble. I don't want anybody else to mark my books, underline in my books, and these people go on doing that." I hated the very idea that somebody should underline in my books.

One of my father's brothers-in-law was a professor, so he must have been in the habit of underlining. And he found so many beautiful books, that whenever he used to come he would write notes on my books. I had to tell him, "This is simply not only unmannerly, uncivilized, it shows what kind of mind you have.
"I don't want books from the libraries, I don't read books from the libraries, for the simple reason that they are underlined, marked. Somebody else has emphasized something. I don't want that, because without your knowing, that emphasis enters your mind. If you are reading a book and something is underlined with red, that line stands out. You have read the whole page but that line stands out. It leaves a different impact on your mind.
"I have an aversion to reading somebody else's books, underlined, marked. To me it is just like somebody going to a prostitute. A prostitute is nothing but a woman underlined and marked -- notes all over her from different people in different languages. You would like a woman fresh, not underlined by somebody else.
"To me a book is not just a book, it is a love affair. If you underline any book then you have to pay for it and take it. Then I don't want that book here, because one dirty fish can make the whole pond dirty. I don't want any book prostituted -- you take it."
He was very angry because he could not understand.

I said, "You don't understand me because you don't know me much. You just talk to my father."
And my father said to him, "It was your fault. Why did you underline his book? Why did you write a note in his book? What purpose did it serve to you? -- because the book will remain in his library. In the first place you never asked his permission -- that you wanted to read his book.
"Nothing happens here without his permission if it is his thing; because if you take his thing without permission then he starts taking everybody's things without permission. And that creates trouble. Just the other day one of my friends was going to catch the train and he took away his suitcase...."
My father's friend was going crazy: "Where is the suitcase?"
I said, "I know where it is, but in your suitcase there is one of my books. I am not interested in your suitcase, I am simply trying to save my book." I opened it -- I had said, "Open the suitcase," but he was very reluctant because he had stolen

the book -- and the book was found. I said, "Now you pay the penalty, because this is simply barbarious.
"You were a guest here; we respected you, we served you. We did everything for you -- and you steal a book of a poor boy who has no money: a boy who has to threaten his father that 'if you don't give me money then I am going to steal. And then don't ask, Why did I do it? -- because then wherever I can steal, I will steal.'

"These books are not cheap -- and you just kept it in your suitcase. You cannot deceive my eyes. When I enter my room I know whether my books are all there or not, whether something is missing."
So my father said to the professor who had underlined my book, "Never do that to him. Take this book and replace it with a fresh one."
My approach is simple:
Everybody has to be assertive, not aggressive.
Those two words are totally different. You can be assertive and very humble. You cannot be humble and aggressive. Aggressive is trespassing somebody else's right. Assertion is simply making your right proclaimed, clear. These are totally different processes.
Assertion is everybody's fundamental right: "If you are not capable of understanding then I have to shout, but I am not interfering in any way in your life. I am simply saying, please keep away from my territorial prerogative. I will never trespass your territory, but the same I expect from you."
That's what I would like our small children to be from the very beginning -- assertive, not aggressive; humble, but not ready to be enslaved by anybody.
The whole of humanity is enslaved, and enslaved by such beautiful names: God, religion, morality, truth, motherland, father, mother, family. In all these good names are hidden the very poisonous seeds of your slavery.

This type of man cannot be blissful; so misery in the world is simply the outcome of all this. Now we cannot do anything about the past -- that is gone -- but you can start from this very moment to live an assertive, individual, humble but clear-cut life: it is your life, and you want to live it this way. And you will have to insist because from everywhere there will be pressure that "you should not live this way, this is wrong. We know the right way, you do it the right way."
I was just reading a news item that in Israel a great problem has arisen and has stirred the whole Jewish community around the earth, particularly in America. The question is, Who is a Jew? Because only a Jew will be allowed entry into Israel, so first it has to be defined who a Jew is. It is not so easy.
So they have defined that first, his mother has to be Jewish -- because about the father one can always only infer, one can never be absolutely certain. The mother has to be Jewish, born Jewish, then the person can be allowed.
Second, because of Christianity and Islam... the Jewish community is surrounded by both these, Mohammedans and Christians, and both are converting religions. Judaism is not a converting religion, just like Hinduism is not a converting religion. They are the oldest religions; they had no need to convert anybody. But both have had to submit to the times; otherwise they were losing their people and they were not getting anybody from the other folds.

So in Hinduism there has been a movement, arya samaj, of very scholarly people, but not saintly at all. Maharishi Dhyananda inaugurated and founded Arya Samaj. It is a fanatic sect to convert everybody into Hinduism.
In the same way, the Jews had to take some steps. Orthodox Jews were of course

very reluctant. So the unorthodox ones, particularly the Hassidic Jews, started conversion; they have converted many people. And they have something beautiful which appeals; people can get caught in the whirlwind of Hassidism. Hassidism is really something, one of those rare flowers that have come into the history of human consciousness. Zen, Taoism, Sufism, Hassidism: these four seem to be the four pillars that have arisen out of the whole of history -- something tremendously beautiful. But to be that beautiful they had to be unorthodox, they had to be rebels, they had to be life-affirmative.
So they are condemned everywhere by the orthodox people. Zen is not liked by orthodox Buddhists; it is condemned. Sufis are not liked by Mohammedans; they are murdered, killed, they have to remain in hiding. You will not find Sufis if you go inquiring in the middle East, "I want to meet some Sufis." It is not that they have signboards; you cannot find them that way. That is not the way.
No Sufi will you find, because Sufis are in hiding, otherwise they are killed.

So unless you have some source, some contact.... If I send you somewhere, to go to Istanbul and meet this goldsmith at this address, then this goldsmith will take you to the meeting of the Sufis.
And it will depend on the goldsmith and the Sufis as to when they allow you, so you will have to wait. Only if you have a contact -- then too you are not directly sent to the Sufi community. You are sent to somebody who can inform the Sufi community, which meets irregularly in different places, to ask their permission -- whether to admit this man or not.
Then the Sufi community will give a time: "Wait for four weeks," because for four weeks their people will watch this man to see whether he is worth allowing in the community, or whether he may create unnecessary trouble. If they decide in favor of the man, only then will he be allowed.
The Hassids are thought to be a lower kind of Jew -- fallen Jews, not the right kind. But they are the people who have converted people to Judaism. Now there is trouble. The trouble is, eighty percent of converted Jews are converted by the Hassids, and they are not accepted as Jews in Israel.
If a converted Jew is to be accepted, he has to be converted by orthodox Jews, and orthodox Judaism has nothing of appeal in it -- who wants to become an orthodox Jew? -- unless you are some kind of crackpot or.... For what reason? And to be converted to orthodox Judaism is such a process that no intelligent person would submit to it.

So there is a great stir about what will happen, because eighty percent of Jews converted in America are converted by unorthodox people. These people will not be entitled to enter Israel or become part of that country -- and these are the people who have been contributing millions of dollars to Israel. So why should they contribute? If that is not their country and if they are not even Jews, then why should they bother about Israel?
But do you see the point, why this question of who is a Jew has arisen? A Jew has to be absolutely a slave of orthodoxy, of convention, of all that is old. He should not think in terms of freedom, individuality, enlightenment, meditation. These are not part of orthodox Judaism. He should not think of dancing and singing and enjoying; that is not religion.
Every religion wants you to be a slave to the old, to the dead.
How can you be happy?
To be happy you have to be alive.
To be alive you have to assert your right.
You have to throw all that hinders.
And you tell me that you would like to be as blissful as I always am. No, don't be:

Your bliss will be your bliss. It has not to be just like mine; that's again your slave speaking. Take note of that slave.
I try to bring him out from one cell, and he immediately slips into another cell. He has become so accustomed to darkness and solitary confinement that he cannot bear the light.

Why should you be just like me? I am not "just like" anybody else, that's why I am blissful. And if you try to be just like me you have started the game of misery again -- a fresh game, but again on the road.
And remember one thing:
I am not here to create replicas of myself One enough.
Now everybody has to actualize his potential a contribute to existence something new. Unless you present something new to existence, you have failed and you will, be miserable. You have not been creative you have not been able to repay existence for all the favors that it has showered upon you.
Just be yourself.
You can be certain you will not be like anybody else in the world, so don't be worried about that; be happy about it.
And the second thing is very fundamental:
Your love, your joy, your silence, will have some thing in it of you -- the flavor, the fragrance, the aroma.
My joy, my blissfulness, my meditation, will have something of me. There is no need even to compare. My blissfulness has not to be copied. Yes, my blissfulness can create a great urge in you to be blissful. But you blissfulness will be yours, authentically yours.
We use the same names because there are so man people in the world that if we start using different words for everybody's experience, language will become impossible. So we use one word, love, but have you not felt it? -- that every man's love has a different quality to it, something unique to it.

Have you not felt -- you have so many friends, and every friend's friendship, friendliness has a different taste, a different warmth? The same is true about all qualities: they are individual.
Something is certainly similar, that's why we give them one name. The fragrance of a rose and the fragrance of the night queen are totally different fragrances; but something is similar -- they are fragrances. Their being a fragrance, only that much is similar; otherwise a rose is a rose, a night queen is a night queen.
In India I was searching in many botanical gardens, because I was moving all around the country, and I had my own crazy ideas. I was always concerned... because I had beautiful plants of night queens around my house, and when they all blossomed in summer my neighbors complained that they could not sleep -- the fragrance was so much. And I had them all around my house, at least two hundred plants. And when they blossom, they blossom all together in one night, and each plant has thousands of flowers -- a very small flower, but with so much fragrance that my neighbors started complaining: "You have to cut these trees."
I said, "I cannot. You can move away. There is no law... I don't enter your house, but I don't think there is any law that the fragrance of my flowers cannot enter your house. You go to the court, we will see you in the court."

They said, "Who is talking about courts? We are bothered: the whole day we work, and in the night we cannot sleep. And it is beautiful for a few moments, but the whole night? -- it is too much!"
I was always inquiring, "If there is a night queen, is there something like a day

king?" and the gardeners would say, "Never heard of it."
I would say, "There must be, because queens cannot be without kings." And finally I found out there is a plant in Kulu-Manali in the Himalayas which is actually called the day king. It is exactly the same plant, the male, just a little bigger flower -- but the same leave everything the same. It is of the same species, but not having that fragrance, a different fragrance.
When you are by the side of a night queen you are almost taken into an embrace; it surrounds you from all over. It is not just your nostrils, it surrounds you from all over. Like a cloud it comes and you are surrounded by it. The male plant is not the same. Th fragrance also is different -- more subtle and less aggressive. The female plant is really aggressive; you cannot escape, you are simply caught by the lady. She simply pulls you by the hand, she possesses you -- that was my feeling.
I brought the male plant also to my garden just to see how different they were, and I could see that the female plant's fragrance has something of the woman in it -- the jealousy of a woman, the possessiveness of, woman.

The male plant looks almost like a hen-pecked husband, like a husband entering in his house, afraid repeating some mantra. In the same way the male plant's fragrance enters the house, step by step, cautiously. The female's fragrance simply comes and fill your whole house, not bothering about you, knocking everything out of the way.
I can see that on my drive every day. There are men trying to dance, moving, but it looks like they are doing some exercise; and the feminine sannyasins are just possessed. The dance is not an exercise, the song is no an exercise -- they are completely into it, they have for gotten themselves. The man cannot forget himself. He keeps his composure, remains standing up straight, just the way he used to stand in his principal's office where he was called. And this is not your principal's office.
And when he sees all around, when he looks all around at what the women are doing, he starts moving a little bit, otherwise it will look odd. Otherwise if he is allowed, he will put his hands into his pockets and stand there, a little apart, as if to say, "Let these mad women do what they are doing." But here nobody is allowed to keep his hands in his pockets -- nobody is allowed to be out of the line. And the women are pushing the fellow from all sides; sooner or later he says it is better to go with the wind. But those differences are there..

..
So my blissfulness will remain my blissfulness.
There is no question of superiority or inferiority -- your blissfulness will have its own unique qualities. And it is absolutely up to you if you want to be blissful. Let the whole world remain in misery, you start being blissful. At least the part of the world that you are, you can change. Perhaps that may trigger the process of change in others.
So don't be bothered that the whole world is in misery, or why the whole world is in misery. Forget it. Let them -- if they choose to be miserable that is their birthright. What can we do? We cannot force them to be blissful.
You start being blissful.
And remember, blissfulness is not something that is to be learned, that you have to be trained in.
You have just to relax and allow it.
It is there inside you, it is your very nature.
Just drop those idiotic ideas, ideals, principles, disciplines that are surrounding you; just be finished with them. Be a free man -- free from nations, free from cultures, free from religions -- just a pure freedom. And you will see arising within

you a tremendous joy that you have never seen before.
And it may help others. When you are lighted up it is bound to help others to see why they are in darkness. And I want very ordinary people to be lighted up. If somebody in a monastery becomes enlightened, it doesn't help the world at all, because people say, "For twenty years he has been meditating in the mountains, in a monastery; he has renounced the whole world -- and perhaps for many lives he has been doing it -- it is not for us ordinary people."

I want to destroy this whole stupid idea.
Enlightenment is your birthright.
It has nothing to do with a monastery, nothing to do with renunciation. So I want you to be blissful sitting in a restaurant, in a disco, gambling....
I want you to be blissful.
I want my people to become enlightened in places where nobody has ever dared to become enlightened.
Only that will help humanity, because that will make it clear: This man became enlightened in a disco! Under the bodhi tree is one thing, sitting in a forest for six years... but this Milarepa, killing so many ladies, became enlightened drumming!
Somebody just told me, "Have you heard that Milarepa is going to England?" -- sannyasins are having a group tour of England -- "what do you say about it?"
I said, "What can I say about it? I can only say, God save the queen!"

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
I HEARD YOU SAY THAT JESUS' FINGER POINTING TO THE MOON IS NOT A VERY GOOD ONE. IS THERE A BETTER ONE?

I have never said that. I could not have said it because Jesus' finger is not pointing to the moon at all.
This is something to be deeply understood: What does it mean when it is said, "Fingers pointing to the moon"?
The moon is only symbolic. It is not somewhere faraway there in the sky. We are not referring to that moon, because any idiot's finger can point to that moon. It does not need any intelligence to show the objective moon in the sky by your finger. You may be an idiot, your finger may be crooked, it does not matter, because basically the moon outside is not meant at all.
"Fingers pointing to the moon" refers not to the moon, but to you, to the light within you. And why has the symbol of a finger been used? -- because words are very inadequate, language insufficient.
No song can sing it.
No music can indicate it.
But something has to be found; otherwise there will be no possibility of communication, of communion, there will be no bridge between the one who knows and the one who does not know.
Some bridge has to be found.
By "fingers," that invisible bridge is meant.
It does not mean the physical fingers, it means a way of touching your heart with the heart itself.

The fingers simply symbolize touching. You can touch with fingers, you can indicate with fingers. The heart can do it directly.
All that is needed is that the one who knows and the one who does not know are

in a state of deep silence, openness, vulnerability. Not searching for anything, not looking for anything; just waiting for the unknown, for the unexpected, for the unimagined, for the unexpressed. You cannot visualize it, you cannot fantasize about it. You have no way. You can just be silently waiting. You cannot even say for what you are waiting.
A really religious person is simply waiting.
His waiting is very absurd:
He cannot even say for what, for whom.
But his heart is throbbing with great expectation.
He is silent because any moment the knock may be heard on the door. He is utterly aware, because one never knows when the Master comes. It is just like a breeze. If you are unaware, it may come and go; you had it, yet you missed it.
Fingers are symbolizing only a state of silent awaiting with someone who has it.
Just because he has it, it creates a certain aroma around him, a fragrance. If you were ready to receive, the fingers would have touched you: the fingers would have pointed to the moon.
The one who has asked the question has no idea that I could have never said it. It has nothing to do with my memory, it is just impossible for me to say that, because Jesus' finger is not pointing to the moon at all.

It is not a question of finding a better finger. Jesus' whole ideology is focused on God, far away. There is a distance in space, in time; in space He is far away in heaven. Nobody is certain where this heaven is, except stupid people. Nobody has claimed anything like that.
Just yesterday I heard there is a commune in Europe, a small commune of fifty people, around a woman called Maria. They are simple people, villagers. That woman is also simple -- but there is not much difference between the simple and the simpleton. It is almost meeting and merging at a certain point; the simple can become a simpleton at any moment.
This woman, Maria, is a fanatic Christian. She believes that she goes to heaven every Sunday. She meets Jesus once a week, has direct contact with God. One thing certainly that that group has got from us... what they are doing in the name of meditation is Dynamic Meditation. They do the Dynamic Meditation, they do it totally, and with her hands upwards the woman goes into a state which she calls "going to heaven." And she is gathering disciples.
For centuries Christians have been doing that....
God is somewhere far away in space -- how far none of them have said. Although this Maria goes four times a month, I don't think she can say the exact distance from the earth to heaven. She meets Jesus once a week, has a direct contact with God.

Certainly these entities are outside you; the God is outside. You can have a direct contact, you are not it. You can meet Jesus once a month; certainly you are not Jesus. Jesus is separate from you, then only is meeting possible.
And the woman goes to heaven -- of course there is a distance that has to be traveled. So there is a distance in space, and there is a distance in time, because Jesus continuously talks about the kingdom of God -- but that is going to happen after this life.
Everything of Jesus' religion is after death. So one thing can be said absolutely, that he is life-negative, he is against this life. This life is not the right life, the right life begins after death -- and that too can begin only if you believe in Jesus and his teaching, if you follow him; otherwise even after death you may go wrong:
In death there is no certainty that you will enter into the kingdom of God: you can enter into the kingdom of God only if you are following Jesus.

Now, this is not the way of the people who know. First: existence is always here and now, for all those who know. There is no distance in space and time. Those who have known, have known it here and now; there is no postponement. And whenever you will know it will be always here and now.
Just think, can you know something tomorrow? -- it is impossible. You cannot know anything tomorrow.

If you did, tomorrow would have turned into today. But knowing will always happen today, here and now. Can you know anything yesterday, which has passed? There is no way of going back, and there is no way of jumping ahead. You are always here and now. You cannot move backwards, you cannot move forwards. So if you are determined to remain ignorant, you will be here and now; or if you decide to be a knower, then too you will be here and now. At least one thing between the knower and the ignorant is similar: both are here and now. That's why communication is possible.
That's why fingers can point to the moon. If I were tomorrow and you were today, then there would be no way of pointing to the moon.
Jesus is continuously talking of the future. He is future-oriented, like all utopians. The word utopia is very beautiful. It means that which never comes, that which is always coming, coming, coming, but never actually comes; that which is always a hope and never becomes reality. Jesus is a fanatic utopian. He believes there is a God, but he knows nothing about God. Those who have really searched have found one thing absolutely certain, that there is no God. It is the greatest lie that man has invented.
There is no heaven, no hell. Yes, you can live in heaven or in hell, but that is something psychological. It has nothing to do with the physical world, that beyond the stars, far away, is heaven waiting for you with all the pleasures that you can imagine; and down there is hell waiting for you with all the tortures that man's mind is capable of thinking of.

Those who have looked, those who have searched, have not found anything like heaven or hell.
I say it on my own authority: there is no hell, no heaven, no God.
Hell is the state of your mind when you are miserable, when you are torturing yourself.
Heaven is the state of your mind when you are enjoying, when you are feeling a well-being, a deep sense of inner health.
And above both of these there is also a third state in you where there is no pain, no pleasure, but a totally new kind of experience.
I call it blissfulness.
I can call it godliness -- but not God.
It is a quality.
So I don't know about Jesus' fingers. And how can I say anything about Jesus or Buddha or Zarathustra and their fingers? I can say only about my finger. Only about that am I absolutely certain, and I want to talk only about absolute certainties.
My finger is pointing to the moon.
And why should I bother about Jesus' finger? In the first place nobody knows whether this man ever existed or not, or even if he existed, whether he had a finger or not. And I suspect very much -- he may have existed, he may have had fingers, but I doubt very much that he had ever heard the expression "fingers pointing to the moon." No, there is not a single possibility of it, because that is a Zen expression that comes from Japan. Jesus was born before it.

The expression is only fourteen hundred years old -- Jesus was born six hundred years before the expression. And that expression can come only through that kind of mind which Zen possesses.
Jesus never says that words are inadequate. In fact the Christian BIBLE says, "In the beginning was the word." Now, Zen people will simply laugh. This first statement cancels the whole book. It is all nonsense, because if the first statement is wrong, the very base is wrong; then, as a corollary, everything else which is going to follow is going to be wrong.
The first statement, "In the beginning...." Try to figure out each single word: "In the beginning...." For those who know, there has never been any beginning, cannot be; it is impossible. Can you imagine any beginning of existence? It is so simple to see that even to begin you will need something before it. How can you begin something with nothing preceding it? If God created the world, at least He would have needed raw materials, or did He create out of nothing?
There has never been any beginning, because to begin you always need something. So whenever you begin you will need something; it cannot be just out of nothing. Even if you insist that there was nothing, then nothing becomes the something that preceded the beginning: At least nothing was there -- and that's enough to cancel the idea that this is the beginning.

You have to go again a little farther back, before nothing began.
So those who have a little intelligence can understand: there is no beginning, no end. They are not in the very nature of things, they are impossibilities. Existence has always been there -- or better, has always been here.
The statement is, "In the beginning there was the word..." That is even more absurd, because you can simply make a distinction between a word and a sound. A word is a sound which has meaning. Now, how can there be a word in the beginning when there is no one to give it meaning? Perhaps there was sound, but not word.
A waterfall in the hills makes much sound, the ocean makes much sound, the waves crashing on the seashore make much sound -- perhaps there was sound, but not word. The wind passing through the pine trees does not speak, does not even whisper; sound it creates, but not word.
So the first thing: there is no possibility of a word because a word needs somebody to give sound a meaning. A mind is needed to give meaning to the word. Yes, the word has to be canceled completely.
Sound is a little better, but not enough, because you will be surprised to know that in the mountains, where the waterfall is creating much sound, if there is nobody to hear it there is no sound. You will be thinking that even if you are not there, the sound must be there: no.

For sound to exist, ears are absolutely needed; without ears there is no sound. This is the latest finding of science, that sound or color need -- it is absolutely necessary -- somebody to hear, somebody to see.
For example, if we all close our eyes, you will think that your clothes still have colors; you are wrong. The moment you all close your eyes, the colors disappear, because the color exists in the combination of your eye and the light reflected from your clothes. The light falling on your eyes creates color.
Color is not there in your clothes, it is not in your eyes either, it is not in the light either: it is in a combination. Your eyes, the clothes, and light reflecting -- these three things create color. If one is missing, color will not be there. So when there is nobody in the forest, trees are no longer green, flowers are no longer white or red; all colors disappear, all sounds disappear.
So even to say that in the beginning there was sound is not scientifically right.

There was no sound either. In the beginning there can be only silence.
But THE BIBLE starts with a very idiotic statement, and that gives you the taste of what is going to follow. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God." Can you see the contradiction? In the beginning was the word, and yet the word was with God, so already you have made two: the word was not alone, it was with God.

And no Christian sees the contradiction in it.
The third sentence makes it even more absurd. "In the beginning was the word, the word was with God, and the word was God." So why all this hullabaloo? Just say, "In the beginning was God" and be finished with it. Why these unnecessary things?
No one who knows existence can say anything about the beginning because he knows we are part of eternity, and each moment is eternal. There is no beginning, no end. Silence is the deepest center of existence, and in that silence there is nobody else -- not even God, because that will be enough disturbance. Silence is absolutely empty.
Jesus' idea, his religion, is a very poor religion. His ideology is not even worth calling an ideology, and that is one of the reasons why this planet earth has become almost a madhouse. If anybody is responsible for this madness in the world, Jesus comes first. Yes, in that he is the champion.
You just look around the world. Christianity is the greatest religion as far as numbers are concerned; and those who are not Christians, they are too much influenced by it -- so much so that you can almost call them Christians, just they don't go to the church and don't worship the cross. For example, a man like Mahatma Gandhi: he is at least ninety percent Christian. And if Mahatma Gandhi is ninety percent Christian, what to say of other people in India? And he goes on imposing his Christian ideas on Hindu scriptures.

The same is true about all other religions in the world. They are all influenced by Christianity so much, for the simple reason that Christianity has the biggest numbers. Christian countries have ruled over almost all the world for three centuries. They have corrupted every mind, every child. Every school, every education system is somehow based on Christian ideas. And slowly, slowly you have completely forgotten what you are saying. You may be a Hindu, you may be a Jaina, you may be a Buddhist, but ninety percent of your beliefs are Christian. They have sabotaged you.
To me Jesus has proved to be one of the greatest criminals in history.
Just the other day I heard that in Europe six Christian countries are preparing to destroy a tremendous amount of foodstuff to keep the value of things in the market the way they want. There are countries in which people are dying: in Ethiopia, not far away from Europe, every day hundreds of people are dying of starvation. In India, hundreds of people are dying of starvation. And Christian countries are thinking how to destroy foodstuff so that values in the market don't fall.
Just to destroy that amount of foodstuff, one hundred thousand dollars will be spent -- in destroying! It has nothing to do with the price of the foodstuff -- just carrying it to the ocean and throwing it in the ocean will take one hundred thousand dollars.

Three hundred thousand tons of oranges have to be thrown into the ocean, eight hundred thousand tons of tomatoes have to be thrown into the ocean -- and people are dying, with no food. And these are great Christian countries: France, Germany, England.

Where goes all that religion: "Love your enemy," "Love your neighbor," and "Blessed are the poor..."? And these people will continue to go to the church, these people will continue to read THE BIBLE, these people will go on and on worshipping Jesus, but they don't see any contradiction. Business is business, religion is religion -- they make a distinction.
To them a religion has to be something separate from life: It is a Sunday affair, and that too for only one hour. In the morning you get finished with it, then for the remaining time you can be irreligious, antireligious, or whatever you want. But one hour every Sunday -- and what is required of you to be religious? Just to be in the church, having a good sleep while the priest goes on preaching to you the same nonsense that he has been doing every Sunday. He knows nobody is listening, nobody cares; he himself does not care, he is concerned with his salary. People are concerned just to show their faces in the church so that on the last judgment day Jesus recognizes them: "Yes, you have been coming to the church." But their lives...!
Now, how can a human being think of this? And this is not the first time.

Almost every year it is being done; food is being destroyed by rich countries -- which are all Christian. Strange. Why are Christian countries rich? -- because according to Jesus they all should be poor! The camel can pass through the eye of a needle, but the rich man cannot pass through the gates of heaven. What about all these Christian countries?because they are the richest.
I don't think, if Jesus is right, that these people are going to enter the kingdom of God. But these are his followers, and the rest of the world, which is not Christian, is poor. If he is right -- "Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God" -- then Christians are lost; the blessed ones live in Ethiopia, in India, in Thailand, in Vietnam. Those will be the ones who enter the kingdom of God -- Christians don't have any chance.
And their behavior shows perfectly well that they don't have any chance. Every year food is being destroyed in millions of tons, and this is not only in the capitalist world: Christianity has corrupted so deeply that even in communist Russia the same is the situation. For years they have been burning wheat instead of coal in their railway trains because they have a surplus growth of wheat, and it is cheaper than coal. The whole world is dying of starvation, and they are burning wheat in their railway trains.
It seems that certainly we are living on a mad planet.

How can people think of it? When I heard yesterday that these six countries are meeting and planning how much to spend -- because to destroy so much has to be.... With that same money, the whole amount can be sent to Ethiopia. Strange minds -- but that's how economics works. You have to keep in the market fewer things than the demand, then only can you have enough of a price rise. If there are more things than the demand then the prices start falling, so once in a while they have to destroy.
It is the Christian countries that have created two world wars.
This is Jesus' finger pointing to the moon for two thousand years -- but it is always the wrong moon. For two thousand years there have been crusades; millions of people have been killed in the name of religion and God. And I don't see any reason at all.
It is your problem whether you believe in God or not. It is your concern, it has nothing to do with me. Why should I force you at the point of a sword to be a Christian or a Mohammedan? No -- but the strange logic is, ""i am doing it for your own good. If you don't turn and become a Christian you will fall into hell, and I cannot allow that, my compassion cannot allow that. I would rather kill you and send you to heaven instead of leaving you alive and falling into hell."

This compassion... Mohammedans have also the same compassion. It is good that Hindus don't have that compassion, Buddhists don't have that compassion, Jainas don't have that compassion.

But communists have that compassion. They are not concerned about heaven or hell, they are concerned about this earth. They want to change you into a communist so that this earth can be made a classless, equal society. They want paradise to be brought onto the earth. That too is in the future; it is not going to happen.

Sixty years in Russia -- first they were thinking that within ten years it was going to happen. That's what Lenin died thinking, that within ten years it was going to happen. He died with this idea, that within ten years Russia would be rich, with equal opportunity for all. equal education, and everybody served according to his needs. It is good that that poor man died, otherwise he would see that after sixty years it is in a worse condition than before. It has now become a big concentration camp. It is no more a country; it is a big jail.

But if communism is introduced forcibly, that is a Christian idea. It is from Christianity that it came to Islam, to communism, that by forcibly changing.... If people are not willing, if they are not intelligent enough to change, then change them forcibly.

Russia was getting settled after the second world war. It had had so many shocks, so much disturbance in the second world war that it was not interested in a world revolution right then. But Mao, in China, was very excited about transforming the whole of Asia into communism.

That became a rift between Mao and Stalin, because Stalin wanted to settle down first; the second world war had disturbed Russia so much that if Stalin started thinking of world revolution, Russia itself might get lost in it. So he was more concerned about Russia.

But Mao was ideologically right. He said, "Then you are becoming a nationalist, and communism is an international philosophy; we are not to be worried about nations, we have to think about the whole world. I am going ahead." That's why he attacked India; it was an effort to transform India also into communism.

But all this nonsense, nuisance, comes from Jesus' finger pointing to the moon. He gave this idea to people: convert! He said to his disciples, "Go on the tops of houses and shout my message, my word. Spread it all over the world, because I have come to redeem the whole world."

Now this is something strange. Who is responsible for redeeming me? Except myself nobody is responsible for redeeming me. This is arrogance, violence -- the very idea that somebody else is proclaiming that he has come to redeem me. Who is he? If I want to go to hell at least I have that much freedom. I am not asking for heaven, I want to go to hell, but even that much freedom is not allowed.

Jesus gave a very primitive idea to people: "Convert them to Christianity because this is the only true religion, the superior religion, the only religion which can save.

And I am the only savior."

This is not the right finger. Although I have never said it, I say it now: it is not the right finger, it is not the right moon, and it will be a great day of blessing if we can get rid of Christianity completely. It will help humanity to grow more intelligent, more free, more understanding, more loving, more accepting of others and their differences, more respectful of other people's uniqueness.

There is no harm if there are many religions in the world; every religion may have something beautiful about it. And if people are enjoying it without harming

anybody, who are you to interfere? If they are happy with their religion -- it may be wrong according to you, that is your idea, but if they are happy with their wrong religion, let them be happy, because the real thing is happiness, not wrong or right. And who is going to decide who is right and who is wrong? There is no criterion.
Even Jesus could not prove to his own people, the Jews, that he was right -- what to say of others? How is he going to prove it to Hindus, to Buddhists, to Jainas? He could not prove it to the Jews and he was repeating only Jewish scriptures, nothing new. Still Jews were not convinced that he was the messiah. He simply looked like a buffoon, because the way he was proclaiming that he was the messiah, that he was the only son of God....
Just try it, tomorrow just try.

Tomorrow standing in the mall declare that you are the only messenger of God. And our people are going to enjoy -- nobody is going to crucify you, don't be worried. They may even raise you up on their shoulders and have a procession: "A messiah has come! We have been waiting and after all this time he has come." They may garland you and give you a good dinner and make you dance in the disco, but they are not going to crucify you at all. That is stupid.
Jesus was stupid by claiming that he was a messenger, and the people who crucified him were even more stupid, because to crucify such an insane man does not prove you wise. It simply proves that you can't even understand that the person is a crackpot, that he should be treated nicely; you can enjoy him. And I don't see what danger he was creating for anybody.
But the reason is that Jews lived with the same kind of idea that he was proclaiming. It is an ancient Jewish disease. He was the pinnacle, the highest peak of the disease, the last stage of the disease. The cancer is old; it started with Moses, because once Moses said that he had encountered God directly, he rolled the ball. Then the football match continued; then prophets after prophets went on coming.
Now, nobody can deny them, because if you deny them you have to deny Moses. Once Moses is accepted then other prophets have to be accepted. Jesus is simply the last in the line who really did, in fact overdid.

... If he had been a little quieter, more political, diplomatic, he might have managed to become one of the Jewish prophets. But he was too young. Moses was old, Ezekiel was old, Elijah was old; those prophets were old. He was very young, only thirty, and that is the worst time to get a swollen head because that is the time when just any fanatic idea can get hold of you, when revolution catches hold of anybody. Everybody is a revolutionary at the age of thirty.
That all these revolutionaries disappear by the age of forty is a miracle. Do you see hippies of forty, fifty, sixty, seventy? -- very rarely. Just like Sheela's father -- he is an old hippy, but it is very rare. As they pass thirty somehow they disappear. They melt into the society, get established, get married, get a job and forget all about that nonsense. They never remember all that, they become good citizens.
So there is a time -- and Jesus was not given enough time. He was thirty when he declared that he was the messiah, and by thirty-three he was crucified. Three years was not enough time for his revolution to subside; he remained caught up in the whirlwind. And people went on forcing him, saying, "You are not the messiah." The more they insisted that he was not, the more stubborn he became that he was. And Jews became worried because he was trying to prove himself even greater than Moses.
Moses was only a person who has seen God; Jesus was saying he was the only begotten son, just next to God.

When God dies he is going to become God; he is going to inherit.... And all these Moseses, these etceteras, should be out of the way, thrown out completely. Jews could not tolerate it, it was too much for them

But I think it is a Jewish disease. Prophets have never happened in India, never happened in China never happened anywhere else other than in Judaism It was a by-product of Christianity and Islam, which both were born out of Jews and Jewish ideas: they claim the same kind of nonsense.

I am reminded: one of the famous caliphs of Mohammedanism was Omar. A man was brought into his court, chained, and he was told that this man was proclaiming that he was a prophet of God, that God Himself had sent him with the message, "I had sent Mohammed, but now too much time has passed, many things have changed, a new dispensation is needed, a new message. So I have sent the latest message which will replace the KORAN, the holy Mohammedan book."

Now, this was outrageous. Omar was very angry he said, "Are you mad or something? -- because Mohammed is the last prophet of God." These prophets have this idea always: they proclaim themselves to be the last prophet of God. They close the door so nobody else can claim that he is a later prophet of God. The same was the idea with Jesus, that he had brought the final word; now there is no need of any improvement.

Mohammed says almost the same: "The KORAN is the last message; now no improvement is possible." Man's whole future is now to be dominated by the holy KORAN.

Omar said, "You know Mohammed is the last prophet."

The man said, "I know everything; I am coming directly from God. But He said, 'You have to take the message'!"

Omar was not a bad man, not a very cruel person. He said, "Put him in jail and give him a good beating for seven days -- and no food. After seven days I will come to the jail."

After seven days Omar came to the jail. The man was tied naked to a pillar, and he had been beaten so hard that all over his body was just blood. Omar said, "I think you must have changed your mind."

The man laughed, he said, "Changed my mind? In fact this confirms the prophecy of God. He told me when I was taking my leave, 'Remember, prophets are bound to be treated very badly by people. You will be beaten, you will be starved; you may even be killed.' What you have done has proved absolutely that I am the prophet of God. Now you have to listen to me."

At that moment, another man, naked, bound to another pillar, beaten even more for one month continuously, said, "Stop all this nonsense! Omar, listen to me: after Mohammed I have never sent anybody." That man, one month before, had proclaimed that he was God Himself. He said, "This man is simply lying.

I have never seen this man before. After Mohammed I have not sent anybody else."

Now, this disease of prophets is something Jewish. But Judaism is not a big force. Christianity spread all around the earth, and Mohammedanism is the second biggest religion. Both these religions are branches of Judaism.

All these three together are the worst finger pointing to the wrongest moon possible.

THE END.

Question 1

OSHO,

WHY ARE YOU DESTROYING THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LEADERS AND IDEOLOGIES OF THE WORLD?

I am not in favor of destroying anything at all.

My whole approach is creative.

But creation involves destruction. That is not my problem. Creation itself is not possible without destroying something. The moment you create something you are simultaneously destroying something else. But when destruction is on the way towards creation you need not be worried about it. It is not destructive, it is creative. Let me repeat: it is creative destruction. There is a possibility, in the same way, of destructive creation.

What are nuclear weapons? Certainly a tremendous act of creation -- but for what? Where is it going to lead? What is going to be the outcome? -- nothing but pure destruction. So this is creation leading towards destruction. Only fools will call it creativity. And only fools can call my action destruction.

So that is the first thing to be understood. It is not creation in itself or destruction in itself which is significant. What is significant is to what it leads, what it is a seed of? What is going to be the outcome? On the surface it may look destructive....

When the child is born out of the mother's womb as far as the womb is concerned the child is dying because the womb has no way of knowing that the child is being born.

The child was there for nine months; it inhabited the world of the womb. The womb was no longer empty, it was full of life. And today comes a sad moment: the life that was filling the womb is disappearing, going somewhere which is inconceivable, simply evaporating.

For the womb, it is a death. And if you can under stand the psychology of the child who is being born, to him also it appears like a death -- because the child has lived a certain kind of life for all those nine months. Scientists say that perhaps never again will he live so pleasantly -- no possibility of ever being more comfortable, no possibility of ever being without any worry, work, responsibility, duty. He lived in tremendous tranquility, silence, without being in any way influenced, impressed, forced, directed.

He was free, and alone, and sufficient, not in any need of the other. And there was not a single thing that was missing. Everything that was needed was provided by the mother's body automatically. You cannot conceive a better period of nine months in the coming seventy years of life when life will be so pleasant, so sufficient unto itself; so without worry, without responsibility, so without fear; so without tomorrows, yesterdays; so free from the crowd.

You will always feel -- even though you are crowded every moment of your life -- you are missing the other. In the very crowd you are lonely.

And in the mother's womb, in that very loneliness, you were simply alone. There was no question of the other; the other had not even arisen in your mind. So the child also feels that it is going to be a death, certainly the death of the life that he has known. As far as the life that is going to come, he has no idea of it, no information; nobody ever told him about it. All that he knows is that he is not going to be what he was; perhaps he is not going to be at all. Without the mother's womb he cannot imagine himself in any way. He is in a shock, perhaps the greatest shock of life.

Even death is not that great a shock, because while the child is coming out of the womb.... Up to then he had even been breathing through the mother, he had not

taken even the trouble to breathe on his own -- and he is being thrown into an unknown world where he is so helpless. He knows nobody -- no address, no letter of introduction. He does not know even who he is and where he is going. The shock is tremendous: naturally he feels he is dying.
That's why the child clings to the mother's womb. That is one of the causes why the mother goes through so much pain, and the child goes through so much pain. The child tries to cling to the life that he has lived. That's the only life that he knows, so you cannot complain against him.
And unconsciously the mother has also lived a totally different life for these nine months.

She was a different woman before; now she is no longer the same. Those nine months of motherhood have changed everything in her life.
For nine months she has felt pregnant, full of some life: a great excitement, a preparation, a hope, a dream to be fulfilled. She is coming to fruition, just like a tree when it comes to fruition. There is joy -- all over the mother's being there is a joy; otherwise she was empty, something was missing. She was a tree but without any flowers, without any fruits -- what kind of a tree was that?
But these nine months, howsoever troublesome, howsoever painful, were immensely paying. She will never be the same again... and now the child is leaving the womb. It is a very unconscious phenomenon. The mother unconsciously shrinks the womb to hold the child in, not to let it go. Once the child is gone she may be the same way again: meaningless, empty, barren. The mother is not conscious of this, nor is the child; that's what creates the pain.
The birth has to happen, it is a natural phenomenon. You cannot prevent it, but you can suffer it or you can enjoy it. That is your decision. Enjoyment will be a great experience for the mother; but that needs some consciousness, some awareness, some watchfulness of her own unconscious ways so that she can relax, and the unconscious cannot interfere in the process of relaxation.
If she relaxes there is every possibility that the child will also relax, because the child has learned in all these nine months only one thing, just to be with the mother.

If the mother is sad, the child is sad. Now there are ways to find out whether the child is sad or not. If the mother is angry, the child is angry. If the mother is in suffering, anguish, that anguish penetrates to the child too because the child is not yet separate. Everything that vibrates the mother's being also vibrates the child; there is a synchronicity.
So if the mother relaxes -- of course we cannot talk to the child, teach the child to let go. It is so difficult even to tell you to let go -- it will be impossible to tell the child. But there is no need. My experience is: if the mother is ready, relaxed, allowing, the child simply falls in tune. He relaxes, feeling that if his mother is relaxed -- not in words, I am not saying that he is thinking, I am saying feeling, that the mother is relaxed -- that means there is no fear, that means there is no death; he can also relax.
But humanity will have to learn it. Even the birth of the child appears to both the child and the mother something like a calamity.
In creative processes, where something is going to take birth, yes, something is going to be destroyed. And I am all for that destruction which lays the foundation for creativity. I don't call it destructive, I call it creative destruction.
And many of your so-called creative activities which are known as creative... I want to make it clear to you that they are not creative.

Albert Einstein wrote a letter to President Roosevelt before the second world war

came to an end. That letter proved to be the end of the second world war. In that letter he proposed that he could make atomic bombs which could destroy Germany and Japan, and could make Roosevelt's victory absolutely certain.
Albert Einstein was a man of good intentions. But what to do with men of good intentions -- they have always been around, and the world goes on becoming worse and worse.
The path to hell is paved with good intentions.
Albert Einstein's also must be part of the paving on that path. He was not conscious what he was doing. He was a Jew, he had escaped from Adolf Hitler's Germany. He had learned the whole secret of atomic energy in Adolf Hitler's scientific labs, and he was going to make the atom bomb for Germany. That would have changed the whole course of history, who knows to what?
We can't say certainly that it would have been worse, seeing what has happened. Who knows, it may have been better, because nothing great has happened. The world goes on with the same old stupidities, superstitions, uglinesses.
Roosevelt immediately caught hold of Albert Einstein. Politicians, howsoever stupid, are very clever in detecting if, from some place, some destructive energy is available. About creativity they are absolutely blind, color blind. Just as there are color blind people who can't see certain colors, politicians can't see creativity.

But destruction? -- their eyes magnify it.
There is some psychological background to it, because they are all people running after power. Will-to-power is their god, and certainly nothing gives you more of a feeling of power than destruction.
When you destroy something you have a tremendous feeling of power. So once in a while, when you have the immense feeling of power and nothing to do, you start destroying things that you know perfectly well.... You may destroy the chair, you may destroy the mirror, you may start throwing things in the room because you are so full of anger -- which is a quality of power, a dimension of power.
You know perfectly well that what you are doing is stupid; it is your own mirror that you are destroying and tomorrow you will be going to the market to purchase another, and bothering about the price, and haggling about the price.
You know all that, but that is far away in the background; what you need now is to feel power, that you are not impotent. And in the second world war, Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, were feeling really impotent: everywhere there was defeat.
Albert Einstein's letter is one of the most historical documents of the world.
Roosevelt jumped upon it. Immediately the work started, and although by the time the atomic bombs were ready, the war was finishing.... This is something to be understood: The war was finishing; Germany was losing, Japan was losing.

Just fifteen days more and the war would have ended. But Roosevelt was in a hurry; before it ended the atom bomb had to be dropped -- just to see, "how potent we are; and we proved you utterly impotent."
It was not a question of war, absolutely not. All the generals who were involved in the war were surprised that the atom bomb had to be used, because it was only a question of two weeks at the most; that was the longest period estimated. "Why so much hurry? If we have been fighting for five years, and in two weeks' time the war is going to end, let it at least end in a human way, at least the way it has always been. Don't make it into something even more inhuman."
But Truman, who succeeded Roosevelt, and the other people who were in power, and who had then the atom bomb in their hands, could not wait. This was not the time to wait, because if they waited for two weeks more then where were they going to try out the atom bomb? Where were they going to see the glory of their power? And how were they going to show these enemies, with whom they had been struggling, that once and for all it had to be decided who was the most

powerful.
The atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, on two cities in Japan, for absolutely no reason at all -- no military reason at all. The reason was psychological, political.
Albert Einstein had the greatest shock because he thought he was creating atomic energy in case the other party created that energy -- then we would be at a loss.

So this was a defense measure. That is what he was thinking, that this was a defense measure. In fact, just to have created it was enough for both Germany and Japan to realize, "We are finished." There was no need to destroy those two beautiful cities.
Within seconds a city of one hundred thousand people simply evaporated, and just a moment before there was so much life. I have seen a picture... one of my friends had sent a few pictures of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. In one of the pictures a schoolboy, maybe second grade or third grade, carrying his bag is going up a staircase. At the top is his study. At that moment the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima. The boy, with his bag and books, got completely burned and stuck into the wall. With the bag, with the books, his whole body burned like coal tar, stuck -- still with one leg raised towards the higher step, but suddenly everything stopped.
And that very moment more than two hundred thousand people in both cities stopped. And these people were not war criminals, they were not soldiers; these were not in any way concerned with the war. They were civilians -- children, women, old people, unborn children. What was their crime? For what were they being punished?
Now is there any idiot Hindu in the world who can say that these people were punished for their past life's karmas? And how will you explain that two hundred thousand people committed exactly the same past karma in their past life? And they all gathered together in Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the same moment to suffer for their karma, for their evil act? Now, this seems to be sheer nonsense.

They are not suffering from their karmas, they are suffering from the karmas of the politicians.
Albert Einstein wrote in his diary: "If I had known that this was going to be the result of my creativity, of my whole life's work, then I would never have been a physicist. And if there is going to be another life for me, I pray to God, please make me a plumber rather than a physicist."
Certainly what he did was a tremendous act of creativity, unparalleled in the whole of history. He had come to the most secret thing in the objective world. In fact, he had discovered half of the secret; the remaining half is the living cell in the human body.
This is the dead cell in things, the atom, that he had been able to split. And by splitting it, so much energy is created -- by splitting such a small atom. You cannot see it with your bare eyes, nor can you see it by any technical means; it is only inferred, it is just in the calculations. It is only a figure of speech; you cannot pinpoint where it is, what it is.
Yes, all qualities have been described, descriptions have been given, but they are all inferences. But because they work, they are accepted to be true. Not that we have come face-to-face with the atom, but discovering half of the mystery of the objective world is the greatest achievement of man, of creativity, of inventiveness, of genius.
Certainly the other half is going to be far more difficult.

But sooner or later we will be able to know, exactly in the same way, the explosion of the living cell. That day will be of great rejoicing because after that we can program man -- his life, his mind, his genius, his age, his disease, his color of eyes, his color of hair, his height, his weight -- everything in detail can be programmed. Once we can split the living cell then any program can be put into it.

But who knows whether that great act of creation will also be used in the same way as Albert Einstein's atomic research has been used? Most probably it will be, because the people who have the power would like to program man according to their desire, and they will not miss such an opportunity. This is the opportunity they have been searching for for millennia. This is the great opportunity; nothing can be greater than this.

Once you can program man then there is no revolution, no independence, no individuality, no problems, no strikes, nothing. Man then is a robot.

Creativity can serve destruction.

Then it has to be condemned.

Destructivity can serve creation.

Then it has to be praised.

You ask me why I have been destroying -- because I want to create. And there is no other way, there has never been. And I have to destroy all that is wrong in order to create the right. Without destroying the wrong, the right cannot be even proposed.

The wrong must disappear, only then can the right appear. But to you, the wrong is not wrong; that is where the problem is.

You say the great religious leaders, the great religious ideologies of the world.... I will have to go into each in detail.

As far as religion is concerned there is no possibility of anybody being a leader. That term belongs to the ugly world of the politician.

In religion there is no led, no leader, no leading.

In religion there is sharing.

And the sharing has such a totally different quality that you are not aware of it; a sharing in which both the parties are benefited, and not at the expense of either. Both the parties are benefited by the benefit of the other.

You will have to understand my economics. In ordinary dealings, if two persons are doing a business, one is benefited at the expense of the other. There is no other way. So whosoever is clever, cunning, conniving -- in short, a con man -- is benefited. The other may be given the impression that he is being benefited, but he is not, he is the loser.

But in my mathematics, in religious mathematics, things are totally different. Here, it is something like when you light a candle from another lighted candle. Does the first lighted candle lose some light because you have now lighted your candle? Has your candle gained something at the expense of the first? Or vice versa -- has the first got something by convincing the other to get lighted? No, both are benefited because they are sharing.

It is not a business deal, it is a love affair.

In religion there are no leaders. We have to drop the word leaders from the dictionary of religion completely, because the whole idea creates the misery that you see all around.

Somebody is a leader... Ayatollah Rohulla Khomeiniac -- now, he is a great religious leader. Such mad people are leaders! He now has under him two thousand Mohammedan imams. Perhaps never before in the history of Mohammedanism has there been such a great leader with so many imams accepting him as their leader. He has almost come to be equal to the prophet

Mohammed; just one step more and he can push aside the prophet Mohammed and say, "Get lost!"
And this man is absolutely mad! If you think about his reasoning, anybody with just a little bit of intelligence.... Just the other day I was listening to a news item. He has been, since he came to power, continually slaughtering people. Corporal punishment is an ordinary thing: every day on every crossroad you will find people hanging naked, beaten, blood flowing from their bodies. For any small thing corporal punishment is immediately given. There is no question of any court deciding, or anything.
This is done by special courts which have been appointed by Khomeini so they have a religious sanction. They are called "Courts of Islam." No advocates are needed, for or against -- the fanatics can just bring in anybody on the suspicion that he seems to be sabotaging the revolution.

The magistrate, who is nothing but a Mohammedan maulvi, a priest, listens to the case. He is really a party to it. If he, this man, is sabotaging your so-called religious revolution, then a religious priest is a party; he cannot be the judge. But he is the judge, and according to the dictates of Islam he gives the man the punishment, which at the minimum can be corporal punishment on the crossroads, naked; he has to be beaten till he falls unconscious. This is the minimum.
And there are many grades: cut off his hands, cut off his legs, destroy his eyes; and finally, cut off his head. Now it has been decided by one hundred and sixty nations that all these kinds of punishments should not be given anywhere. And Iran is one of those nations who have signed this international pact under the U.N.
When the question was raised with Khomeini, that "this goes against the pact" now this is how a madman functions -- he said, "If it goes against the pact then the pact is not right. Then the pact is against Islam; then we withdraw from the pact, Islam is no longer part of the pact. We believe in Islam, and according to Islam, if a man is beaten, if corporal punishment is given, it is not violent. The man needs it, his soul deserves it; it is a purification. If the man needs to be beheaded, according to Islam it is not murder, it is saving his soul."
Now he continues to save people's souls at the expense of their bodies, and the whole world simply just watches.

Nobody seems to have any guts. All these great politicians, presidents, prime ministers, kings -- what do all these fools go on doing in the U.N.O.? I cannot understand. They cannot stop a maniac destroying people, and they go on with great grandeur in the U.N.O. making speeches. That's their whole business.
Sheela was just saying to me -- she met somebody on the plane who is in charge of Ethiopia, where millions of people are dying. Never before in history has death been so close to so many people, and in such an ugly way. For four years there has been no rain, and for three years before that last rain there had been no rain. So now even any slight moisture has disappeared from the air.
People are dying of thirst, people are dying of hunger, and millions of people.... And the whole world simply goes on watching football matches, Olympic games. The man who is in charge of Ethiopia was saying that he is approaching every government, and they all say yes -- and no help comes at all.
He said that he approaches small governments; they say, "We will help, but first ask America, because if America cannot afford to help then you should not ask us." And the man said to Sheela, "What has America done? America cannot help Ethiopia because the Ethiopian government has added socialism to its name!"

What is socialism when people are simply dying? Whether they are socialists or communists, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, does not matter.

A man is dying and you are bothering to ask, "Are you a socialist? Can I give you water or not?"
I have heard of a Jew who had fallen on a road. It was so hot a day and he was so tired, and too miserly; so, not getting a taxi, he was just trying to go by foot as far as possible. And he managed to go far but finally he fell unconscious on the road. People gathered there.
A Christian priest, seeing that the man was dying, whispered in his ear, "Remember God the father, the son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost."
The Jew opened his eyes towards the crowd and he said, "Take this fool away! I am dying and he is trying to tell me to solve puzzles: God the father, the Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ. I am not in a position to solve puzzles right now. I am dying, can't you see?"
America will not give. The man said to Sheela, "We had purchased some arms and we had given the advance payment to America, but now America refuses either to pay back the advance or to give us the arms, because meanwhile Ethiopia has turned socialist. So they say any arrangements made before the socialist government are no longer valid; that government is no longer in existence." Perhaps that arrangement may have been made by King Haile Selassie, whom the socialists have thrown out; they have taken over the government. And since these idiot socialists have taken over the government, Ethiopia has been in trouble.

It had never been in trouble for forty years while Haile Selassie ruled over it. This is strange. That man had a certain wisdom of a very strange kind; yes... one has to accept that the man had a strange wisdom.
The U.N.O. had sent a delegation to Ethiopia because in Ethiopia it is a customary thing to drink water collected by the sides of the road, in the rain. Now, that is contaminated. And the doctor's board touring Ethiopia found that ninety percent of the diseases of Ethiopians can disappear if pure water can be made available -- which is not very difficult.
They told Haile Selassie, "It is a very simple thing: pure water has to be made available. People have to be prevented... and taught that they should not drink all kinds of water which has simply gathered in the rains by the sides of the roads. Animals are moving in it, drinking in it, children are taking a bath in it, and people are drinking the water. And that is how ninety percent of the diseases will disappear."
Haile Selassie listened silently. He said, "Your report is right, your advice is right, but I am not going to do it, because if I save ninety percent of the people then what am I going to do with the crowd, with the overcrowding? Then are you going to help me? Then who is going to help me? Let nature take its course. You will make us beggars before the world.
"At least right now we have our dignity.

We are not beggars; we are not hungry, we are not starving. What can one do? People understand it: disease comes, people die; death is natural. I understand you perfectly," he said. "Don't carry the misunderstanding that I have not followed your idea -- your idea is one hundred percent correct -- but keep quiet and just go home."
Those people reported in all the news media, "This man is just mad! We are giving him scientific information: We worked three months touring Ethiopia risking our life, we prepared this whole report, and that man said, 'It is one

hundred percent correct; just take it home and rest and forget all about Ethiopia'!"
Everybody thought that this Haile Selassie was mad, but even at that time perhaps I may have been the only person who spoke up for him. And I said, "I think he is right; you have to answer his questions. He is right: if ninety percent of dying people are saved, then who is going to provide food and clothes and shelter for them? Ethiopia has no means, it is a poor country; it can only support a small population. Then from where are these doctors going to bring all the necessities? To save a person is not very difficult, but to keep him living for seventy years is very difficult."
But the young people of Ethiopia thought that Haile Selassie was mad, that he had become cynical, that he was too old. And of course he had ruled from the first world war; he was perhaps the only ruler who remained ruling throughout both the wars.

But he was not cynical, he was really a very sane man.
When the revolution took place he did what I can think only a very sane man can do: he came out of the palace and asked the revolutionaries, "What do you want to do with me? Don't be unnecessarily destructive -- your problem is me, so what do you want to do with me?"
They said, "You sit down in the car and come with us."
He said, "That's perfectly okay." He sat down in the car and went with them to the military camp. Never before in history has a revolution happened so easily. But this was a sane man, really a sane man. He said, "Why unnecessarily destroy and kill? My people will kill your people, your people will kill my people. Just take me, so every problem is solved. You take over."
And since they have taken over they have taken advice from all kinds of experts, and all kinds of doctors, economists, finance experts -- and the whole result is this: Ethiopia is dying. And now, I say, they should remember what Haile Selassie has said: "You can save people, but then...? It is better to let nature take its own course."
Sometimes these doctors, finance experts, look very creative, what they are saying looks creative -- to save life. And Haile Selassie looks very destructive -- letting nature take its course. But when I look closely at both, I think Haile Selassie is finally right, and these educated idiots don't know what they are doing.

And that's what they have done all over the earth. Now the population is so much that by the end of this century there will not be space enough to stand. Everything is going to be so crowded, and so ugly, and so dirty, and so sick.
And it has already started happening.
This man told Sheela that he asked the Soviet Union to help. They said, "We are willing, but then we want an entry; our armies will be there." And this is certain: if Soviet Russia enters with its armies to help, America will immediately be ready to enter with its armies to help.
But this is not help, this is the worst kind of exploitation. They are dying, and you are bargaining: "Let our armies enter and we can help." One does not know what help they will give. One thing is certain, that their armies will never come back out.
These are the leaders. Religion has no leaders. And never use the word "great" with religious people. Religious people are very ordinary, very simple. Why has this idea of "great" become joined...? Either those were fanatics who themselves claimed to be great, or their followers were feeling very competitive with other followers and had to go on magnifying the greatness of their leader, their originator.

But this is all politics, business.
It has nothing to do with religion.
It is surprising that not a single religion says, "Our religious originator was just an ordinary human being."

It would be so pure, so clean, so respectable. On the contrary, they go on claiming stupid things which only make them a laughingstock.
To me there are no great religious leaders.
And what ideologies are you talking about? What has religion to do with ideology? The word ideology consists of two words: idea and logic. Now, religion has nothing to do with ideas or with logic. Ideas are mental, psychological.
Religion begins where ideas end.
Religion starts where ideas and their weight drop.
Religion has wings, but only if ideas are no longer top-heavy on it.
No ideas.... and there is religion.
Your head is full of ideas, and there is no possibility of religion at all. Ideas simply mean you don't know and you are trying to figure out what it is. A blind man thinking about light; that is an idea. A man who knows light has no idea about light, he simply knows light.
A religious man knows truth, reality, existence, as it is. He has no idea at all.
So all ideologies or philosophies, they have nothing to do with religion. And logic is just a mind-created game. You can play with it as much as you want; it has no base in reality. And it never comes to any conclusion at all: logic knows no conclusion. Religion is not interested in the whole process, the gymnastics of logic.
Religion's interest is, How to know that which is?
It is not a question of logic.

Logic is good in science, love is good in religion; they are polar opposites. Love knows nothing of logic, and logic has never been able to taste even a fragment of love; they are worlds apart.
Logic is basically mathematics.
And religion is basically meditation.
Mathematics is working through figures, finding out distances, such as how far away is the nearest star? -- four light-years. When we say four light-years it does not look very far, but if you figure out completely what four light-years are, then you will see even the nearest star is so far away that there is no human possibility of reaching it.
In one second light travels 186,000 miles. Make it sixty times more -- that means in one minute it travels that many miles. Then make it sixty times more and that is one hour's mileage. Then make it twenty-four times more; then that is one day's mileage. Then thirty times more -- that is one month's mileage. Then twelve times more -- then that is one year's mileage. Then four times more -- then you will have come to a figure which will run into hundreds of zeros. That many miles away is the nearest star. And remember, that is the nearest star.
There are stars and stars; at least three million have been counted. But that is only because of the limit of our ability to count: we don't have any finer instruments, but as instruments become finer, we go on discovering more and more.

With your naked eye in the night you cannot see more than three thousand stars, whatever you do. You can try counting -- you may go mad. But the best counter up to now has been able to reach three thousand. Even three thousand seems to be too much; by nearabout just three hundred you will get confused as to which

ones are left and which ones have been counted.
How that man managed three thousand! -- I wonder whether anybody managed or if this is just a myth. Three thousand! I cannot manage -- I cannot manage thirty! I have tried, and before thirty I said, "It is pointless. It is not for me."
Three million stars -- and that is not the end of it; there is no end to it: there are millions and mil1ions of stars. That is the world of mathematics, the world of distances. I want to emphasize that: the world of distances. The farther away you go, the more you are in the grip of mathematics. The nearer you come, the less mathematics is needed.
The world of truth, the world of religion is within you.
There is not even a single centimeter's distance. What mathematics is needed? There is no distance at all.
You and your awareness are one, so there is no question of measuring.
This word reminds me... this word is beautiful: measure. You may have never thought about it, but the English words matter and measure both come from the same Sanskrit root.

That's why in a few languages it has become "meter." In Sanskrit matra means quantity; matra in Hindi means quantity. Measure is quantitative -- that which can be measured. Matter is that which can be measured.
Mathematics is the science of measurement, is the science of matter. But it is not the science of consciousness, awareness; there, there is no matter, no quantity.
Yes, there is a quantity.... Normally quantity is something tangible, measurable; you can weigh it, you can divide it; but of consciousness no such quantity is there.
There is quality -- immeasurable, unweighable. But that quality has many quantities. Now you will have to understand the word quantity in a totally different way than it is used, because quality which is not a quantity does have many quantities.
For example, it has contentment, tremendous contentment.
It has a feeling of arrival, very tangible, touchable.
It has an immense quantity of blissfulness, so overflowing that even if you want to prevent it, it cannot be prevented.
It has to reach to millions of people:
Whether you speak or not, it is going to reach.
It has its own kind of vibration. It pulsates and vibrates.
But all these are beyond the scope of logic, mathematics, science.
The only word they all fall within is meditation.
You have to be just silent:
Not going anywhere, not leading anybody, not being led by anybody.

You have to be simply sitting, doing nothing. There is not even ideation -- no thinking, because that is enough to take you far away, farther away than the stars.
You have to be simply nobody because just a little bit of an idea of who you are, and the politician comes in, the power trip begins.
I am nobody, and that's the truth.
It is not that I am saying it out of humbleness, because if you say "I am nobody" out of humbleness you have missed the point. You have claimed humbleness; you have made yourself already somebody who is humble. And if somebody else says, "My brother is more humble than you," then immediately you will see a great tension arising in you.
Religious teachings have been telling people, "Be humble." I don't say it because if you become humble you are befooling yourself. You are in a danger: you will go on becoming more and more egoistic, and you will never feel the bitterness of

the ego because of this sugar-coating of humbleness -- which is never thicker than your skin and can be scratched very easily.
When I say I am nobody I simply mean it.
For no special reason, I am nobody.
That's how it happens to be, what can I do? I am nobody.
I have looked into myself in every possible way, I don't find anything worth claiming: just an absolute silence, an ordinariness, which is the very nature of existence.

To be extra-ordinary is to always be in a tension. Have you thought about it? To be somebody special is to be always tense. But if you know that you are nobody -- not that you are trying to be nobody, because that means you are trying to become somebody special called "nobody." Just these simple mistakes may lead you astray.
Just finding that "I am nobody"... and that's how existence is. What is a marigold flower? What is a rose? They are both nobodies. And we belong with them. Once this settles in you, the idea of nobodiness, silence starts descending on you. There is no idea, no picture -- no Jesus Christ, no Krishna, no Buddha:
You are utterly empty.
And in this emptiness is the light.
In this emptiness is enlightenment.
I am not destroying anybody, I am simply destroying all the obstructions in your mind. When I say something against Jesus or Buddha or Mahavira, do you think I am saying something against Jesus, Buddha or Mahavira? Then you misunderstand me. When I say something against Jesus I am hammering the Jesus within you. And I have to force that Jesus out of you.
Jesus used to dispossess people of evil spirits. My work is totally different. I am trying to dispossess you of good spirits: Jesus, Buddha, Mahavira, Mohammed. And evil spirits are very easy, because when Jesus used to dispossess people, those evil spirits would come out so easily, in the form of pigs, and run away.

I have been thinking, In what kind of form will good spirits come out and run away? Pigs do not look right. No, even I will not agree with it, that Jesus, Confucius, will be running like pigs out of you; no, that is not right. But I have not been able yet to find... I think they will not take any form, they will run without taking any form.
And it is not a question of their running, it is a question of your dispossessing them. They are not possessing you, you are possessing them. Just relax your hands and let them go.
I am not against anybody and I am not destroying anybody.
Certainly I am destroying much in you, because I know that if all these hindrances are destroyed then you will assert on your own, in your full glory.
And that glory I call godliness.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT THING ABOUT ENLIGHTENMENT?

THE most significant thing about enlightenment is that it is the most insignificant thing in the world.

The scriptures are full of great attributes, qualities, about enlightenment. It is the highest peak human consciousness has ever achieved. Naturally, logically, the scholars have been thinking how to describe it. They have found many words. For example, it is arriving home.
As far as I am concerned you have never left home in the first place. Nobody can leave; there is no way to go anywhere except wherever you are. And that is the home. It is not like a departure and arrival. Who is going to depart -- you? How can you depart from your nature? There is no possibility of division, it is indivisible.
Wherever you go your nature will be within you. In fact to say "you" and "nature" is not right, but what to do if all the languages are wrong? You are nature. "You" does not make you a separate entity. You can call yourself a thousand and one names; still you will remain the same forever.
So although very great scholars, pandits, theologians, philosophers, even the so-called mystics, have described home-coming as one of the attributes of enlightenment, ninety-nine percent of these people are simply unaware of what they are saying. When there has been no departure, how can you talk of arrival? But these ninety-nine are only knowers of words, scriptures, principles, philosophies; they can be forgiven.

The real trouble is with the one percent, the mystics. But they have also to be forgiven for the simple reason that language is so impotent. What can the mystic do? He wants to give you a certain sense of being yourself, but there has been a gap; you were present but you were unaware. You were at home but fast asleep and dreaming of faraway lands, fairylands, utopias, paradises.
The word paradise reminds me that it is very ugly. It was used in Persia for the gardens of the kings. In Persian, firdaus means a walled hunting garden. In countries like Persia gardens can only be walled. They have to be protected from the desert, and only kings could afford them. They could live in deserts as if they were living in gardens; for miles they could manage to have walled gardens.
And of course for their joy, play, entertainment, all kinds of wild animals were brought into their gardens. And they were living very freely -- of course within the border, within the wall, but it was a vast territory. And the kings used to hunt those imprisoned wild animals. It was sheer slaughter. They could not escape, they could not go anywhere. They were caught anyway, and above all they were being slaughtered.
From firdaus comes the English word paradise. They have forgotten about the hunting completely, they have only remembered the walled, beautiful gardens of the kings.

But the purpose was hunting; the garden was secondary. But that has been forgotten in English completely; otherwise it will be very difficult to describe paradise. A walled garden it can be described as -- but who is the hunter there? And who is to be hunted?3
Perhaps God is hunting the saints? I don't see any other kind of animals there except the saints; they are the only animals allowed there. If it is a hunting place then saints must be really suffering, in tremendous misery: their whole life they suffered to enter into paradise -- and now this is the paradise!
You cannot get out of it, it is a walled garden. Out side is desert and death; inside you may try to hide, you may survive -- not all animals are going to die. But thinking of yourself as a hunted animal will take all the air out of the balloon of the Christian paradise. It is all hot air.
Very foolishly they have chosen the word paradise. But ninety-nine percent of those people were scholars only trained in words, knowing nothing of reality,

knowing nothing of themselves, knowing nothing of enlightenment. They were blind people, utterly blind. They had never seen light, and they were talking about light. Naturally they can be forgiven; they are foolish, but forgiveable.
The one percent knew perfectly well what they were talking about; their trouble was even bigger than that of the scholars.

Scholars were at ease describing things that they didn't know. There was no problem for them because there was no contradiction in their minds; they were clear. Hence the word mystic: it comes from the scholars, theologians, philosophers; they are saying that this man talks in such a way that you can't make any sense of it. The mystic is one who talks nonsense.
But the mystic is really in trouble. He knows the truth, but he does not know any corresponding word for it, so he is compelled to use words which have been used by others. So he also calls it "coming home."
But the true mystic will immediately recognize that what he is saying is not right. In fact, he will not lose a single moment in saying it, that "whatever I say, don't start believing it word for word. Try to read between the words, between the lines: the silences, the semi-colons, the full stops -- read there. Drop words as much as you can and create gaps."
There is a Sufi book, at least seven hundred years old; it is simply called THE BOOK. It is an empty book, nothing is written in it. It has been given from generation to generation of mystics, with great reverence; from the Master to the disciple: "This is our message. I have read it my whole life, now you read it. I will go, you will go, but the readings should continue. The book should be preserved."

One can understand preserving the KORAN, the GITA, THE BIBLE, the TORAH; there is something written in them, something significant, meaningful.

But the Sufis have been insisting on preserving a book in which nothing is written. And it is given only by the Master to the succeeding disciple, to the chief disciple, who is going to be the next Master. Perhaps these people were trying their hardest to say something without words. At least they made the effort.
The same has been the situation of all those one percent of mystics around the world: they have to find some vehicle to express that which is inexpressible. The word enlightenment is also invented by the scholars -- scholars have been doing great work. And mystics have to use it knowing perfectly well that the experience has nothing to do with the light you are acquainted with.
The enlightenment that is being described by the word is beyond light and darkness, because it is beyond duality. You cannot call it darkness, you cannot call it light, and yet it has the qualities of both.
In light you can see. The enlightened person has eyes that you don't have. He can see things the way you can never see. And you can try to understand it: A painter sees a painting; you also see it. As far as colors are concerned, your eyes reflect the same colors as the painter's eyes reflect; but do you think you are seeing the same painting as the painter? No, that is not possible, because to see a painting like Picasso's one needs that kind of genius. It is not in the paints, it is the whole organic unity of all those paints.

Those paints are only parts.
It is as if you take a car apart. Every part is separated; all over the ground you spread it, and you see it. You are seeing the car, but is it the car that you are seeing? no, only parts. When you see a Picasso painting you are seeing it in the same way as the car: you just see fragments, pieces.
You don't have the genius to make a whole out of it, where all those colors lose their individuality and start functioning in a harmony. To see that harmony is to

see the painting. It has nothing to do with the colors, nothing to do with the canvas, nothing to do with the frame. The frame may be golden, it doesn't matter. The question is of the organic harmony. But for that you need a totally different kind of eye -- just as a musician needs a different kind of ear.
But these are small things compared to enlightenment. I am just taking examples to indicate something which is beyond examples. It has some quality which happens in light, not of light -- mind you well. It has some quality which happens in light. If the lights are put off, what disappears? Your capacity to see disappears.
When enlightenment happens, a certain capacity to see happens, which has been completely unconscious within you. It is fully ready to function any moment, but you won't even turn to look at it. Just your very turning will turn the switch on.

But it is not enlightenment. Let me repeat: enlightenment is not enlightenment, not just enlightenment. It is a way of saying that you attain to a certain capacity of seeing, knowing.
It has also the quality of darkness in it, so there has been a school of mystics who call it the ultimate darkness. And they are as right as those who call it enlightenment; But it is not darkness. In darkness there are a few things which you miss in light.
A light gives a certain kind of tenseness to your being; darkness relaxes you. That's why in the night, if all the lights are on, you cannot sleep. You need to be surrounded by darkness as if you are in the womb of the mother. Darkness has a certain silence, a certain music to it, which we are unable to know because of our fear of darkness. We are so afraid of darkness that we have lost the capacity to make any intimate contact with it. And it is such a profound experience.
If you compare light and darkness -- light comes and goes; darkness remains, it is eternal. Light is temporal, it has a time limitation. In the morning the sun rises, in the evening it sets. And whatever kind of light you manage, it has a certain limitation: once the fuel is finished the light will be gone. It is dependent, it is not an independent phenomenon. Even the light of the sun will one day be gone because it is being dissipated every moment.

It has been a tremendous source of light; for millions of years it has been giving light, but it is becoming poorer every day.
There are a few physicists who think that within four thousand years the sun is going to be just bankrupt it will run out of its gas. So many suns have died in existence. Almost every day hundreds of stars are dying, and they are as big a sun as yours -- in fact, far bigger than yours. Your sun is a very mediocre size. It is very big compared to our earth -- sixty thousand times bigger than the earth -- but not when compared to stars, which are nothing but suns. They look so small because they are so far away. There are suns which are a million times bigger than our sun. This sun is not worth counting.
There is a beautiful story by Bertrand Russell -- he has written a few beautiful stories. A bishop is thinking of God, heaven, and his services to God his whole life, and of his life of celibacy, purity, prayer. Just as he is falling asleep he is thinking that if he dies, paradise is certain. He falls asleep and has a beautiful dream. You can call it a beautiful dream, you can call it a nightmare; it depends. He dreams that he has died -- the same thread of thought has perhaps continued. He has died. He is so excited -- naturally, because now he is going to face God, and his record is so clean. He has never done anything against the scripture, against God's commandments.

He has been really religiously religious, very fanatic about each small detail -- it had to be according to the holy scripture. Naturally he was absolutely

confident.
He is taken somewhere -- he thinks of course he is going to paradise -- and he is left before a huge door. He tries to see where it ends but it doesn't seem to end anywhere; it is so huge in all dimensions. Neither can he see the left side nor the right side, nor can he see above; and he feels so tiny that not even a small ant knocking on your door will feel so bad as he felt, because he was even smaller in comparison to the door. And knocking on that door -- you can understand his misery.
He was fully aware... who is going to hear? If the door is so big, what about the palace? And what about the throne? And what about God the father? The bishop feels he has no hope, but there is nothing else to do so he goes on knocking. He can hear his own knocks, that's all; and there is silence, no answer. The same thing his whole life he has been praying.... Now he becomes a little angry. His whole life he has been praying, but no answer....
"One can understand that everything will happen after death. Now death has happened, and I am faced with this closed door. There is not even anybody here I can inquire from to get any information. At least there must be an inquiry office. People must be coming here and knocking on this door.

"I can perfectly conceive that millions must have died -- knocking on this door -- died again, and died again"... because you cannot really die, you are eternal. So you will have to die again and knock, and die and knock.... He cannot believe how much time has passed and he has been knocking and knocking and knocking. He starts feeling that he is becoming again old and death is coming, and he is still knocking.
"Is this not a deception, what Jesus said: 'You will be welcomed with bands and angels singing Alleluia'? No angels, no bands -- but at least somebody should open the door and let me in." At that time, a small window -- I am saying it is small in comparison to the door; it was still so vast that he could not see its proportions -- a small window opened. And now he had become accustomed to the size of "small" things there. A small head he could not see the whole face, just parts and pieces, but he could figure out that somebody was looking at him. And he felt really crushed, humiliated; he had never been insulted like that. But what to do?
The bishop says, "Are you God?"
The head says, "No" -- and his voice is so loud that the bishop feels almost as if his ears are going to burst.
He says, "Can't you say it a little softer? Just whisper; that will be enough for me to tolerate. Don't speak, just whisper. If you are not God, then who are you?"
The head says, "I am only the guardsman.

God I have never seen, because my duty is on the gate, and God lives far, far away -- we have only heard through holy scriptures -- in an immense palace. I don't know the way. I don't have the courage... and moreover my duty is here, I cannot go anywhere else. But who are you? -- because I cannot see you."
The man has such big eyes, how can he see such a small ant? And the bishop says, "I am Bishop So-and-So."
The guard says, "That does not make any sense. Please tell me, from where are you coming?"
The bishop says, "I am coming from the planet earth."
The guard says, "That is too small a place -- there are millions of earths. Which earth? You please tell me the index number."
"Index number?" the bishop says, "we never heard about an index number. Our earth has an index number.

"Every planet has to; otherwise how are we going to figure out from where you are coming, who you are? If you don't know the index number at least please tell me the index number of your solar system. In fact that is the lowest category we gather information about in the library. Below that, every solar system has its own library. Only important things from that solar system are fed to the computer in the central library. Perhaps your earth is mentioned somewhere, but you have to tell me about your solar system. From which sun are you coming?"
The bishop says, "We used to know only one sun."

The guard says, "There are millions of solar systems -- you seem to be completely at a loss! I cannot help you, but I will try my best. I have not seen you yet but I can hear a small still voice, screeching. I will go to the librarian and inquire."
The librarian asked the same questions, and the guard was not able to answer. The librarian said, "Are you mad? How can I find that out in this immense library, where there are only index numbers and index numbers? At least the solar system must be known, then something can be done."
The guard came back. He said, "It is very difficult, but the librarian is trying his hardest. It may take a few years for him to figure out from where you are coming."
The poor bishop said, "A few years! I have been waiting here almost sixty years, or perhaps more, because all time sense is lost."
The man said, "If you can get, in the coming sixty years, the right information about your planet, that will be very quick! You are not aware at all of the immensity of existence." He shouted so loudly that the bishop woke up. He was perspiring, trembling, and it was a cold night. And he had met only the guard; he had been only up to the gate, outside!
This is a vast universe. Our sun is a very young boy, but already declining. There are many ancient people in the sky; this sun has been born after them and will die before them.

Even the sun, which has a really inexhaustible, almost inexhaustible source of energy, is bound to be finished one day. Light can never be inexhaustible because it depends on some fuel.
Darkness is eternal because it does not depend on any fuel. Darkness does not come and go, it simply remains. It is there -- when light is there you cannot see it, that's all. When light is gone, darkness is there. It has always been there; it is just that the light covers your eyes and you cannot see the darkness. So the people who have chosen to call the ultimate state of consciousness, "the ultimate darkness," have also some significant points to make.
Darkness has a depth which light can never have; light is superficial. You cannot measure darkness, you can measure light. You will be surprised to know, you can even weigh light. If you collect all the sun rays falling on one square mile, they will be almost the weight of one Indian rupee. I am not aware of your American coins, so I cannot say anything about them. One square mile of light -- it has been proved. It can be collected through certain glasses, put in a certain way... the whole light can be pulled into a small place, on a weighing scale. It weighs exactly the same as one rupee. But darkness -- there is no way to weigh it because there is no way to collect it. It simply is there.
You can make light your slave; we have already.

You are using light as your slave every day. Putting your switch on and off, what are you doing? You have enslaved light. But is there anyone who can say he has enslaved darkness? That is impossible. You can do many things with light:

you can let it in, you can turn it off. Soon there will be, I think there must be, there has to be, because there are clocks....
Vivek just brought a catalogue to show me about a clock that follows your orders. When it sounds the alarm, if you say, "Shut up!" it shuts up -- very obedient. It remains quiet for two minutes, then again it starts, and louder than before. You can go on for ten minutes saying to it, "Shut up!" and it will stop; and the next time it comes on, it will come louder. The tenth time it will be really mad!
If you can do that with an alarm clock, I don't see there is any problem: you can do it with the light bulb. Just say, "Shut up," and it shuts up. I think switches are a little old fashioned because there is no need for them. You enter the room and you say, "Be on," and the light goes on. And when you go out, you say, "Be off, and remain off till I come back." There is no problem in it.
But you cannot do that with darkness. We have not been able even to make any contact, although it is so close, it is always so close. There is a certain freedom in darkness which is not in light; but both have their problems.

I cannot choose either to define the whole phenomenon of enlightenment. Attributes have been given to enlightenment: that there is experience of truth, experience of authenticity, experience of love, experience of compassion, experience of eternity, experience of freedom from space-time bondage, experience of freedom from life-death bondage -- in short, experience of freedom from all kinds of dualities.
These are all big words, and they have puzzled humanity for centuries; and people have been trying to find out, What is truth?
Mathematicians say that truth can never be completely defined. One of the mathematicians, Godel, has a principle which seems to be yet uncontradicted. His principle is that mathematics will never be free from paradoxes. In fact, he says, "No man-made system can be free from paradoxes, because man is a paradox; and when man is making something he enters into his making."
There is every possibility that sooner or later your computers may start freaking out because you are putting your mind into those computers. Some computers may go gay! It is up to you; computers will be simply repeating whatever you have put into them. Some computers may become enlightened. Whatsoever you say, they will say, "I am enlightened, I am the only begotten son of God."
And you cannot even crucify a computer -- that would be so foolish, to crucify a computer -- but there may be times when you may have to shoot a computer.

He may become such a nuisance, may start doing such perverted things that you will not be able to do anything else but shoot him. He may start torturing you by very sophisticated means.
Godel is right, that whatever man makes, whatever doctrine he propounds, whatever philosophy he brings out, is going to be, in one way or other, paradoxical. Something underneath will remain contradictory. So Godel says there are three categories in mathematics: that which can be described, describable; that which has been already described; and that which will never be described.
There are mathematicians who do not agree about the third category. They say, "Two are perfectly okay: the described, and the describable. The indescribable we cannot yet propose till we have exhausted all our means to describe." And they are not yet exhausted, they will never be exhausted; there will be no point where we can say, "we have exhausted all means and all possibilities." So the third category cannot be yet settled. About two categories there is no problem.
The whole of science is ready to accept two categories: expressible, knowable; and unknowable, but can become known, is potentially knowable. In fact they are making two categories: that which has become actually known, and that which is

potentially known. They are dropping the world of the mystic completely. They are saying there is nothing which will always remain unknowable, unknown.

And that is really the world of enlightenment.
Western mathematicians think that Godel's three categories exhaust all categories. That is not true. The West is not aware of Eastern mathematicians, philosophers. The most unfortunate part is, even mathematicians from the East, getting Nobel prizes for mathematics.... Two Nobel prizes have gone to two Indians. One was to Doctor Raman; another -- just a few years back -- to Doctor Khorana. Even these... I have met Doctor Khorana, and I asked him, "Do you have any idea that Godel is not the last word?"
He said, "What are you saying? Godel has to be the last word because there cannot be any more categories: the known, the knowable, and the unknowable. Even if he is accepted, then there are only three categories."
I said, "You, being a man from the East, should know, because you have been educated in the West...." And even if you are educated in the East, you are educated in Western methods, discoveries. Nobody bothers about Eastern discoveries.
Mahavira has seven categories. That was one of the greatest debates between Mahavira and Buddha when they were alive twenty-five centuries ago. Buddha had exactly the same three categories as Godel. He was saying there are only three categories: either you can say yes to something, or you can say no to something, or you can say it is indescribable. There are no more categories.

Mahavira had seven categories, and I agree with Mahavira. He is really exhaustive. But it is a little bit complex; these three categories are simple.
The first category is: Yes. That is very clear. You can say yes about something with confidence. You know it and it is describable, known.
You can say no; the second category: "I am ignorant. That does not mean that the thing does not exist, I am simply saying it is unknown to me."
Or you may say yes and no, both together. In one sense one can say yes. For example, I can say yes to God in one sense, in the sense of godliness, not as a person but as a quality. But in another sense I have to say no because I don't think there is anybody who created the world, who is a creator, who is a father, maintainer. All that is nonsense.
And yes and no together certainly make it more mystic, hence indescribable. That is the world of the mystic: yes and no, both. So you call it indescribable, inexpressible, unknowable. Yes and no cancel each other but the reality is still there. The reality is not canceled
But Mahavira goes further. He says the fourth *cate gory is: Yes, and indescribable. One can say about something, "Yes, I know it, yet I cannot describe it When I say indescribable it does not mean that I don't know; hence the emphasis is on yes and indescribable."
And the fifth category: No, and indescribable.

"I do not know, but this much I know -- it is. I do not know exhaustively, I cannot claim that I know; hence, I say no -- that indicates me, and indescribable indicates the thing."
And the sixth: simply neither yes nor no -- together -- and still indescribable. You may be feeling that it is somehow known to you, yet you can put it into neither yes nor into no. "I don't have the experience to such an extent that I can say yes, nor do I have the experience to such an extent that I can say no. So neither yes nor no -- they are indicating towards me; but the thing is there."
And the last: simply indescribable.

Perhaps it is because of Mahavira's very intricate way of expressing things that his religion remained a very confined, small thing. It is not counted in the world religions. But perhaps it has more sophistication than any so-called world religion. That very sophistication is the cause of its not being very appealing to the masses. Now, who is going to bother about these seven categories?
People want definite answers to believe in: this way or that. Either be a Catholic or be a communist, but be clear. People want clarity because they are so confused, and this man brings all these seven categories; now their confusion is worse, they are even more confounded. First you were at least aware that you were confused. Now you will not be aware to which category you belong: yes, no, yes -- no both, neither yes nor no, or indescribable.

Mahavira could not create a world religion for the simple reason that perhaps he had the deepest penetration into reality. If you ask about his enlightenment, he will answer in seven sentences. You will not be able to come to any conclusion -- and I feel this is something tremendously valuable.
Why this urge to come to a conclusion? If existence is a continuum, an ongoing process -- never beginning, never ending -- then why is man so eager to come to conclusions? No conclusion can be true, because a conclusion means a process stopped. A conclusion means a full stop has come, the last page has arrived. A conclusion means a death, and life is always on and on and on. There is no beginning and no end.
I cannot give you a conclusive answer to your question, What is the most significant thing about enlightenment? But this much I can certainly say, that enlightenment is the most insignificant phenomenon in existence. That's why people are not interested in it. If it were significant then millions would have been running after enlightenment, just as they are running after gold, after money, after power.
Just go and stand at the Pentagon or before the White House and ask everybody, "Where are you going?" Everybody is going, and going fast. I don't think you will come across a single person who will say, "I am going to enlightenment" -- not in Washington, not at the Pentagon.

Everybody is going, and is in a hurry; in fact, will be greatly disturbed by you: "What kind of nonsense... stopping me in the middle of the road and asking, 'Where are you going?' What business is it of yours!'
And you say, "I am simply doing research on enlightenment, on how many people are going for enlightenment. I have not come across a single man yet."
The simple reason is that enlightenment is not going to make you significant. You will not become Ronald Reagan. You will not become even Jesus Christ; nobody will crucify you. You will not even become Al-Hillaj Mansoor; nobody will murder you.
If you become enlightened you will become so ordinary, so simple, that nobody will take any note of you. You will become almost absent.
Let that become my definition of enlightenment:
You will become almost absent.
You will pass just like a breeze -- not like a storm: Adolf Hitler is coming! You will just pass like a small breeze of no significance.
To the world you will be nobody.
To yourself you will be the whole world.
To the universe, you will be all that you can be, all that you are meant to be.
To the universe it will be a tremendous joy that you have dropped all running after significant things. At least there is one man who lives insignificantly, ordinarily, not going anywhere; no heaven, no God, no nirvana.

He is not concerned even about the next moment, because all his energies which were involved and invested in all directions are now falling back upon himself.
He has become a tremendously fulfilled reservoir of peace, silence, beatitude. He is so full of bliss that without his knowing he will be showering bliss wherever he moves. Whatever he touches will feel the vibe of bliss. But as far as he himself is concerned, if you ask him, "Who are you?" he will say, aI do not know. I have no idea at all."
Enlightenment, thought to be a simple, insignificant ordinariness, makes religion non-political, makes religion a true religion.
Otherwise there are "His Highnesses," "His Holinesses".... And I have heard about this Indian prince in South India who has now been chosen for parliament; his weight is three hundred and fifty pounds. He is known as "His Heaviness"! At least that is true. These "holinesses" are all phonies; these "highnesses" are just their own fantasies. But he, at least in reality, is what he is called.
"His Heaviness" is a rare man. He never goes anywhere outside his tremendously rich palace. Perhaps he has the costliest crown in the whole world. His palace is full of diamonds and rubies and emeralds, because his state controlled all the mines, and so the best stones had first to be offered to the king. And this has been going on for centuries; for fifteen hundred years his royal blood has remained a continuous line.

He has never spoken in public, and now he has become a member of the parliament. And even when he speaks only a very few people can understand because he speaks through his nose. Only those servants who live nearby have slowly become accustomed to his speech. And in the whole world he has only one friend a small dog; his name is Kinky. He sits on his throne with Kinky the whole day. That's his whole work. Now he is going to be a real celebrity in the parliament in New Delhi.
In this world of "His Holinesses" and "His Highnesses," a really enlightened person is just nobody. He has no name, no form, no superiority, no inferiority. In fact he has disappeared.
And this is the paradox:
By disappearing, one finds oneself.
By not being anything, one becomes everything. By becoming absent totally, one becomes, for the first time, not a person but a presence -- a presence of tremendous beauty, blessing. But all this happens because one becomes a zero.
Enlightenment is the experience of being a zero.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS THE GREATEST PROBLEM IN THE WORLD?

THE greatest problem or the smallest problem, it is the same: man. And when I say man, I do not mean something abstract. I mean I, you, he, she. There exists no man as such, separate from human beings.
There exists no humanity; it is only a name. The reality is the individual. And the problem arises because the reality has not been accepted. The real has been denied expression; and the unreal, the abstract, has been imposed upon it.
You have been told continuously, "Live for humanity." Where is humanity? Have you ever come across humanity? Do you think you are ever going to have an

encounter with humanity? It is just like all those big, bombastic, bogus words: God, motherland, fatherland, Holy Ghost. They don't exist, they are only projected. "Live for humanity" means don't live for yourself.
Nobody has the guts to say to you directly, "Don't live for yourself." So they have found a cunning, clever, indirect way of saying the same thing: Live for God, live for humanity, live for man, live for the universe. Live for anything -- XYZ -- but please don't live for yourself. And here is the root of the whole problem.
Your life is your life, and it can be lived only one way; there is no other alternative. And the only way that it can be lived has to be found by you.

It is not all ready like a super-highway, ready-made, with millions of people moving on it, going towards their goal, and you have just to join the crowd.
No, there is no super-highway to existence.
There are only small footpaths which are walked in total aloneness.
And remember, even those footpaths are not ready-made, available for you so that you can go on number eleven footpath. They don't exist other than when you walk upon them; it is through walking you create them. It is a very beautiful and mysterious way life has, that it does not make you like a railway train which runs on rails. A railway has no choice, it cannot just go anywhere it likes. Those rails are fixed, somebody else determines them. Those rails are the destiny -- the train simply moves according to somebody else's dictates.
Man has no destiny -- although you have been told for thousands of years that you have a destiny.
This is what I call the way of the cunning, deceiving, exploiting people. Now when it is said to you that man has a destiny, you never think of a railway train. Only railway trains have destinations, stations. But beautiful words can go on hiding ugly realities. "Man has a destiny" -- I have been hearing it from my childhood, and I have been saying each time it has been mentioned by somebody in some way, "Please don't insult me."
When I said this to one of my professors, he was shocked.

He said, "I am not insulting you. To have a destiny is not an insult, it is the most honorable thing in life."
I said, "It may be for you because you don't understand what you are saying. Destiny means predetermined; my tomorrow is already predetermined by somebody. I have not even been consulted -- as if it is none of my concern, I am nobody, just some playing cards in somebody's hands; whatsoever he wants he makes out of me. Whatever game he plays, that is my destiny. And this is thought to be respectful?"
And the professor was not saying something crazy. That is what is thought all around the world. I said, "I can understand why you are shocked, because you have never thought about the word destiny. How can I have a destiny? I have not determined it. Then who is the guy who determines it? And what right has he got to determine it? He has not even asked me. I don't know him, we have not even been introduced. Just for courtesy's sake he could have asked me,'This is going to be your destiny -- do you like it or not?' But nobody has even bothered that much."
Man has no destiny.
And I say unto you that it is only man who has not any destiny. Dogs have; buffalos have; donkeys have. They move on certain rails. Each donkey throughout millions of years has lived the same routine life: the birth, the love affair, and the difficulties of marriage, children, old age, all hopes shattered, all dreams unfulfilled, and the darkness of death.

All the donkeys have lived that way, they are still living that way -- but not man.
In fact, I want to say to you that all men are not behaving like men. A few are behaving like monkeys, a few are behaving like Yankees, but none even tries to assert, "I am a man." But that assertion contains so much, it is almost immeasurable.
So first: man has no destiny. Once you understand it, almost all your problems disappear. I say "almost" -- perhaps ninety-nine percent disappear; one percent remains. I want it to remain. Ninety-nine percent of your problems are created by deviating you, by driving you into ways which are not for you. But whenever I said that this is an insult, the reaction was the same -- a shock.
Slowly I became aware that people don't use words consciously. What they are saying is almost like a parrot, perhaps worse than a parrot.
I am reminded of a story. A Christian priest went into a pet shop. His own parrot had died, and that was his only companion. He was a celibate: no wife to quarrel with, no children to be engaged with. How long can you live with God alone? Once every week, Sunday morning, is good, but for the remaining six days, when the whole world goes to work... and even God worked those six days. The poor priest has to remain in the church doing nothing.
Even the good God could not manage to remain for seven days without doing anything.

In six days he created this neurotic world, and on the seventh day He said, "Great! I have done a great job, now I can rest." But this poor priest... so he had his parrot and slowly, slowly he made him almost a scholar, trained him. The whole week there was no other work. The parrot knew almost all the sermons of the priest. He had become lately a nuisance because he wouldn't let the priest rest even a little while. Whenever the priest was resting the parrot would start his sermon that the priest had -- with great labor and patience -- been teaching him, not knowing that it was going to backfire.
He would shout at the parrot, "Shut up! You keep quiet! On Sunday I have to preach myself, and I have to hear my own words; and then seven days you torture me day and night. Whenever you see me you immediately start my sermons. I am fed up with these sermons!"
And the parrot would giggle. He would say, "What about me? And what about those fools who come to the church? Everybody is fed up. When I get bored I start the sermon -- what else to do? And here I don't see anybody, no congregation; only you are my congregation."
The priest was thinking many times that if this parrot died -- he was old, and if he died it would be good. By a coincidence the parrot died, and then the priest realized that it was impossible to live alone; the parrot had been a companion. Although he bored him, at least there was something -- boredom; at least there was something to complain about, at least there was somebody he could shout at.

Now there was nobody.
This is how habits work on people. You may be fed up with something -- your husband, your wife; I call all these habits. You may be fed up with them, you may have thought many times, "If only this woman dies, or somebody takes her away... if she is hijacked.... In this whole world so many things are happening, but nothing happens to her: no accident, no hijacking, nobody elopes with her.... She seems to be accident-proof!"
And the same is what she goes on thinking, "This old foggy-head -- how long am I going to suffer with him? Is he going to die or not." But once the old foggy-head dies then she suddenly feels a tremendous vacuum intolerable.

The same happened with the priest. So he went to a pet shop to purchase another parrot. He said, "I want the best one, because the one I have lost is almost irreplaceable. He was such a great scholar, and such a hot preacher. He roused his congregation -- although it was not much of a congregation, only I was there; but he was really a hot preacher.
"I am a silent and tolerant man -- I am a priest and I am supposed to be; but he was able to break the ice. And he was more patient than me because when I used to become angry, he used to giggle; that giggle I can still hear. And I think perhaps he understood better than me. So I need something... really the best. I want to forget my parrot."

The shopkeeper said, "You have come at the right time. Just now I have received a parrot which is a jewel. You cannot imagine anybody to compete with this guy. You come with me."
He took him inside the shop. At the very back he had kept a beautiful parrot in a golden cage. The priest said, "What is the speciality of this parrot?"
He said, "You ask what speciality? Can't you see these two threads hanging down by his legs?"
The priest said, "Yes, I can see them."
The shopkeeper said, "If you pull the right thread -- and nobody will be able to see it, nobody you have brought to introduce to the parrot.... You just slightly pull the right thread and immediately he gives the Sermon on the Mount."
The preacher said, "That is great, because my parrot used to give sermons but not the Sermon on the Mount. He used to repeat my sermons, and I was repeating others' sermons. And this parrot gives the Sermon on the Mount just with a slight hint to go? My parrot was not like that.
"He didn't know any signals; the moment he saw me he started, and unless I shouted and made much fuss, he wouldn't stop. Starting was no problem; the problem was stopping, because unless he stopped the whole sermon, it was very difficult to interrupt him. It was just a mechanical thing, he had to go all the way. But this is good. And what about the left thread?
The shopkeeper said, "If you pull the left thread he repeats the Christian prayer."

The priest was really amazed, and he said, 'What if I pull both the threads?"
"You are expecting a sermon? a Christian prayer?" said the parrot. "You son-of-a-bitch, can't you see I will fall on my bottom?"
Now, even a parrot has some sense, more than the priest asking about pulling on both his legs. Even the parrot could see that this was sheer stupidity. What kind of man is this priest!
So I am saying to you that, just parrot-like, man has been repeating words -- but perhaps parrots are more alert. Perhaps they are just playing a game, perhaps they are just befooling you. You want to be befooled; you want to be entertained, and they are doing it. But deep down....
I have thought about it. I used to have a parrot myself in my childhood -- I used to collect all kinds of animals. Looking into the eyes of the parrot, I had the feeling many times that when he was repeating the words that had been taught to him, he knew that these were just meaningless words. That was my feeling looking into his eyes. He was a very clever bird, because whenever I looked into his eyes, I would see a subtle smile. He knew why I was looking. I had an absolute certainty about his eyes: deep down we had not been able to deceive him. But I cannot say the same about so-called man.
Looking into the eyes of my professors who were saying, "Man has a destiny," I have not found that smile of the parrot.

They really believed what they were saying, because they knew the meaning of the words; but they don't know the implications of the words. And the implications are many, and the most profound implications are indirect. They are never direct; you will not find them in the dictionaries.
I have imagined many times writing a dictionary not with meanings but with implications. But I am a lazy man; I would not even be able to work on half a page and it would be finished. So I have never started But the idea has always been there that each word has two things. One is the meaning -- grammatical, linguistic, superficial, available in every dictionary. But nobody bothers about the second: the implication.
Implication is a totally different thing. For example, "Man has a destiny"; the meaning is clear, but what about the implication? What is the implication of the word destiny? There are so many implications. One is, that man is not a man at all, that man is a thing, not a being, because a thing can have a destiny. A chair can have destiny; it is made for a certain function, it Will fulfill its function. Man is not made to order. He is not furniture.
Man is consciousness.
Consciousness cannot have any destiny.
Consciousness has freedom.
Destiny is just the opposite of freedom; that is its implication. Destiny means you are a born slave.

Even before you were born your stamp of slavery was completely sealed; you were finished before you were born. That's the meaning of destiny as far as implication is concerned. In fact you were never born, because before birth death had happened; that is your destiny. You are programmed.
Because of this idea of destiny, astrologers, palmists, and all kinds of future predictors go on exploiting man. They would not have been able to exploit you if you were not carrying the idea that you have a destiny. If you have a destiny, then there may be some ways to find out what it is: perhaps in the lines of your hands, perhaps in the lines of your head, perhaps in the lines of your feet, or perhaps in your birth chart, in the combination and position of stars, planets. Some way must be there to read the program.
And the strangest thing is that you feel happy with astrologers telling you about your future. You are really too curious to know about the future, without ever thinking that to have a future means you are dead. If the future is already settled, then how is freedom possible? If tomorrow something is going to happen, then it is going to happen; I am just a victim in the hands of some unknown force -- I am not my own master.
To have a destiny means you are not your own master.
You cannot do anything about your life.
These are the implications of that simple word, destiny.

It leaves you dead. It leaves you a slave. It leaves you without any excitement because all is determined. It leaves you without any hope, because what can you hope? Whatever is going to happen is going to happen whether you hope or not. You are no longer significant in any way in your own life. Even to call it your own life is not right: Destiny has taken all juice out of you.
This is what has made man into a problem.
Once this is accepted, that "I am a determined being," then you are just driftwood, because you don't know what that destiny is. There is a subtle, unconscious feeling that there may be wise people who know it. Your parents may be knowing it, your teachers, your professors, your priests, your monks, your messiahs. These people must be knowing it because you don't know.
You don't know because there is no destiny to know -- but all these people have

managed a totally different show. They say you don't know because you are ignorant, but there are wise people who know -- incarnations of God, the people who have realized themselves, messengers of God. These are the people who know. Your only wise course will be to listen to them and to follow them and to believe in them because you don't know and they do.
And certainly those people who pretend to know also pretend that they have all the authority of the past; all the scriptures, all the other prophets are behind them -- they are not alone.

They inherit the whole wisdom of the world, and they are the last word -- perhaps the concluding word. They have weight.
In Buddha's time eight people were trying -- just like politicians campaigning -- for the post of the twenty-fourth tirthankara of the Jainas, because the post was vacant. And twenty-three tirthankaras had already happened, only one was left for the whole of creation to come. It was not an ordinary opportunity.
The presidential election is every five years, three years, four years; a prime minister is elected every four years, five years -- if some assassin does not interfere -- but that too is conditional. Twenty percent of American presidents have been assassinated; it is not a small percentage. And if this is the case in America, just within three hundred years of history, you can think what has happened around the world. And these presidents were killed by enemies, people who belonged to different, antagonistic ideologies.
But if you look into history you will be surprised. Kings are being killed by their own sons, kings are being imprisoned by their own sons; brothers are being killed by their own brothers.
In South India there is perhaps the best sculpted and the greatest statue in the world. It is in a place called Gomteshwar. It is the statue of a Jaina sannyasin, Bahubali. The word bahubali means man of strong arms; and he was really a giant of a man.

He was the son of a king, and the king became a monk. The king's eldest son's name was Bharat, and because of this man's name, India's oldest name is Bharat, the land of Bharat.
Bharat was the eldest son and Bahubali was the youngest son -- there were only two sons. Bharat was conventionally the inheritor of the kingdom. When the father became a monk and renounced the world, he did not proclaim who the successor was. When he was asked, he said, "How can I do that? A thing which I am renouncing... how can I proclaim one of my own sons to be the inheritor of something that I have rejected? It is for them: if they want it, it is there; I am not taking it away.
"But people will laugh at me: 'If you found it so useless that you simply kicked it out of your way... you must have some deep greed, some attachment if you still want your eldest son to become the king." He said, "The kingdom is just worthless -- nobody needs to inherit it. If they want to, that is their business."
Bharat, seeing that his father thought that the kingdom was not even worth his declaring somebody a successor, followed his father. Bahubali was very much interested in the kingdom; he was a very worldly man. And he was a great warrior. He knew perfectly well that Bharat was going to be the owner of the kingdom; his chances of being a king were nil. But he could shine in other fields, and the best one was to be the greatest warrior in the country.

And of course Bharat was no match for him -- Bharat was a simple man. Bahubali prepared himself to be the greatest warrior. But there was trouble, and the trouble was that Bharat had not renounced the world for the simple reason that there was nothing to renounce; the father had not given him any

inheritance. It is a beautiful story. The father had not given him any inheritance, thinking it was useless. So what had he got to renounce? -- he was already in a state of renunciation.
But a formal declaration from Bharat was needed saying that he had renounced the kingdom; only then could Bahubali succeed. If he did not make a formal declaration... and he was not willing to because, he said, "If I have not succeeded to it in the very first place, I don't own it; how can I renounce somebody else's property?"
One year passed, and Bahubali was getting more and more agitated because this was a very strange situation. The father had left, the elder brother was meditating in the mountains, and the younger brother was in a limbo. He could not declare himself the king; for that Bharat had to renounce it formally. At least he should say, "I am no longer interested," but he had gone into silence and was simply meditating.
Bahubali went there, very angry; and he was a man of tremendous power. He took Bharat up in his hands and was going to throw him down into the valley; even pieces of his body would not have been found.

But just as he was holding him up in his hands a thought arose: "What am I doing? And for what? That kingdom, my father has renounced; after his whole life's experience he found it worthless.
"My brother loves me immensely, so much that if I had asked him to make me the successor, he would have crowned me himself. But he is also right because he is no one. And even here, while I am holding him up in my hands ready to throw him, he has not resisted even a single bit; he has just allowed me to take him up as if we are playing."
He remembered their childhood. In childhood also he was strong, and Bharat, although the elder, was a weak, delicate child; many times Bahubali used to lift him up. Tears came to his eyes; what was he about to do? What would the world say about him? Just for power, money -- and some power and some money that his father has thrown as useless, and his elder brother has simply said that because it does not belong to him, he cannot even renounce it. Bahubali changed his mind.
He said, "I was going wrong." He put down Bharat and touched his feet; and Bharat went into his meditation just as before, as if nothing had happened. And this changed Bahubali's whole life.
He stands by the side of his brother; that's where his statue is in Gomteshwar. It is fifty-two feet high, the highest statue in the world, and of tremendous beauty.

Fifty-two feet high... the smallest toe of the feet is the length of your side -- six feet. A staircase goes around so you can see it from all sides, because the head is so big, if you see it from one side you cannot see it from the other side; you can never see it whole.
The statue is in pure white marble. It is a whole mountain of marble that has been carved. It has not been brought from anywhere else; it is the whole mountain of marble that has been carved into the statue, because -- fifty-two feet high! This big a piece you could not bring from anywhere else, and particularly two thousand years ago. And it is standing on a high mountain.
On the statue is the story that Bahubali was a warrior.... Once he started the inner war, then also there was no competitor to him. He went into such deep meditation that creepers climbed up his legs. They were reaching up to his head -- flowers blossoming, leaves all over his body, because the creepers did not know that he was a man; he was standing like a pillar for months. And in his ears, birds had made their nests.
Of course on this big statue it is very easy to manage, everything has been

managed: marble has been sculpted into creepers, with flowers and leaves going around Bahubali's legs and arms. Marble has been cut into the shape of birds' nests in which once in a while birds actually make their nests, because where else can you find a ready-made marble nest?
When I went there, there were actually two eggs in one ear and a bird was sitting on top of those two eggs.

The ears are so big; you can imagine -- a fifty-two-feet-high man, then how big will be the ears? You can sit in the ear, what to say about a bird. You can lay eggs and sit on them. I have seem many, almost all of the beautiful statues in India, but nothing to compare with Bahubali.
This man became man because he changed some act which he was just going to commit. He proved his freedom. He was almost on the verge of throwing Bharat; but even from the last step you can come back, there is nobody to prevent you. And a man who was ready to kill his brother for the kingdom -- because after his death he would be free to be the king -- changed so much that he forgot all about the kingdom. He went into such deep meditation that he became enlightened before Bharat.
And when the father came to their side, seeing both his sons meditating and Bahubali enlightened, he was puzzled. He had never thought about Bahubali becoming enlightened. He was a wrestler, a warrior; he would have conquered the whole world -- but to become enlightened.... Even his father could not believe that man has so much freedom.
And what happened to Bharat who was always almost enlightened? He was just on the verge -- and he was still there. What was preventing him? When Bharat opened his eyes and saw his father and his brother -- and his brother was just a luminous light, a peace, a silence so dense and thick -- he asked his father "What happened? -- because I had come before him and I have been meditating here."

The father said, "Nothing, just the idea that you have done something unprecedented in history, something unique. There have been kings who renounced the world, there have been kings who have not renounced the world. You are the only king who has not even accepted a kingdom; the question of renunciation did not arise. You are unique -- and that small idea is a thin layer of ego that is preventing you.
"Your brother, although rough, raw, uneducated had no such ideas. He had come to kill you, but at the last moment he saw what he was doing. And he is not a great scholar or thinker, to ponder over it; to do it or not to do it. He just saw the point, the simple point that 'this is stupid' -- and he dropped the idea.
"And he had no idea that he had dropped the idea that he had saved his brother, that he had renounced the kingdom, and he had done all that. He had no idea, not even a shadow of the idea, of renunciation, saving -- nothing. That's why you started before him but he arrived before you."
If man has a destiny then there is no possibility of turning off anywhere. And we have been told for millions of years, "You have a built-in program." Now from where are you going to know what this built-in program is? Somebody has to tell it to you. Those are the manipulators, all around you; like an octopus, they go on sucking your blood from every possible side.

And they go on filling you with ideas that you have to become this, you have to become that, you have to become somebody who has nothing to do with your nature. This is what has made man a problem.
In fact, man can be the solution, not only of himself, but of the whole existence, because he is the highest peak of consciousness.

He is at the topmost peak of existence; but he is in so many knots, puzzles, that he cannot figure out himself what he is, what existence is.
Man lives a problematic life, and dies a problematic death. From the very beginning to the end he is just a long, long problem. That creates anxiety, anguish, tension, suffering, and a constant feeling that something is being missed. And that feeling is true. Not only something, everything is being missed. But if you just stand a step back and look at the whole situation, and see how the problem is being created, then to solve it is just a child's game.
I am reminded of a story. Gautam the Buddha one day comes into his morning discourse; ten thousand sannyasins are waiting for him, just like every day. But today there is something surprising. Everybody is puzzled and looking at each other, because Buddha is coming with a handkerchief It is very costly -- perhaps some king has presented it to him.
But he does not accept that kind of thing, so everybody is looking, thinking, What is the matter? And why should he bring it just in his hand ahead of himself almost saying to everybody, "Look, look well"? And then he comes and sits; and keeping the handkerchief in his hand, says to his sannyasins, "Look very carefully."

They all look. There is nothing to look at, just a beautiful silken handkerchief And then Buddha starts putting knots in the handkerchief; he puts five knots in it. There is immense silence... everybody is simply watching what he is doing. Then Buddha asks them, "Is this the same handkerchief the same that I had brought with me, or is it a different handkerchief?"
Sariputta, one of his chief disciples, stands up and says, "Why are you joking with us? You have never done such a thing. This is the same handkerchief"
Buddha says, "Sariputta, think once again -- because the handkerchief that I brought had no knots, and this has five knots. How can this be the same?"
Sariputta could see the point. He said, "I am sorry. I do understand. Although it is the same handkerchief now it is in a very knotted condition -- such as a man in anguish. He is the same man; a man in suffering is the same man but in knots."
Buddha said, "Exactly right. That's what I want to show to you: that the man who is in suffering is not different from Gautam the Buddha. I am just a handkerchief without knots. You are a handkerchief with five knots." Of course Buddha has his philosophy of five basic problems that trouble man: violence, greed, untruthfulness, unawareness, and the ego. You can find many more knots; these are just the main ones according to him.
Secondly he said, "I would like to ask you one thing more.

I am trying to open these knots. Look at me -- will this help to open the knots?" He pulled both the ends of the handkerchief; the knots became smaller and tighter. Somebody shouted, "What are you doing? This way those knots will never open. Such fine silk and you are pulling so hard! The knots are becoming so small that it will become almost impossible to open them again."
Buddha said, "You can understand about this handkerchief so clearly -- can't you understand yourself? Can't you see yourself in the same, understanding way? Have you been pulling your knots or not? Otherwise why do they go on becoming smaller and smaller, and tighter and tighter?
"A child is loose, relaxed. Look at the old man, just knots and knots. Certainly, whatever you are doing is wrong. You are pulling the handkerchief. You are trying hard; your intention is good, you want to open the knots. You are taking much trouble -- but your doing is your very undoing. You are making things more and more complicated, worse and worse. And the more complicated they become, the harder you pull, because you think, What else to do?"
Buddha asked, "Then I would like to ask you, what do you suppose I should do?"

One monk stood up and he said, "I would like to come close, and first I would like to see how the knots have been put together."
Buddha said, "That's a scientific way.

Before you can undo something, you have to know how it has been done, because if you know how it has been done, you have already known all that is needed to undo it; you have just to reverse the process."
The monk looked at the handkerchief and he said "The knots have been done in such a way that if we relax the handkerchief and allow the knots to become looser rather than tighter, and help them to become loose, it is not going to be very difficult. They are simple knots."
Buddha gave the handkerchief to him and the man opened the knots one by one.
Buddha said, "Today's sermon is finished. I am not going to speak anymore today. Just go and meditate about your knots, and how you have managed to make them so tight. And just do the reverse."
Any small problem, just look at it, at how you have been trying to solve it, and it goes on becoming worse and worse. Certainly in your doing there is something which is becoming a nourishment to it rather than a killer. You are not poisoning it, you are nourishing it, feeding it. And don't try to work on so many knots together. Just choose one small knot, the smallest you can find in yourself; by smallest, I mean the most insignificant.
People have the tendency to choose the most significant; even when they are choosing to solve their problems, they choose the greatest problem first. Now, that is simply foolish.

Just become a little aware, alert. Start from the small things, very small things.
In one sermon Buddha was speaking, and a man sitting in front of him was moving his toe continuously. Buddha was not like me; otherwise he would have stopped him immediately. He tolerated it, tolerated it, tolerated it -- but it was too much, because the man was just in front of him and he went on, went on, went on.
At the end Buddha said, "What is wrong with your toe?" The moment he said, "What is wrong with your toe?" the man stopped. Buddha said, "This is what is wrong with your toe: you are not aware of it. You were not doing it, it was happening almost unconsciously. It is just a habit; you must be doing it everywhere you are sitting. Now it goes on doing it by itself knowing that the master needs it. The master is not even aware that it is happening, because the moment I asked you about it, it stopped immediately. That means the moment your awareness went to the toe there was a complete break."
Now, start with such small things which have not much investment in them.
People start with their ego -- they want to become egoless. Now, you are taking on such a big problem. You are so small, and the problem is so big, that you are going to fail.
In fact that's why you have chosen the big problem, because you want to fail, you don't want to succeed. Perhaps this too is the way of the ego, to choose the biggest problem.

You are no ordinary man trying to change small things here and there; when you want to change, you want to change the real problem. Perhaps this is the ego coming in from the back and deceiving you.
Now choose something very insignificant, which makes not much difference. But the beauty is, the smallest problem has the same properties as the biggest problem, the same ingredients as the biggest problem and the same solution as the biggest problem.

All problems are one problem.
If you can solve a small problem -- dissolve it, get rid of it, be finished with it -- you know the master key.
Now you can go on opening all the locks in your house. And there is not going to be any trouble.
The basic key is awareness.
And while solving a small problem, you are starting to learn the ABC of awareness.
Choose something meaningless with no investment; it will be easier to work with.
And once you have worked with it, you will be surprised: you have the secret, the whole secret of your puzzled, knotted life.
Solve it, then man is born in you.
Before that, you are only a problem.
The second question?

Question 2
OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING A HOLLOW BAMBOO, A FLUTE ON THE LIPS OF GOD, AND BEING A PUPPET MANIPULATED BY GOD THE PUPPETEER?

IT all depends on you.

Why not just be a hollow bamboo? Why be on the lips of God? That's where your ego is coming in You are not a hollow bamboo, you are already full of crap, otherwise, from where have you produced this God. It has come from your crap. It is a creature made out of the crap... must have slipped out of your hollow bamboo.
Otherwise, I have been looking for God and I don't find a trace of Him anywhere. And you people go on meeting Him everywhere. And you were not doing anything great, just being a hollow bamboo, and there comes God -- not only comes, but puts you on His lips.
Next time it happens, stop Him, because there is always a fear of AIDS, particularly from the lips of God. Avoid this fellow as much as you can, because His whole company is gay, and if for eternity you know a gay company, they are bound to do something stupid, something perverted. Avoid Him; even if you meet, just tell Him, "Please forgive me, but find some other hollow bamboo. Those days are passed, because in those days there was no fear of AIDS. You go!"
A hollow bamboo on the lips of God.... You cannot be hollow; otherwise just a hollow bamboo is more than enough. Nothing else is needed, nobody's lips are needed.
And then a fear arises in you, a question: "What is the difference between the lips of God and a puppeteer? Playing on the flute, or playing with His puppets, it's the same.

So the fear arises that being a flute in God's hands, you are nothing but a puppet. Because of the ego, first you wanted to be on the lips of God; now, because of the same ego, the question arises that you are only a puppet. So what is the difference, whether the puppeteer is a god or a devil? It make no difference as far as you are concerned; you are just a puppet.
Who plays the song through you? What kind of song passes through you? Does it make any difference? You are just a hollow bamboo. In every case you are just a means, not an end; you are being used. There is no difference, there will never be, unless you decide to remain just a hollow bamboo.

There is no need for any God or any puppeteer. You can sway in the winds. Winds passing through you can sing and dance their songs. Perhaps by chance wind passing through your hollowness may create sweet melody, but as far as you are concerned, you are utterly contented with your hollowness.
The beauty is in that hollowness, emptiness, nothingness.
But man is so idiotic that he will spoil everything that iS being given to him. I have told you before to be hollow bamboos. But I know that if I simply say to you Be hollow bamboos" -- that's what I am saying now, just be hollow bamboos. But ten years ago I was saying, "Be hollow bamboos on the lips of God," because otherwise it was so difficult to persuade you to be hollow bamboos.

A God was needed, God's lips were needed. It was very kind of you, you never asked about lipstick, what make of lipstick God uses. Otherwise I would have talked about that too, because anyway I wanted you to be hollow bamboos. So if you wanted not a direct and immediate approach and you were in need of some meaningless support, I was giving that. But I am finished with all that.
To me, a hollow bamboo is holy:
God is just nonsense.
But you wanted nonsense, and without nonsense there was no way to catch hold of you. I said, "Okay have nonsense to your heart's content. And later on we will have to pump it out again." And that's what I am doing now, pumping it out again.
Now it is going to be a problem for new people who will be listening to me and reading me. They are in a difficulty. You cannot understand their difficulty You can laugh easily. They cannot laugh because they are in the same situation you were one day, but they missed. And what can I do? My ship is ready and I have to leave. So before I leave, at least I want you to pump out all the nonsense that I have filled you with.
So I am finished with it, and existence cannot complain to me, "You filled so many people's heads with so much rubbish." Before I leave you I am going to empty your heads completely. Even if I have to behead you, I am ready for it, but the rubbish must come out.

I am responsible for putting it in; I must be responsible for taking it out, so you are left just hollow, alone, silent.
And to be in that space is all religion is about.
Just be as if you are not -- and you have found what you have been searching for, for lives together.
In your hollowness all problems are left far behind.
Now, don't create any other problem, of God as puppeteer. They are all puppeteers, and you have always been on somebody's lips: Christian puppeteers, Hindu puppeteers, Mohammedan puppeteers. Now be finished. Be on your own. Just see the beauty and joy of just being on your own, and you are bound for a surprise -- that so much beauty and so much grandeur and so much blessing simply arises from nowhere and fills your whole hollowness.
It is waiting there; just because you are not hollow it cannot fill you.
When everything else has been removed from you, and nothing is left, suddenly out of your own innermost core arises the fragrance.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,

WERE PAGANS RELIGIOUS?

THE Christians have given such a condemnatory definition to the word pagan that it has become almost the meaning of the word. To be a pagan, according to the Christians, is to be irreligious. The reality is just the reverse.
Christianity is a pseudo-religion.
It is not even irreligious, because to me an irreligious person is at least authentic, but a pseudo-religious person is insincere, dishonest. He is a hypocrite. So first you have to drop the idea about pagans that Christianity has created.
Christianity is only two thousand years old; pagans have lived for millions of years. Before any religion was born, the so-called great religions -- hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christianity -- before even their names were heard, the pagans were there all over the world.
The pagan is not irreligious.
He is not anti-religious, he is not pseudo-religious.
He is not religious either; but in all these four categories, he comes closest to the religious.
The pagan is of a previous state of religious consciousness.
Before a man can become religious he will have to go back, through the state of being a pagan. There is no other way.
What do I mean by saying that before becoming religious a man has to pass through the state of being a pagan? I mean that he has to become free from all pseudo-religions, pseudo-irreligions, all kinds of ideologies, knowledge which is borrowed.

He has to become clean, just like Adam and Eve coming out of the garden of Eden.
Who were they -- Jews? Christians? Hindus? Mohammedans? The only word that can be used for them is pagans. They were still like small children.
All children are pagans. You try your hardest to make them Christians and Jews and Hindus; and unfortunately you succeed because the child is so helpless and so dependent on you, you can force him to pretend to be anybody: Catholic, Protestant, Witnesses of Jehovah, any nonsense. You can force anything on the child, because the human child is the most helpless child in the whole animal kingdom.
The human child cannot survive without his parents, without somebody taking care, without somebody giving warmth and love. He needs everything that all other animal kids need -- and over and above all he needs something more....
It has been scientifically found that you can give the child all his physical nourishment, but if you deprive him of his psychological nourishment, he is going to die within three months. If, for example, nobody cuddles him, nobody tries to hold him close to their body and in the dark night he is left alone, no mother to give him warmth....
You can put electric blankets over him, but the warmth of a mother's body is not just electricity, it is not just heat, it is something more: it is love, it is care.

The child feels that he is protected, that he is needed, that he needs to survive because somebody loves him.
A child hidden in darkness behind the blankets without anybody holding him close to his or her heart starts feeling ignored, neglected, perhaps abandoned. Why should he go on living? For whom?
He is so helpless that you can exploit him. And this is the misery, that even parents have not been able to control the temptation to exploit the helpless, although the helpless is nobody but their own child. Perhaps they never think what they are doing.

The Christian parents think they are helping the child to become a Christian; otherwise he will be lost. They never pay a second thought to the question: They are Christians; have they arrived, or are they also not lost?
Just a simple question has to be put into every parent's mind: Whatever you have done, whatever you have thought, whatever you have believed, has it helped you to reach to that space which you would like your child to reach? If you yourself are in a limbo, not knowing who you are, from where you have come, to where you are going, what all this is that you are doing....
If you don't have any answer, please be compassionate to the child. It is your child; at least don't let him live the life that you have lived. One thing is certain, that the way you have followed has led nowhere.

So at least make the child aware, "I have wasted my life, and I would not like you to waste your life in the same way. At least try some other way; even if you also waste your life, at least there will be a satisfaction that you tried something else. Perhaps everything fails, then there is no problem. But, go on your own way."
That's what I mean by leaving the child a pagan.
A pagan to me is one who has a clean slate of mind, who has no idea of God, not even a question about God, who is not worried about heaven and hell, who is not concerned whether Jesus is right or Moses is right or Mohammed is right. These are not his questions.
And remember one very fundamental thing:
When a question is not yours, no answer can be of any help.
It is like forcing somebody who is not thirsty to drink water. When the question is not there, pouring an answer into his head is as absurd as that. Somebody is not hungry and you are forcing him at the point of a sword, "You have to eat!" In almost all civilized societies that is the way, even about eating, food, clothing... You have to do this."
I remember my own childhood.... In a Jaina family nothing can be eaten in the night; between sunrise and sunset you can eat, you can drink. Naturally the times are fixed and you cannot eat many times in such a small span. So in a Jaina family there is nothing like breakfast, because if you take a breakfast then there will be a difficulty; then lunch has to be a little late, nearabout one -- as it is all over the world.

But if lunch is at one, supper has to be at five, before sunset. Then there will be too small a gap. Then what about a coffee break? There is not even time for a water break.
So the only way is, drop breakfast, take your lunch at eleven, your supper at five. There must be at least a six-hour gap between two big meals. This is very unscientific, because then after five till the next morning at eleven -- such a big gap.
One becomes accustomed, one has to become accustomed -- there is no other way -- because in a very orthodox Jaina family, after supper everything that is left over is given to the beggars. So there is nothing left in the kitchen that you can find in the night when everybody is asleep. Everything has to be finished because there is no point in keeping it; tomorrow it will be stale. And up to eleven you have to wait.
In my childhood, tea was still not very acceptable. It was introduced by Westerners into India. It came after moving around the world. From China it was introduced into the West -- Marco Polo carried bags of tea -- and from Europe it came to India. In fact in China the first name in the history of tea is an Indian name, Bodhidharma; he was the first tea grower. It really took a round trip.
And because it came through the Britishers.... In India, among the masses there

was an antagonism about everything that was coming through the Britishers; naturally, they were the enemies.

And they were distributing tea and coffee free, even with raffle tickets in the packets. If you happened to get a packet with a ticket, you also won a lottery.

The Indian masses were even more reluctant: why so much interest in spreading tea and coffee, investing so much money and so many people in free distribution? I have seen it with my own eyes, in my own town. All the tea companies would come and distribute with big lotteries. But slowly slowly, because of those lotteries, people started opening their packets -- and a few rebellious souls started to drink tea and coffee also.
It does not taste good in the beginning; tea and coffee -- they don't taste good. You have to learn the taste; but people who tried, found that it gives a certain alertness. Indians were using smoking tobacco for the same purpose. In fact tobacco and tea both contain a similar ingredient which makes you feel a little more alive, less sleepy, more awake.
So slowly... but it took years, and particularly in the orthodox houses. I must have been nearabout twenty when I first saw tea entering my house, because my grandmother was absolutely against all this nonsense.
"What can be there in just dry leaves? Drink milk drink lassi" -- which is made of curd -- "which is nourishment. What is this nonsense? What nourishment can there be? And these people," she used to say, "are befooling you so that you become weak.

They want a weak country because slaves should not be strong."
She was an old woman but she had some strong ideas. In a way she was right; she was saying that you should not become weaker, otherwise you will never be free. And rationally, Indians have been drinking milk and eating sweets made of milk or curd with a certain idea that the body needs strength, the mind needs strength. "Now, tea and coffee cannot give it to you, and these people are spreading these things just to divert your mind."
And they succeeded in diverting it. People forgot all about milk and lassi and things that were really nourishing, and they became addicted to tea and coffee.
So in my childhood even tea and coffee in the morning were not available. The breakfast was really lunch.
If you think of the word "breakfast" -- and it was really a breakfast, because from five o'clock the day before till eleven o'clock.... Your breakfast is not much of a breakfast, because you go to bed eating, munching -- if nothing else, then at least chewing gum, so that you can go on chewing even in your sleep. And you get up with tea in bed. First tea, then anything else.
In India it was inconceivable. First you have to take a bath, you have to clean your mouth, you have to do your worship. And then too you have to wait until eleven.
Now, even children... when I was a child it was difficult for me, and I think it must be difficult for all children to remain hungry so long.

Fortunately I lived with my maternal grandmother who was a very softhearted woman, and she could understand. She said, "I know how much I have suffered in my childhood, so you don't be worried. And if it is sin I am responsible for it because I am giving it to you."
And she would bring sweets and everything and keep them by my bed, even in the night. She spoiled me for my whole life. If even in the night, at two o'clock, I might start feeling hungry, I would just have to find the table, and I would find everything on it that she had kept there.

It became such a habit that when I moved to the university all the students were puzzled, "What kind of habits do you have? Every day you bring sweets and keep them by the side of your bed, and in the middle of the night.... Can't you eat before?"
I said, "That does not make any difference. In the middle of the night, when I wake up at two o'clock -- i have been doing that for so many years that at two o'clock my stomach simply gives the alarm. Then if I don't eat I cannot sleep. So it is better to eat and then go to sleep."
But my other brothers and sisters were all learning starvation. I told my father, "It is your religion; if you have chosen not to eat in the night, that is your business. But these children have no idea of any contract with you. You have never even given them a choice that 'if you are a child born to me then you will have to stay hungry so many hours every day.'

Now, don't impose these things on them. Leave them alone. Then according to their nature, if they feel hungry they will eat."
And this was a strange situation. For example, whenever I came to my father's house, which was not far away from my maternal grandmother's house, if it was a meal time they would try to force me to eat. And I was always full because in the night, before going to sleep I was eating. In the middle of the night I slept, in the morning I was eating, so I was always full; I was not interested in their lunch. And they would force me, they would say, "Eat, otherwise how will you survive?"
I would say, "Don't be worried. I am surviving -- can't you see I am surviving? You can weigh me against any of your children." And I was heavier than any of their children: my father's, my uncle's, my other uncle's. And I said, "That's enough proof; you can weigh us any moment. You are starving those poor guys." But religion imposes itself from generation to generation.
All children are born pagan.
One basic thing to be noted: you were born pagan.
A pagan means just a tabula rasa -- nothing was written on you, no scripture, no discipline, no doctrine, no cult, no creed.
You were simply a human being, and then people started cutting: this side is longer, this side is smaller... stretching you and trying to make something out of you.

They were not interested in you. Nobody is interested in you at all; everybody is interested in his own idea, and he wants to impose that idea on you. He thinks and believes that he is imposing it because he loves you.
To me, if this is love, then what is hate? Love must mean only one thing, freedom -- and this crippling is not giving you freedom. Who are they to decide what kind of morality, what kind of character, what kind of ideology is right for you? But they decide everything.
In this whole world, everything is decided by others for others. This is a very strange place.
I am reminded of a small story. It happened in the court of Emperor Akbar -- he was the great Mogul emperor of India. He and his wise men were standing in the court discussing something. He had nine wise people chosen from all over India; about every kind of specialization he had the top man in his court. They were called his nine jewels.
One of them was a man called Birbal. He was a man with a tremendous sense of humor, that's why he had been chosen. He was found to be the best man who had the profoundest sense of humor.
Just as they were talking, Akbar, for no reason, out of the blue, slapped Birbal who was standing by his side. Birbal never waited a single moment; he slapped

the man who was standing by his other side. That was the quality of that man, he was really an intelligent man.

The other man could not understand what was going on"The emperor slapped him, why should he slap me?
He got stuck, and he asked Birbal, "What do you mean by that?"
Birbal said, "Don't waste time: you hit somebody else!"
He said, "What in the world is going on?"
Birbal said, "You cannot hit the source back. You just go ahead and hit somebody else and let it pass; otherwise you will be stuck. And the world is round...."
You will be surprised that Galileo discovered only three hundred years ago that the world is round. But in India, the very word geography is bhoogol. For thousands of years, the very word for geography was bhoogol; bhoogol means "the earth is round."
Galileo's discovery is not much, or Copernicus', or Columbus': all these people had no idea that there is a country where the word geography simply means "the world is round".
So Birbal said, "The world is round, don't be worried; sooner or later the hit will come back to the emperor!" And as it happened it came back that very night.
It must have gone round many people; and everybody was dumbstruck, and each said, "What is the point of it? -- I have not done anything."
The other said, "Nor have I done anything, but this is how it has started from the palace. And they say simply pass it on, don't keep it, you are not concerned at all. It came to you, you passed it on; then you are finished with it.

You are almost as clean as if nobody had slapped you. You cannot go back to the source."
It is Birbal's statement, "You cannot go back to the source, you just go on ahead. If the world is round, it will come to him." And it came to the emperor by his most beloved wife, because her lover -- she had a lover, and that lover hit her.
She said, "What do you mean by that?"
He said, "I don't mean anything, this is just going on all around the capital. Everybody is being hit, and they say it has started from the emperor himself. And Birbal says,'Don't be worried, the world is round; it will reach sooner or later to the emperor.' "
But she was the person to hit the emperor; who else could have hit him? She hit him really hard! He said, "What do you mean by that? What are you doing? Who told you...? Has Birbal been here?"
She said, "No, nobody has been here but the hit has reached me. It has been going round the capital, how can I be out of it? It came to me with the message that you have started it and until it reaches back to you there is no way of ending it. So it is finished."
The next day, immediately, the first thing the emperor did was to ask Birbal, "You are simply something! I was thinking that although the world is round, and what you are saying sounds sensible.... But that just in twenty-four hours it would reach me -- that I never thought!"
Birbal said, "It is not a question of thinking, reality is such.

I have watched this happen continuously. I don't know why I am a Hindu, my father simply passed it on to me. His father must have passed it to him. Now I have to pass it to my children, otherwise I am stuck with the load.
"Pass on, so you remain free. Everybody is passing things. And you cannot go to the source. Now, where am I going to find my father? He is dead. And even if I could find him, he would say 'Son, what can I do? My father has been dead for years, I cannot find him. It is better you give it to some young person who can

carry it, and in his own time he will pass it on. Don't be worried -- this is how it has been happening for centuries.' "
Every question goes on passing all its distortions, confusions, problems, anxieties, to the new generation. And the new generation invents a few of its own, so it goes on becoming accumulative. It is just like a river. New rivulets go on meeting it, and the river goes on becoming bigger, and bigger, and bigger. That's where it has reached now. For millions of years people have been pouring all their miseries and problems into their children. Now it has come to a point where the burden is too much. It can kill the whole of humanity.
Your question is significant. Why can't you see the problems of life as clearly as I can see them? Let us move slowly. First, I can see clearly because I don't have any life-problems.

It works both ways. If you are clear, if you can see, your life-problems dissolve. Let me remind you about using the word dissolve. I am not saying you find the answers, solutions to your problems, no. And I am only talking about life-problems; that's what you have asked about.
This is the most important thing about life-problems to understand: they are created by your unclarity of vision. So it is not that first you see them clearly, then you find the solution, and then you try to apply the solution. No, the process is not that long; the process is very simple and short.
The moment you can see your life-problem clearly, it dissolves. It is not that you have now found an answer that you will apply, and someday you will succeed in destroying the problem. The problem existed in your unclarity of vision. You were its creator.

Remember again, I am talking about life-problems. I am not saying that if your car is broken down you just sit silently and see clearly what the problem is: the problem is clear, now do something. It is not a question that you simply sit under a tree and meditate and just once in a while open your eyes and see whether the problem is solved or not.
This is not a life-problem, it is a mechanical problem. If your tire is punctured you will have to change the wheel. Sitting won't do; you just get up and change the wheel.

It has nothing to do with your mind and your clarity, it has something to do with the county road.
What can your clarity do with the county road? Otherwise, three thousand meditators here cannot mend one county road? Just meditation would have been enough -- and in the morning you would find an asphalt road.
But the question is only about life-problems. For example, you are feeling jealous, angry, you are feeling a kind of meaninglessness. You are dragging yourself somehow. You don't feel that life is juicy anymore. These are life-problems and they arise out of your unclarity of mind.
Because unclarity is the source of their arising, clarity becomes their dissolution. If you are clear, if you can see clearly, the problem will disappear.
You have not to do anything other than that. Just seeing, just watching its whole process: how the problem arises, how it takes possession of you, how you become completely clouded by it, blinded by it; and how you start acting madly, for which you repent later on, about which you realize later on that it was sheer insanity, that "I did it in spite of myself. I never wanted to do it, still I did it. And even when I was doing it I knew that I didn't want to do it." But it was as if you were possessed....
This very idea of being possessed by ghosts and spirits is nothing but a very ancient symbolical way of saying what I am saying to you.

A man possessed by a ghost has nothing to do with any ghost; it is his own unconscious, his own jealousy, his own anger, hatred, his own unconscious mind. And his conscious mind is so small that the unconscious takes it over.

It appears almost as if somebody from outside has taken possession of you, because you are identified with your conscious mind -- a small island -- and an ocean from all around splashes on you, covers you with its foam. Naturally you think, Something from the outside has taken possession of me, and I am doing things which I don't want to do.

Almost ninety-five percent of murderers have confessed in all the courts of the world.... No judge believes them because no judge is yet a psychoanalyst. This is such a mad world -- that a murderer is being judged by a man who has studied law. Now what has law to do with murder? Is there any connection between law and murder? Do you think by learning law you become a murderer, or by learning law you become able to understand how murder happens, why a man kills somebody?

Law has nothing to do with it. That's why I say this is a very mad world. A psychoanalyst should be judging because he can understand why a man murders. And when the man says, "I was not in my senses when I did it. I feel sorry for it, I cannot believe even now that I have done it. I have done it, but I cannot believe how it became possible.

...

But no judge is going to understand him. No judge has the capability of understanding. He would have done the same himself -- knowing all the laws makes no difference. In fact legal people commit more illegal acts in the world than anybody else because they know exactly how to bypass laws, how to find out loopholes. And no law is perfect, there are loopholes. You need a little intelligence to find the loophole, and then you can do the thing without being caught.

I loved, in my high school days, one of my Mohammedan teachers, Maulana Rahimuddin. He was a scholar and certainly a man you could call wise. He used to be the superintendent of all the examinations. He was the oldest, seniormost teacher in the school. At every examination he would come into the examination hall and the first thing he would say was -- and he was a very loving old man -- "My boys, I have to inform you of a few things.

"One thing: copying from anybody is not a crime, it is not a sin -- but getting caught is. If you have brought notes with you, hiding in your clothes, or if you have got books hidden in your pants and in your coats, I have no objection. Just be careful, because I am here to do my duty; I will try my best to catch you. You do your best not to be caught.

"But if you feel afraid, I give you two minutes: I will sit with closed eyes in my chair, you just bring your notes and your copies and your books and put them on the table.

Two minutes to decide.... Either you surrender them and forget about them -- when you go home you can take them with you -- or, if you decide to keep them, then be careful. With all my blessings do it, but don't be caught, because if you are caught then I can't help."

He made the students so afraid when he was sitting there with closed eyes, that students would bring their notes, and their copies, and they would all pile up there.

I never used to bring anything, I used to take from his table. Students were bringing things, and I was standing near his table sorting out things which would be useful. And the whole hall was aghast at what I was doing, that I was now.... They knew me -- "He is incurable." And while I was doing this, I would say

"Maulana, don't open your eyes, because I can see that you are trying to peep."
And he had to keep his eyes closed completely.
I used to sit just in front, where the examiner's chair was, just in front of him, because that was the most useful place. He never expected that there, just in front of him, somebody would be doing something.
He would go around the whole hall and he would not bother me at all because I looked so innocent sitting just in front of him. Who was going to do any copying from any book or...? Nothing would be possible in front of him. The thieves' seats were all in the back rows, hiding in the corners, and those were the places where he would go and look.

When I passed my matriculation, one day I met him on the road, and I said, "Maulana, I have to say one thing."
He said, "What?"
I said, "You should start looking at the first bench in front of you. That's where you have been... "
He said, "What do you mean? Because there you have been sitting?"
I said, "Yes, I have been sitting there, and I have been choosing notes from others because I don't bother making notes and all that; others do it for me. They put them on your table, and while you are keeping your eyes closed I take out whatsoever I need.
"And as you know, being caught is the crime. I am just giving you a tip: in future never leave the first row, the front line, unchecked because that is where those who know how to do a certain thing will be sitting. You go on looking for idiots in the corners. Will a man of intelligence hide in a corner?"
He said, "You really cheated me! That's why you used to say,'Maulana, keep your eyes closed tight.' I thought you must be very virtuous. And I even followed you and kept my eyes closed tightly!"
I said, "Of course. I had to keep your eyes closed tightly because I had to sort out... they were others' notes, and two minutes is such a small time."
He said, "In my whole life nobody has been able to deceive me. How did you manage?"
I said, "It was so clear, because I could see.

The first day I did not do anything; I simply watched, and I saw. It was so clear that you were looking at places where people would be hiding if they wanted to do something. And you were leaving one place absolutely out of your vision and that was right in front of you. That day I decided that this was going to be my seat in every examination."
He said, "But how did you manage to always have that seat? -- because certainly I have been seeing you every year in the same seat."
I said, "That too is very easy. One just should not be caught."
He said, "How did you do that?"
I said, "Just before the examination day I go in the hall and just change my examination number to that desk; whatever it is, I change it to that desk. And the examination number for that desk I move to the other desk. The next day I am sitting there, and my examination number is there. Nobody can object, there is no problem. And that was the only determining thing. It was so simple!"
If you see a thing clearly then either it disappears or, if it does not disappear, that means it is not created by you. It is created by somebody else; you are just being stupid in carrying it. It is not your problem, it is somebody else's problem.
Remember it: only your problems will dissolve before your clarity.
But if you are carrying other people's problems then it is very difficult, because those problems have nothing to do with your vision, your clarity.

So those problems which don't disappear give you a clear indication that you have borrowed them.

And you are continuously borrowing other people's problems.

Letters come to me saying, "Somebody passed by me and I had a gut feeling that he was angry with me." Somebody passed by you, and you have a gut feeling that he was angry about you.... At least you could have asked the person, "Are you angry with me? -- because I am having a gut feeling...." You owe him this much courtesy at least before you determine that he is angry with you.

He may not be at all interested in you, he may be angry about something else. You may give him a good laugh. But it is possible -- he may be angry with something else, somebody else, with himself, and you may get a gut feeling of anger. His anger can touch your feelings. It may not be addressed to you because the emotions are not linear. They don't move from A to B, they move in circles, concentric circles.

Just as when you drop a stone in the lake, concentric circles arise and they go on spreading all around, when somebody is angry there are concentric circles around him of anger. Anybody passing by him, if he is sensitive, can get the feeling that he is angry. And naturally you decode this feeling as if he is angry with you.

It is better, then and there, to hold the man and ask, "What is the matter? because I am feeling a gut disturbance.

I feel waves of anger arising around you. I don't know for whom, for what, but at least be clear: if they are addressed to me tell me, so I can do something about them. If they are not addressed to me thank you. You go on your way, I go on my way."

But this is not what people do. That's why I say you are not straightforward, you are not authentic. Now you are just carrying an idea, and with this idea, whenever you pass that man you may start projecting that he is looking with anger, or he is moving with anger. These may be just projections now because you have got a certain idea that he was angry, so he must be angry.

Now whatever he is doing you will try to convince yourself that it is a proof of that. Now you can go on piling up and making a big story out of nothing. And now, later on, even if you tell him, he may not be able to remember what you are talking about. It is better to be very immediate.

Don't start borrowing problems from people. And everybody is doing it -- most of your problems are somebody else's problems. The other may have even solved them, or dissolved them, and you are still carrying them.

Try to keep your life as clean and unburdened as possible.

Clarity is not something that needs any special talent. It is not something like the talent to be a painter, a poet, a musician. Everybody cannot be a musician, it is clear.

There is no need either, because there is enough noise already. There is no need that everybody should be a painter, because almost every wall, every bathroom, every place where somebody can practice his art is full.

You will find proof of the insanity of man everywhere. In a railway station you go into the bathroom and you look around: graffiti has become an art form. These are great artists who are doing all this nonsense. What kind of people are these who come into the bathroom to paint and write things -- and ugly things. But these must be in their minds, they must be carrying them everywhere.

You are passing by the side of people who are throwing all kinds of garbage. They are not throwing at you, they are just so full they have to throw it; otherwise they will die. They are simply unburdening themselves.

Of course if they start throwing rubbish and things like that on the road, they will

be caught by the municipality or the police and they will be presented in court, charged with making the whole road dirty. But these things that they are throwing are invisible, no court can do anything. No policeman has yet been given an instrument to catch hold of these people's graffiti that they are throwing all around.
If they throw it in the bathroom it is impossible that they are not throwing it in the office, because for the mind it makes no difference.

In the bathroom they find it easier because the door is locked and they are alone. But they have come prepared. From where come these colors and pencils? -- they have come perfectly ready, with all the instruments. They are throwing their graffiti everywhere, and you may be catching it.
Mind is a very sensitive phenomenon.
You can experiment with it and you will be surprised. You can sit in one room and let somebody who is very intimate with you, close to your heart, sit in the other room. You tell the person, "You sit silently for five minutes, then start putting on paper whatsoever comes to your mind: a word, an animal, the face of a man, or anything... a flower, whatever, a triangle, whatsoever.
"You are not to bring it, you have to allow it to come. You simply wait with the pencil in your hand on the paper; five minutes wait in silence and then wait for whatsoever comes. If a triangle comes, let the triangle be made there; if the face of a horse comes, let it be there." Tell the person, "Make ten things, and after ten things open the door and come to my room" -- or you go out to her room.
You are also to make, after five minutes, a first figure, then a second figure, then a third figure -- ten figures. And you will be surprised that with a very sensitive person almost nine objects will be caught; the less sensitive, the less objects. But almost by anybody thirty-three percent, one third, are going to be caught.

If the person is a little prepared by hypnosis, then things will be very easy, then a hundred percent can be caught. You just have to tell the person to fall in deep sleep for five minutes, to, "close your eyes and relax, and whatever I say you simply accept."
You just put out this idea after five minutes, when he is looking relaxed and his face is looking relaxed and you will be able to see that his face immediately loses its color. It is a different face. His eyes are different, his lips change their position. He is in a kind of deliberate sleep, but able to hear you.
You just tell him, "Tomorrow we are going to do an experiment at twelve o'clock. This is the experiment.... And in those ten minutes you will be extra receptive, so whatsoever I will be drawing on my paper in my room, you will immediately draw it on your paper in your room."
These are simple experiments which can show how thought is continuously jumping from one person to another person. Walking behind a person on the road, just look exactly at the back of his neck, which is the most sensitive point -- where the backbone, your spine, and your brain meet. It is a juncture.
Just stare at that point on the neck for a few seconds, then tell the person, "Look back," and the person will immediately look back. Or tell the person, "Something is itching on your left leg." He will scratch his left leg -- and he will also look all around, a little surprised because something is not right.

There was nothing, no itching but the idea came that "there is itching." He can feel physically that there is no itching, but the idea was so dear, and the instruction was so clear that before he could stop it, he was scratching.
Just small experiments... and you will be surprised to know that thoughts are

things. They are continuously moving, and you are continuously receiving them. Other people's problems jump upon you and sit on your head and eat your head -- and you are trying to solve them. You are not even aware that they are not your problems: you are not supposed to solve them.
So clarity is simply a little alertness, a watchfulness, trying to watch what goes on inside you, outside you, with no judgment that this is good, this is bad. The moment you judge, you forget the simple process of being alert. A judge can never be alert; his judgment comes in the way.
So don't judge. There is nothing good, there is nothing bad. As far as your effort to create a clear mind is concerned, all are objects of similar value, similar weight. You are just a watcher, with no attachment to this idea or that. Just learn a little detached alertness.
And this can be done at any time: working, not working, walking, sitting, eating, Lying down on your bed -- anytime is meditation time.
And this is the meditation that I want you to do.
The only thing that I want you to do is to practice this simple way of becoming aware.

Your deepest problems will disappear. The superficial ones you will become aware are not yours. You can start giving them back to people.
It happened that from my house to the school there were three ways. Two were big roads but they were a little longer, and between the two there was a very small street. Only people who lived there went on that street, otherwise almost nobody; but because it was a shortcut to the school, that was my routine way.
On that street there was a small temple, and an old man lived there who was very much respected in the town. He continuously carried a flute with him, and he always played on it. I have heard many great flautists, and that man was not known at all, but his flute had a quality of his own. It was not professional, skillful, but there was immense love. And what he was singing was not sung for anybody else, just for his own joy.
He was a very simple old man. Nobody knew even his name, he was simply known as Bansiwale -- the man with the flute. In daytime, in night time, whenever... and he had all the time in the world, he was just a simple old man living in, and taking care of, the temple. He would go out twice to beg, and that was all; then he was free to play his flute.
I used to sit in the temple with the old man. He never even asked me, "Why? -- because nobody comes here." Just the day he was dying he asked, because that day too only I was there.

He told me, "I have thought many times to ask you -- nobody comes here; I am a poor man, just a beggar -- why do you come and sit here for hours listening to my flute? And I don't know how to play it even, I never learned. I don't have any master who has taught me the flute.
"I found it just in the street. Somebody must have forgotten it there, it fell or something. I inquired to whom it belongs. Nobody was ready to take it, so I said, okay, I will try. I started playing, and slowly slowly, I came to love the sounds.
"But why you? In your school you have a music class, a music teacher; you can learn everything there. I wanted to ask you but somehow I never was tempted that much. But today I am helpless. I am dying, and I don't want to die with this question in my mind: Why, you used to come here?"
I said, "It is good you asked. I used to come here because I have been moving around the town more than anybody's boy. I am less in the school and more in the town! I have been watching all kinds of people, sitting with all kinds of people. You are the only one with whom I feel a silence. You are not throwing

anything at me -- and that's what I love."
Everybody is throwing something or other, and whatsoever they are throwing gets caught in the head. It will take years to clean it. But you are not looking around; otherwise you would be very easily aware who the people are who are throwing garbage at you, who the people are who are not throwing anything at you, who the people are who simply throw a few flowers at you, a little song, just a loving breeze, and just pass by.

And there are people who are simply silent, not throwing anything at all at you. I call those people your friends who don't throw things at you.
Only friends can sit in silence.
Only lovers can sit in silence.
But the so-called lovers and friends that you know are continuously nagging each other to say something: Why are you silent? And if you say something there is trouble. If you don't say something there is trouble. Trouble is at any cost.
It seems there are no friends, no lovers, in the world. It is better then to go to the trees, sit by the side of the animals; at least they will not throw any garbage at you.
If you sit by the side of a buffalo, she is not going to tell you about the weather -- even though she is British, it does not matter She is not going to tell you about the newspaper that you have also read -- you won't have to listen to the buffalo tell you again.
And if you sit silently, she is not going to nag you, "Man, what are you doing there? -- ignoring me? Your own buffalo? And just the other day I saw that you were looking at that other buffalo so lovingly.... If it happens again I will break your neck!" No, she is not going to say anything. You can look at any buffalo, or not look at her.
Sit by the side of a tree. You will feel much more strengthened, nourished, clear, silent. Make friends with animals, birds, trees, rocks, because man is in a very third-rate condition.

And this situation has arisen because we have not accepted the simple fact that each child is born a pagan. We have condemned that word.
A pagan is a pure soul, still unpolluted.
Become a pagan.
To me that is an absolute precondition for becoming religious.
I cannot say the pagan is religious, but I can say certainly that the pagan is the one who is closest to being religious. And anybody else -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, Jaina, Buddhist -- who wants to become religious will have to pass through the process of being a pagan. That purification is absolutely necessary. That is a fire which will burn all that is rubbish in you.
I love and respect the word pagan, and I want it to be redeemed from the condemnation that Christians have poured on it. Yes, a pagan is a primitive, just as a child is.
A pagan is unknowledgeable, but to be unknowledgeable is not a sin.
A pagan is yet amoral.
He does not make much distinction between what is moral and what is immoral, for the simple reason that he is so simple. It needs a cunning mind to make the distinction between moral and immoral. He is very simple. If he likes something of yours, he can take it. He is not stealing it, he simply likes it.
One of my professors, Professor S.S. Roy, was very puzzled when one day I saw a book on his table, A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE, by P.

D. Ouspensky. I had been in search of that book. I had all the other books of Ouspensky, only that book was missing. So I took that book and told Professor Roy, "This book I am taking, and I will not be returning it because I need it more than you need it."
He said, "This is some strange criterion. Now we have to decide it this way, who needs it more?"
I said, "In fact that should be the criterion whoever needs it more. I know perfectly well you have nothing to do with Ouspensky or Gurdjieff -- or do you have something to do with these people?"
He said, "That's true, I have nothing to do with these people."
I said, "I have much to do with these people. This book is useless here. You may have paid for it but you paid for a useless book, and I am stealing something very useful to me. And still you think paying is right and stealing is wrong?"
He said, "I don't want to argue with you, you simply take the book; that is an easier course. But what you are doing to me, don't start doing with anybody else. This is absolutely amoral; you should at least offer the price of the book."
I said, "No, because I am a poor student and you are a rich professor. To me... this book costs fifty-two rupees; that means for one month I have to go without eating food. Fifty-two rupees is the cost of my food. To you fifty-two means nothing, you earn two thousand rupees per month.

"Fifty-two is nothing for you, so you should see a rupee in my hand is much more valuable than in your hand. And I don't bother about what the reserve bank says about it; you cannot deny the fact that fifty-two rupees means one month's food for me. Can you say that this book means one month's food for you?"
He said, "I cannot say anything. You simply take that book, but don't do it to anybody else because nobody will understand it."
I said, "That I know, but I am a pagan and I don't believe in right and wrong on its face value."
This story went around the whole university, that I was a pagan and I didn't believe in any morality or immorality; I could do anything.
One of my professors, a very simple man, heard this -- that I could do anything. He became very afraid because I used to go to his house. His was just on my way from the department to the hostel, his house was on the way. And he was alone, no family; he never got married. He was such a simple man, it was good he never got married. But I used to go in whenever I passed by there. I would enter into his kitchen -- and he was a brahmin, and brahmins love food very much, so he used to make food with his own hands.
He was really a religious person, celibate, making his food with his own hands. I would eat anything, whatsoever I thought was delicious, and he would simply sit there.

He would say, "You see I have been making it since the morning, and you finished it! And today I have heard it said that you don't believe in morality, in immorality."
I said, "You should have known before because I have been doing this to you for two years. Do you think this is immoral, not even asking you whether you have eaten or not? You have just prepared it and it is just cooling and I have finished it."
He said, "I thought many times to raise the question that... but rather than getting involved in any argument with you, it is better to make the whole thing again; that is simpler, cheaper. But you did it with S.S. Roy and that is too much, because he is a family man. I am alone: if you eat something or you take some of my clothes, that's not much of a problem. But he is a married man, and you took

the book -- and he had not even read it! He had just purchased it one day before, in front of me he bought it from the book store."
I said, "That does not matter, he can purchase it again. But why did you get so afraid, hearing the story going around?"
He said, "I got afraid that you have been doing these things to me. I thought that you are just playing jokes or just being friendly -- I never had thought that you are a pagan."
I said, "But why is pagan such a fear-creating word?"
All the religions all over the world have created great fear about the pagan: A pagan is one who does not believe in any values.

That's not true. A pagan is one who is learning on his own what are values and what are not values.
A pagan is a seeker, a searcher, an innocent being with a question mark.
Yes, he has no answer yet, but he is not a hypocrite. He will not pretend somebody else's answer is his own. He does not follow anybody, he will simply follow his own natural course.
He will fall many times, he will go astray many times, but each time he will be more mature. Each time he comes back to the path that leads to his natural growth, he will be more mature, more centered, and each time have less possibility of falling.
That's how one grows. A pagan grows into a religious man finally. Then he has values, but they are not the values that are being told to you. He has his own sense of what is right, what is wrong. It may not coincide with your morality, because your morality is out of a confused mind. His morality is out of his clarity. Your morality is just like groping in the dark and somehow trying to find the way. His morality is from the sunlit peaks.
The pagan is the first step; and the enlightened man is the last step of the journey.
Without ever telling you, that's what I have been doing all along: trying to make you all pagans -- but without telling you, because people simply freak out with the word pagan. It is not something to be afraid of.

It is something to be proud of
Be a pagan and then see. This whole world looks totally different.
Be a pagan and then live, and then life has a different taste.
Be a pagan and growth will happen automatically, naturally.
And insist that you will remain a pagan. That means you will remain unprejudiced, unbiased, open, vulnerable, ready to accept truth in whatever form it comes. But it has to come to you, it has to be your own. Only then is it of any worth; otherwise it is of no worth at all.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHY ARE PEOPLE NOT LISTENING TO YOUR MESSAGE?

THERE are many things to be understood before we can enter into the question. First, the word people.... There are no "people" as such. There are Americans, Russians, Indians; there are Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans; there are socialists, communists, fascists -- but where are the people? These are all crowds, these are not people.
A crowd can be in three different forms. The worst is the mob, and the worst is

the most prominent in the world. A mob means an unorganized crowd. The greatest crimes have been committed by mobs, because a mob functions completely unconsciously. And in a mob nobody is responsible: you can do anything and you are not responsible.
I have seen mobs burning living people, and I have asked the people who were part of the mob, not just silent partners but active participants, "Are you aware of what you are doing? -- burning living people, children, women, just because they happen to belong to another mob? They are Mohammedans, you are Hindus; the only difference is the label of the mob, because most of them have been Hindus before, and tomorrow one of you may be a Mohammedan. To change a label is not a difficult thing."
How many Mohammedans had come to India in the beginning? -- only five hundred. Now India is the world's biggest Mohammedan country.

Next to Hinduism, Mohammedanism is the biggest religion in India Half of India the Mohammedans have taken already -- it has become Pakistan. Any day they will again demand the remaining part of India, for the same reason.
"Five hundred Mohammedans -- how have they become millions? They were all Hindus, just their labels have been changed, forcibly -- and you are killing them. And even if they are not Hindus, at least they are mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, husbands, wives. And a mother is a mother: it doesn't matter whether she is a Mohammedan, a Hindu, a Christian. The relationship between her and her child is the same, whoever she is."
Do you know what those people said to me? They said, "We were not aware of all this. In fact, we were not doing it. Alone, on our own, we would never have committed such a crime, but when the whole mob was doing it, whether we participated or not made no difference; the people were going to be burned. And we don't know how we started doing things which we were not intending to do. We had never thought about.
This is the way of the unconscious. But the unconscious is a vast continent; and the mob belongs to the unconscious, and any moment that you are possessed by the unconscious you are part of the mob. And the other way round too: the moment you belong to a mob you fall into the darkness of the unconscious.

Then you can do anything without feeling at all responsible for it.
That's something very significant to be understood. If we want a better world, the phenomenon of the mob will have to disappear, because it is the mob that goes on pulling you down deeper and deeper into darkness. And there are mobs all around the world -- where are the people?
The second stage of the crowd is a "crowd": a little bit organized, a little bit unorganized.
And the third form of the crowd is the organization -- a perfectly organized crowd.

Think in parallels to the human mind. The mob, the lowest, is the unconscious. The crowd is the subconscious, just on the borderline; it is not much. Either you are in the mob or you are in the organization. Perhaps for a transitory period you may be in the crowd, passing from the mob to the organization, or from the organization to the mob. It is just the borderline, subconscious; there is not much space in it.
Crowds are not as dangerous as mobs because a little sense, a little consciousness is there, and a little responsibility. The traffic on the road is a crowd: a little organized, a little unorganized -- but it is not a mob.
The highest in these three categories is the organization: Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism; the communist party, fascist party, socialist party -- political, religious, philosophical organizations.

It does not matter on what excuse the organization exists, but it is an organized crowd -- well organized, regimented.
Look at the Catholic church, which is the most organized religion of all religions. It is almost an army camp -- the bureaucracy, the hierarchy.... Every small detail is being dictated from above and has to be followed exactly the same as ordered. If you don't follow it, you are expelled. You are thrown out of your position and power -- and it gives so much position and power that nobody is willing to risk it. So people go on pretending, showing false faces.
These are the three kinds of crowds in existence but none of them has the dignity to be called "the people."
Whether it is a mob or a crowd or an organization, one thing can be used as a criterion: no individuality is allowed.
In that sense the organization is the most dangerous, because it kills your individuality very methodologically.
The crowd is not so dangerous; it is a little loose, gives you a little more rope. The mob is less dangerous in this sense, that it does not bother about you at all.
It is a cloud, a dark cloud. There is no "who is who" nobody is the leader and nobody is the led. Just the unconscious instinct predominates; and because it is the same instinct in all of us, a mob can function without any order, without any pope, without any church.

But its function can only be destructive.
To create, you need a certain order -- not organization but a certain order, a certain awareness, a certain individuality. But for destruction nothing is needed. You can became an instrument of destruction without any qualification. No university degree is needed, no skill, no craft -- nothing. Hence, the great appeal of the mob -- to attract people.
You can become a great mob leader, for the simple reason that you will not be asked to have any qualification. What is the great quality in V. I. Lenin? It is the quality to create a mob around himself and to manipulate its instinctive destructiveness for his political ends.
And the same is true about Mahatma Gandhi, Mao Tse-tung -- any so-called great political leader. His only skill is in finding how to implant in the mob a certain idea. And because it is going to be destructive, there is no problem. Let me explain to you....
Mahatma Gandhi was the uncrowned king of India before Independence, because before Independence the question was destructiveness: the British Empire had to be destroyed. Everybody was qualified, and the whole country was under Mahatma Gandhi. But what happened? Even Gandhi had not expected it -- could not have expected it, because he was not that conscious a man. He was surprised, taken aback.
When Independence came the same mob forgot all about him.

The same leaders who were nothing before Independence -- who were just changing around him in the hope that if he won the battle they might also get some power -- those leaders became prime ministers, ministers, governors, governor-generals. And they all forgot about Gandhi.
No Gandhian has analyzed the phenomenon. It is of much importance, because this has happened to every political leader in the same way. From before the revolution to after the revolution there is a tremendous change. Mahatma Gandhi himself said, "I have become a coin which is no longer in currency."
"A coin which is no longer in currency" He used to say before Independence that he wanted to live at least one hundred and twenty-five years, to see India completely renovated, renewed, rejuvenated. And after Independence he started saying, "I don't want to live that long. I pray to God: "I have lived enough...."

What great change has happened? This is what he was living for up to now, and now he is victorious. It is his disciples who are in power, the country is independent, the empire that he wanted to destroy is destroyed. Now, what more success was he waiting for?
But at this crucial moment he realized that he did not know anything about how the human mind functions. He was a leader of a mob, and a mob is interested only in destruction. Now the question was of creation. The whole dimension of work had changed: the country had to be created.

It was a tremendous job of almost impossible proportions. Who was going to listen to him? It was perfectly good to carry the flag and go on shouting against the British kingdom; it was fun. And particularly with Mahatma Gandhi it was absolutely fun because he was non-violent, so the British government could not be violent with his people; otherwise it would be condemned throughout the whole world: How can you fire at people who have come bare handed, with their chests open, saying, "If you want to you can kill us, but we don't want to remain slaves anymore"?
It was real fun! The British government was simply confused because never before had such a thing happened. You can hit somebody, shoot somebody if he is doing something criminal, but Gandhi was not doing something criminal. Just shouting slogans against those who have made his country a slave cannot be called criminal; carrying his own country's flag cannot be called criminal.
And Gandhi started inventing small things which nobody can call criminal, but legally they were criminal. For example, he started a movement, the "Salt Movement." Now, in India, salt is the cheapest thing in existence, and the poorest man can afford it because the poorest man's food consists of bread, salt, chutney -- a little sauce. But salt is everybody's need.
Gandhi started a movement..."It IS our country, it is our ocean, and we are going to make salt."

Now, the British government was keeping control on salt production because it was one of the most consumed commodities in the country. So they were manufacturing salt from the sea. The sea was Indian, the people were Indian, but they were manufacturing the salt. And it was the cheapest thing, but still considering the population of India, it counted much.
Gandhi was not going to start factories, and on a large scale.... He simply started marching towards the sea and told people to go anywhere and start making salt from the sea -- just to break the law.
And such a law was absolutely meaningless, because it is our water; if we cannot take our own water, then who are you to take our water? It is our salt, it is our land. Today you prevent us from making salt, tomorrow you will prevent us from sowing our seeds on our own land -- because just as the sea.... If the sea is yours, the land is yours too: you should be harvesting, you should be cultivating. So what are we going to do -- just be spectators here?"
It was such a small legal point that nobody in the world would have thought that it was anything illegal but it was illegal as far as their constitution was concerned. It was in their constitution that nobody was allowed to make salt except the government; it was a government-owned production.
But when just a poor man is making salt by the side of the sea, you cannot shoot him; it is not such a crime, and the whole world will condemn you.

It was real fun, so everybody in India enjoyed it; but the real problem came when the country became independent.
Then Gandhi was shouting, "Do this, do that," but nobody was interested even in

listening to him, because that mob was not capable of creation. And this is what I say was one of Mahatma Gandhi's blindnesses: he believed in the mass, not knowing that this mass is only a mob; this is not the people.
In his own life Gandhi saw all that he never wanted to see -- villages burning, people being killed, butchered, slaughtered, women raped.... This was the result of his whole non-violent movement? Yes, I want to say this was the result of his whole non-violent movement because he has no understanding of human psychology.
He was talking about non-violence to people who were not people, who were just a mob; and if they were following him as a non-violent leader, the reason was that to follow a violent leader you need guts, because sooner or later you will have to face bullets. To follow a non-violent leader you need nothing; you just need a flag and a good loud voice so you can scream and shout. That was enough. And Gandhi believed that these people would be able to create the country.
His own very close disciples stopped listening to him the moment they were in power. They were listening to him because they wanted to remain intimate with him so that when power came they would not be left behind.

Once they were in power Gandhi was no one.
In independent India's capital, its own revolution's leader was killed by one of the Hindus -- and Gandhi was a Hindu mahatma. And nobody bothers to think how all this happened, why the same masses became so antagonistic to Gandhi that the people who used to worship him, killed him. The reason was simple: he was asking the impossible. It was his own misunderstanding.
He thought that he had created such a great movement, now nobody could prevent him from creating a new India. But he depended on the wrong type of people, because they were not interested in creativity, they were interested in destruction. So when he was not leading them towards destruction.... Anybody who was ready to lead them to destruction they were ready to follow.
So if they were Hindus they were following Hindu leaders, killing Mohammedans, burning mosques. If they happened to be Mohammedans, they were following Mohammedan leaders, killing Hindus, destroying temples. And Gandhi was simply left alone.
He himself said, "I feel lonelier today than I have ever felt in my life. Nobody listens to me."
But it was not the fault of the masses; it was the fault of Mahatma Gandhi himself that he depended, hoped, and based all his future programs on the sands of a mob. You cannot make a palace on the sands.
There are mobs -- mobs cannot listen to me.

There are crowds -- half mob, half organized -- they cannot listen to me either. The half that belongs to the mob is incapable of listening; the other half is hindered from listening because of their organization -- their religion, their politics, their cult, their prejudice -- that hinders them.
And the organized one is the most difficult. He is almost deaf; he has no ears to listen. Yes, he can hear but you have to make a clear-cut distinction between hearing and listening.
Hearing is everybody's birthright; listening is not. Listening has to be earned -- it is an art. You have to become capable of a certain arrangement. In hearing no arrangement is needed; as you are you are okay. Your ears are working, that's enough. You can go to the hospital and get your ears checked, and if they say nothing is wrong with your ears, you are capable of hearing -- but not of listening.

For listening no doctor can give you a clearance certificate because he knows

nothing about listening. He knows about the ear, which is a hearing AID. Listening is an inner art... to be so silent, so alert, that when you hear something you are only hearing and nothing else goes on in your mind no thought, no judgment, no decision. Even about the thing that you are hearing there is absolute impartiality. You are just hearing.
I have heard that Mulla Nasruddin was made a justice of the peace in his old age.

The first case came into his court. He listened to one side and said, "Wait! I am going to give my judgment."
The court clerk could not believe that this old fool had been made a justice of the peace and he did not know a very simple thing anybody would know -- that he at least has to listen to both the sides. Whatsoever judgment he wants to give, he can give, but at least he should listen to the other side.
The clerk whispered in the ear of Nasruddin, "This is not the right procedure; you have heard only half the story. You have to listen to the other side."
Nasruddin said, 'Nothing doing! I don't want to get confused. Hearing both the sides I will be confused -- that's what you want. Then judgment will be difficult. Right now it is absolutely clear, and I am not going to be confused by anybody."
He is saying exactly what goes on happening inside you. You decide before hearing all the possibilities and aspects, the implications of a certain thing.
How do you manage to be a Christian? Have you looked at all the implications? Have you searched into other religions? Have you bothered that there are three hundred religions on the earth; that when you are choosing to be a Christian you are declaring that two hundred and ninety-nine religions are wrong?
You don't even know what those religions are, and you have already decided that they are wrong! Certainly you are following Mulla Nasruddin.

He was at least better than you; he had heard fifty percent. You have heard only one side, and there are two hundred and ninety-nine more sides to it.
And then too it is not certain that any one of these is bound to be true. They all may be wrong. Certainly they cannot all be right, but they all can be wrong. The true one may not have appeared yet -- or you may have to find it on your own -- so you cannot choose from the ready-made stock available.
That's what is happening. You go into a ready-made clothes store -- none of the clothes available can be exactly of your own size because they were not made for you. They are made for the average man. It has been decided by mathematical calculations how many average sizes there are.
One of my friends had such big feet and no shoe company made that long a shoe. He was in such trouble. I said, "Don't be so worried, this can give you a great insight. You are not average -- nobody is average." Everybody is wearing clothes not made for him. Some are loose, some are tight... just close to, but not exactly, their size.
That's why I have to have a whole department under Gayan to make my clothes exactly, because I am a fussy man. You can ask Gayan. She has to make my shirts two times, three times -- the same shirt -- four times. But she is a German.... If I am fussy, she is a German: she goes on making, I go on finding fault.

But I don't think I will be able to defeat her -- finally she manages.
One of my friends from Japan started sending sandals for me. Now, in Japan you cannot find my size -- japanese feet are small -- particularly because the sandals I use are really not meant for men. But I don't believe that a sandal can be male or female. It suits me, for the simple reason that I do not have to bend to put it on my foot; I can just slip my foot into it. I am so lazy that bending and putting... all that, I cannot do.

So I have chosen this type of sandal -- just two strips. I simply slip my feet in and that's okay. But from Japan -- they have been searching all over Japan for me; finally they said that it seems to be difficult. Hundreds of pairs came but they were all short because they are feminine, and they are very small.
Then I had to find another German. I trust in Germans! When I want to do something I trust in Germans! So I have found Arpita -- she is my shoemaker. She is also in the same difficulty as Gayan. She will make and I will find fault, and she will again make. And this goes on... but they know that finally they are going to succeed, that a moment will come when all faults are gone and then I will have to accept.
So they are always the winners, I am always the loser! But the whole journey is difficult, difficult for them. I simply go on sitting in my chair! It doesn't matter whether I lose or win.

They can win. But they have to work hard for months, then they can win.
These principles, creeds, cults that you have chosen or you have been forced to choose -- do you think they were meant for you? Can you by any trick of the imagination manage to think that Jesus was thinking about Siddha? I cannot. I have tried all kinds of ways to imagine it but I cannot find that Jesus was thinking of Siddha.
Manu wrote five thousand years ago, and he has written for the whole coming humanity. Now what kind of arrogant people were these? But that is their problem: they can be arrogant and they can write for the whole humanity or for other future humanities, future creations. That is their business -- they can do it -- but why should you be foolish enough to follow them?
Manu had no idea what kind of a world there is going to be, but he has written in detail for every religious person. If you don't follow accordingly you fall; you lose the dignity of your humanity.
As far as I am concerned, the moment you follow Manu you lose the dignity of being a human being. You lose the dignity of being called part of "the people." Mobs, crowds, organizations -- all consist of persons, personalities. "The people" cannot allow you to have false faces, borrowed ideas, traditional, conventional, dead personalities.
No, unless you are an individual in your own right, you cannot be part of the word people.

You cannot be a Christian, you cannot be a Jew, you cannot be a Hindu, you can only be yourself if you want to be part of that tremendously significant word people. Only individuals, and only individuals....
But to be an individual is the most difficult thing in the world. It should be the most easy, but the way idiots have organized the world, they have made it the most impossible.
I have heard about a sardar, Pritam Singh. He was very famous in the village where he lived, and his fame depended on one thing.... It was a small village so nothing was private in that village. The smaller a place, the more difficult privacy becomes: everything is already public. You cannot do anything, you cannot go anywhere, without everybody else knowing.
But Sardar Pritam Singh was a mysterious man. Every couple was fighting -- and in a village you need not fight with closed doors, because everybody knows. What is the point? People fight on the street; husbands beat wives, wives beat husbands. And every night it is the same scene: you can hear from every house screams and shouts and abuses and all kinds of things.
But the whole village was puzzled that from Pritam Singh's house they only heard laughter. That was unbelievable. Not even a single time did they hear any shout

or even a scream, or any beating. Sometimes Sardar Pritam Singh used to laugh, sometimes Sardani used to laugh -- and they used to laugh really loudly.

Finally the whole village decided, "This mystery is too heavy, and we cannot resist the temptation: we all have to go to him and ask, 'Sardar, explain why it is that you laugh -- and particularly at the time when we are all fighting. You have chosen some time to laugh! Are you laughing at us? Then when do you fight? -- because we never see you fighting."'
Sardar Pritam Singh smiled and said, "There is a secret, but I have been hiding it for twenty-five years, so please don't insist."
But they said, "It is unbearable. For years we have been also carrying a heavy burden of curiosity; today it has to be settled. It is making our life difficult. The whole day the idea comes again and again, 'Why does Sardar Pritam Singh laugh in the night, and so loudly too?and both of them? And they never fight -- this is strange because couples are supposed to fight; otherwise what is this whole marriage for? What is the purpose? If you are not even fighting then what are you doing?'"
Sardar Pritam Singh said, "If you insist, if the whole village says, I will tell you: I have been married twenty-five years -- and we fight every day."
They said, "What!"
He said, "Yes. The time you hear our laughter -- that is when we fight: she throws things at me. Verbal fights we don't believe in -- we are Punjabis. Verbal fights we don't believe in. What is the point of just shouting screaming, saying.

..? Nobody is hurt, nothing. She throws things at me, and I, being a sardar, can't throw a thing at a woman -- although she happens to be my wife. But it is against manliness; so all I do is, I save myself.
"She throws, I save myself. If she misses, I laugh; if she hits me, she laughs! And this way things have been going beautifully. We both enjoy it."
The village people were really at a loss: what to say? But one day there was an even greater surprise: they saw both of them going to the court, so they all followed. In the court the magistrate said, "What do you want?"
Sardar Pritam Singh said, "I want a divorce."
"But," the magistrate said, "I have heard so much about you and your laughter, and you are the only couple in the surroundings who is living joyously, laughingly. You too want to divorce your wife? How long have you been married?"

He said, "Twenty-five years."
The magistrate asked, "After twenty-five years what makes you decide?"
Sardar said, "I will have to explain to you. She throws things at me. I, being a man and a sardar, I cannot hit a woman, although she is my wife, so I go on hiding myself. That's why these people who are here from my village -- they all have come to listen to what is going to happen. They have been puzzled all these years as to why we laugh. It is a simple matter: if she hits me, she laughs; if she misses me, I laugh."

The magistrate said, "If it has been going on so well for twenty-five years, what trouble has arisen now?"
Sardar said, "You don't understand. In twenty-five years she has become so practiced that now I have no chance of laughing at all. Every day she is laughing. It is unbearable; now I cannot stay with her."
These are our so-called people. They fight -- that is unconscious. They laugh -- that is silly. They arrange certain compromises just to pull them through, but

nothing works. At a certain point every compromise breaks down. Neither the husband hears what the wife is saying nor the wife.... Both have ears -- but the art of listening has not been taught to you. Nobody has told you how to listen.
When I became a professor, this was my first thing.... Every year for one month I was not teaching anything. For the first month those who wanted to participate in my classes had to learn how to listen. It was complained against me that, "this is not part of the university course, syllabus; nowhere is it mentioned that for one month we have to learn to listen."
The vice-chancellor asked me, "What is this, that you ask students just to sit and learn to listen for one month?"
I said, "Yes. What can I do? I am carrying the whole burden of your society. This should have been done in their earlier stages; it would have been easier."
"But, he said, "they all hear perfectly, their ears are perfect."

I said, "It is not a question of ears. You can hear something while you are thinking inside; then that thinking gets mixed with your hearing -- it is contaminated, corrupted. Then what you carry as if you have heard it is not what has been said. It is something else; it can be even just the opposite.
"You have prejudices inside which go on screening everything that passes through your ears. They prevent all that is against their prejudices, and they allow only that which supports their prejudices. Now, this way at least you cannot understand philosophy. I am not concerned about other subjects, but in my subject it is impossible, because philosophy basically is an awareness of a problem from all its aspects.
"If you already have a mind about it.... For example, if we are discussing God and you already think that you know God is, or you know that God is not, then you cannot understand all possible aspects: what it will mean if God is, what it will mean if God is not, what it will mean if we simply remain indifferent to the question, what it will mean if we conclude that it is impossible to know whether He is or not and we remain agnostic? And there are hundreds of other implications; but these are only possible to think of if you don't have a predetermined idea."
In the beginning it was very difficult for the students to sit for one hour silently listening: the birds outside, any noise -- some professor shouting, some car passing, some airplane zooming -- and you just listen.

Nothing has to be done -- just pure listening.

Many of them left before the month was finished. If thirty started, it was almost certain that only ten would be left. But those ten have remained grateful to me; not for what was taught after that one month but what they learned in that one month. What was taught was good to get the certificate but what they learned in that one month of silent listening became a new way of seeing things, of feeling, of being.
I call a person an individual if he is capable of listening.
That means, if he is capable of being in a state of meditation.
Then he is no longer a person, he is an individual.
You cannot in any way force him to do anything that his consciousness does not allow. He would rather die than take a false step. Death does not matter; what matters to him is remaining true to himself.
It becomes so valuable that everything else can be lost, but there is no way to lose it. Once you have it -- in fact it will be better to say you have it already -- once you discover it you cannot forget it again.
You ask me why people are not listening to my message. In the first place there are no "people," so who is going to listen? I have been trying to find my people --

that has been my whole life's work, just to find people.
I don't want mobs, crowds, organizations. I want individuals -- so pure, unprejudiced, that whatever I have to say they can take it in without judging whether it is right or wrong.

This is one of the greatest experiences of life -- that anything that is not right starts melting before your alertness.
Your alertness, your awareness, your meditativeness functions almost like sun rays for dewdrops: all that is false evaporates. You need not decide what is right and wrong; the wrong disappears of its own accord, and what is left is right.
This is a totally new way of existing.
But people are already carrying the idea of what is right, of what is wrong; that the right has to done, the wrong has not to be done. Yet they go on doing the wrong, and they don't do the right.
Even a man like Saint Francis says, "God, help me, because I go on doing what should not be done, and I go on avoiding what should be done. Help me!"
A man like Saint Francis.... And the same has been said by Saint Augustine, just in slightly different words: "God, please take care of me. I am not strong enough to do what is right. You have to give me strength to do it. And I am so weak that I am easily tempted to do the wrong. You have again to help me and prevent me."
Now, the problem is that these are saints; what to say about ordinary human beings? What will be their situation? -- they are almost always doing the wrong. Naturally they feel guilty, miserable -- sinners. They fall in their own eyes, they lose self-respect. They cannot feel dignity, and if they cannot feel dignity for themselves, who is going to feel dignity for them?
If you are not respectful towards yourself, do you think anybody else is going to respect you? If you yourself feel that you are worthless, then you will be surprised: if somebody thinks that you have some worth you will try to prove that "no, you are wrong, I am worthless."

This is what your religions have given to you -- not respect, not dignity, not the pride of being human beings. These things have nothing to do with the ego; in fact the ego is needed because these things are missing.
Ego is a false substitute for a real dignity. When a man is really dignified there is no way to insult him, there is no way to disrespect him. You can be disrespectful, but you will see that he is completely unaffected, he is beyond your reach.
Dionysius used to say, "You can kill me but you cannot insult me." Alexander the Great had come to meet Dionysius. He was coming towards India, and Dionysius was on the borders of Greece, just one or two miles away from the main road.
Alexander wanted Dionysius to come to see him -- which seems to be expected of a man like Alexander. He sent the message to Dionysius: "Alexander the Great wants you; he wants to meet you, and we have come to take you."
Dionysius said, "Tell Alexander that those who are really great don't call themselves great. If he wants to know what greatness means he should come here. Also, take the message that 'living, nobody can budge me from here; dead, you can take the corpse but that will not be Dionysius. If you want to meet Dionysius you have to come here."'
When this message reached, Alexander felt a little insulted, shocked, but also intrigued, very interested: What kind of man is this? And the people who had come said, "It is good, sir, that you don't go, because that man is Lying naked in the sun on the bank of a river.

He has only one companion, a dog sitting by his side. And, if you don't feel offended, we would like to say to you that it is safer not to go there because once in a while he also talks to the dog. The man may be mad!"
But whatsoever Dionysius had said, they related. Alexander said, "Whatsoever is the case, it is only a question of two miles. And I want to finish it; I don't want to carry all my life this question of what kind of man this Dionysius was. I have heard about him so much; since my birth I have been hearing about him.
"My master" -- his master was Aristotle and Dionysius was continuously attacking Aristotle. Aristotle had defined man as "a two-legged animal." Dionysius caught a bird with two legs, tore off all its feathers and sent it with a note to Aristotle: "This is what you call a two-legged animal -- this is man?"
This bird arrived while Aristotle was teaching Alexander. Since that time Alexander was interested in that man. Dionysius has simply crushed the whole definition of Aristotle -- that man is a two-legged animal. By sending a two-legged animal, he proved to Aristotle that "you are wrong."
Then Alexander heard that Dionysius went around with a burning lamp in the daylight and looked at everybody's face. He inquired for what he was searching, and he found that when people asked what he was searching for, Dionysius said, "I am searching for man.

I find the crowd, but man is lost."
And it is said that when Dionysius was dying -- the dog was sitting on one side and his lamp was on the other side -- somebody asked him, "Dionysius, you are dying. Will you please tell us what happened to your whole life's search? Have you found man or not?"
Dionysius said, "Yes, I have something to say. I have not found man, but one thing I must appreciate, that nobody has stolen my lamp. At least this much I can say about humanity, that people are at least this good: nobody has stolen my lamp! I was always afraid that somebody was going to steal it; perhaps it is because of the dog that nobody dared."
Alexander went, and he saw the scene as described: Dionysius was lying naked -- he was a beautiful man, a very strong man -- and the dog was sitting just by the side of his head. He did not receive Alexander as an emperor, a world conqueror, should be received. He did not even get up. Alexander had to introduce himself: "I am Alexander, and I have come to see you."
Dionysius said, "Good, you can see me. I have no desire to see you at all." And he asked the dog, "Do you? If you want to see Alexander the Great, see him! This fellow is Alexander the Great."
Alexander said, "I am going to conquer India. Would you like me to bring something for you? I can bring it from there."
Dionysius said, "No, because I don't need anything.

But it would be very kind of you if you would stand a little aside, because you are blocking the sun. If you can do this much that is more than one can expect of a man like you."
Alexander remembers that he had not met many people of such integrity, such dignity -- and with nothing: no power, no post, not even clothes; no disciples, no church, nothing... only one companion, a dog. And still he asked, "If you can do only this much: stand a little aside, and don't block the sun. And remember, never prevent anybody's light, anybody's warmth.
"And I tell you that you will never be the world conqueror, and you will never be able to come back home, because the path that you have chosen never comes back. On and on... you will find something more has to be conquered, something more has to be conquered: there is no end to things.
"And I want to ask just one thing before you go:

What are you going to do when you have conquered the world?"
Alexander said, "What? Really, I have never given a thought to it, but I think I will relax."
Dionysius looked at the dog and said, "Are you listening? This man thinks he is going to relax after he has conquered the world, and I am relaxing already -- without conquering the world! This is strange! For relaxation is it a condition to conquer the world? I hen how am I relaxing?"
And Alexander never forgot it his whole life.

What the man had said was right: there was no condition. If you want to relax you can relax now; you need not postpone it even for a single moment, because relaxation needs no pre-condition. All it needs is for you to want to relax -- then relax! Don't even ask how to relax because that is a trick of the mind to postpone.
Then the mind gets involved in "how" -- methods, techniques, strategies. Then relaxation is forgotten, then you are again in a trip of finding methods; and there are thousands of methods. And there is not a single method for relaxation. Relaxation is simply a decision: you want to relax, you relax.
If you want to close your eyes, close your eyes. Do you ask how to close your eyes? Once you ask somebody how to close your eyes, then one thing is certain: you will never be able to close your eyes. You may learn thousands of methods but you will never be able to close your eyes. If you want to close your eyes, close your eyes; it is just a natural phenomenon. Relaxation is just natural. Tension is unnatural.
There are no "people" around the world. That's what Dionysius was trying to search for, for a human face, but he saw only masks. He was searching for an individual but he saw only personalities. Hypocrites he found everywhere, but not a single authentic individual.
And why did he want to find man? The purpose was the same: he wanted to say something.

But to whom to say it? Somebody is needed to listen to it; otherwise you are just talking to the walls.
I have talked to the walls for so many years. When for the first time, somewhere in 1950, I entered a radio station studio for a lecture to be recorded.... They wanted to display it all over India, broadcast it, for the simple reason that I was so young and the director of the radio station had heard me speaking in a university debate. He could not believe what I was saying, so he invited me to the studio sometime "to record any subject you give me."
Obviously he was worried, because I was in a studio for the first time. I had never spoken in an empty room just in front of the microphone, so he said, "You will feel a little awkward, but just once or twice in the beginning it happens. It happens to everybody, so don't be worried."
I said, "I will not feel awkward, because I have been talking to the walls."
He said, "What do you mean 'to the walls'?"
I said, "That day also when you were listening and you got impressed and you brought me here -- to you there were people, to me there were only empty benches. The people were gone in all directions. Nobody was there. It was absolutely empty; there were only walls around. So don't be worried."
He thought me a little crazy, but he said, "Okay, you do it. I will be watching you from the outside, giving you the signals when to start, when to stop."

I said, "Don't be worried. Just tell me the time, and I will start and I will stop, because you will be a constant disturbance standing there in the window" -- it

was enclosed with glass. "And from outside you will be making signs. Don't disturb me. You simply give me the time when I have to start. Ten-thirty? -- I will start then. At ten-forty I will stop. You don't bother."

He watched from there, and he was very puzzled because it was as if I was talking to people, the way I am talking to you! He had seen many orators giving their speeches for records but he had never seen people moving their hands and talking and looking at people.

When he came in he said, "What were you doing?"

I said, "It is not a question of whether people are there or not -- they are never there. And I can't speak without my hands. If you hold my hands I cannot speak a single word, because it is not only that a part of me is speaking, it is my whole being that is involved in it. My eyes, my hands, my whole body's involved. My whole body is saying something, is supporting what I am saying in words."

He said, "I don't understand you, because first you said that you always talk to the walls. That, I was puzzling about. And when I saw you talking here I saw that you are talking to people. I actually looked into the room to see if there was somebody."

I have been talking, many have been hearing, a few have been listening; and slowly slowly I have been sorting out those people who are capable of listening.

And now I am talking only to those who are listening. Now I am not talking to the walls, I am talking to the people.

But the questioner must be asking the question about the outside world, the great world around. There is no way, nothing can be done about it; they don't know how to listen. I have talked with them -- it is not that I am a pessimist -- I have struggled thirty years continuously with those people, but nobody seemed to be listening.

Slowly slowly I started sorting out my people, and just to sort them out I started initiating them into sannyas so that I could recognize them and know who my people are. I started giving them names so I could remember, because it is difficult for me to remember all kinds of strange names from around the world. The real reason was simply to have names that I could remember; otherwise it would be impossible for me. Now, there are people from almost all the countries, of all languages: it is impossible to remember their names.

But when I give you a name it is a totally different matter. When I give you a name, I give you a name for certain reasons, for certain qualities that I see in you, for certain possibilities that I see in you, for certain characteristics that are already there -- and all these become associated.

The name that I give is known to me, its meaning is known to me. Its meaning and your lifestyle, pattern, potentiality, all become associated.

It becomes easier for me to remember you; otherwise it is very difficult, almost impossible.

I have given you the red clothes for the simple reason so that I can recognize you; all other excuses are just hogwash. Just to give you good reasons -- because people will be asking you and you will have to give good reasons to them -- I have been trying to make a philosophy out of nothing. But the truth is simply this, nothing more than this.

And the last thing you say is, "Your message... why are people not listening to Your message?"

My message is not something just to be listened to.

My message is not a doctrine, not a philosophy.

My message is a certain alchemy.

It is a science of transformation.

It is only for those who are willing to die as they are and be born again into

something so new that they cannot even imagine it right now. So only those few courageous people will be ready to listen, because listening is going to be risky. Once you listen you cannot escape from it. Then without your commitment you are committed; without even saying a single word from your side, you are finished!
In listening you have taken the first step towards being reborn.
So it is not a philosophy that you can just make an overcoat of and go bragging about.
It is not a doctrine in which you can find consolation about harassing questions; a doctrine which can make those questions subdued, and slowly slowly forgotten.

No, my message is not some verbal communication.
It is far more risky.
It is nothing less than death and rebirth.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
EXACTLY HOW DO YOU NOT DO IT?

THE easiest thing in the world is always the most difficult. For the simple reason that it is easy, it becomes difficult.
This is not a puzzle but the simple logic of the ego. You will have to understand that logic. The logic of the ego is that if you try to do the difficult, only then are you proving the ego's existence. If you succeed in doing the difficult, then you have attained to the ego. If you can reach to the impossible, then of course you are the greatest man in the history of humanity.
People have been trying to reach to the highest peak in the Himalayas for hundreds of years. Hundreds of mountaineers died but the effort continued. From almost every country of the world young people went on going there because Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas and the highest peak in the whole world, remained a challenge to the human ego. It remained unconquered.
But there was no gain. If you reach the peak of Everest and look all around you will simply feel silly there is nothing to gain. No shopping place, not even somebody to say hello to.... It is absolutely deserted eternal ice which has never melted. And the peak is so small that even just two people together cannot stand on it.
What can you do there? It took years for Edmund Hillary and Tensing to reach -- and how long did they stay there? Not more than five minutes.

Even five minutes would have seemed like five ages, because everything freezes there, even time. And after five minutes, the descent back to the earth, where people are waving, waiting, shouting -- hilarious that man has conquered the unconquerable. But what is the gain?
You cannot see any gain outwardly, but there is a certain gain -- that's what I'm calling the logic of the ego: Edmund Hillary becomes history. Now nobody can take his place; nobody can again be the first man to conquer Everest. Anybody who comes will be second, third, fourth -- but that glory of being the first is a great nourishment to the ego.
The first man walking on the moon, the first man orbiting around the moon.... I have met that Russian Yuri Gagarin, who was the first in the whole history of man

to orbit so close to the moon. Without him it would have been impossible to step on the moon. He prepared the ground. He watched and planned from close quarters what had to be done to land on the moon. He became world famous.
He had come to India on invitation, and even Indian fools.... One expects from Indian fools a little more sense, because they are the oldest, ancientmost fools; they should have learned a little bit. But fools are simply fools -- modern, ancient, Indian, American. They don't belong to any caste, to any nation. They are almost, in that way, enlightened.
I have never seen Indians so mad! Millions gathered to see Yuri Gagarin in New Delhi.

They have never gathered to see a sage, a saint, a mahatma, in the same way. So much curiosity!
Yuri Gagarin must have felt a thousandfold bigger than he was. When I met him I asked him, "What have you gained as far as you are concerned, personally? I am not talking about the scientific progress -- that you have brought all the material that will help the first man to land -- that's okay. What have you gained personally?"
He said, "I have never thought about it, but your question is right. I have certainly gained something personally. I have become world famous and I have not done anything. I cannot show you that 'this is my achievement.' But I understand your question and I can see where you are pointing.
"Yes, it is true: I am no longer the same Yuri Gagarin I used to be. I was an ordinary, simple man. I have never imagined myself being received by millions and with such tremendous joy that I feel that only now am I living; before I was dead."
I said, "This feeling is not from the awareness that you are, because your consciousness has remained the same. This sense of a new birth is coming from your ego; your ego is tremendously gratified, strengthened. That is your 'gain.' But according to those who know that is your loss."
What is gain to the ego is loss to the soul.
What is a blessing to the ego is a curse to the soul.
What seems to be of tremendous importance to the ego is just sheer stupidity to the innermost core of your being.

The logic of the ego is that it is never interested in the simple things, because if you say, "I can breathe!" that is not going to bring crowds to welcome you, to say, "Teertha, you are great! Your name will remain immortal because you breathe."
Nobody is going to say this to you and if anybody does, you will think he is taunting you, that he is not appreciating you -- because breathing is so easy. You need not even do it; it goes on by itself. It is not your doing, so how can you be strengthened by it? On the contrary, you are its doing: without breathing you would be nowhere.
Breathing is far deeper than your ego, far more essential than your ego, and far more existential than your ego. Ego cannot do anything. Ego is a superficial thing -- just a soap bubble floating on the surface of the river. It knows nothing about the depths. Breathing belongs to your deepest part. That's why even when you are fast asleep, it continues. It has no need of your being awake even.
I once went to see a woman who for nine months was in a coma, but breathing perfectly, even in a nine-month-long coma; not for a single moment in nine months had she been awake. And the doctors were saying she could remain in that state for at least three years before she died, and she would not wake. But she is alive. She is breathing so peacefully; perhaps she had never breathed that

peacefully ever, before this coma happened!
So many disturbances are there, but for her now there is no disturbance.

She can't hear, she can't see, she can't think -- but breathing continues. Breathing is so natural that ego cannot proclaim itself the doer; hence it is none of its interest.
Do you see the problem? The most important, the most essential, is not even interesting to the ego; it is not at all concerned about breathing. The people who became concerned about breathing were the people who became aware of a certain truth -- that if you go on doing difficult things, ego is never going to leave you, because each difficult step taken becomes a strengthening to the ego, and the stronger the ego is, the farther away you are from yourself.
Your ego is the distance between you, the real, and you, the unreal. The bigger the ego, the bigger the distance; the lesser the distance, the lesser the ego. If there is no distance at all, ego disappears, and in that disappearance appears the one that you are.
As far as I am concerned this is the most significant discovery in the whole history of discoveries.
I don't consider the discovery of atomic energy, nuclear weapons, or anything else, more important than the discovery that if you can become aware of even a simple, natural process like breathing, ego disappears.
You need not drop the ego.
If you try to drop it, you cannot drop it:
Who is going to drop it?
That which is dropped is not your ego.

The dropper will say within you, "Look, I have dropped the ego now I am a humble man, egoless, spiritual, holy." The dropped is nothing; the dropper is the problem.
So you cannot do, in fact, anything to come to the point of non-doing.
It is so simple. The question is relevant but the answer is very simple. Looking at the question you will think it is going to be difficult; it is not so. If you try to do something to achieve non-doing then you are getting into a mess.
It is just like a dog trying to catch its tail; and once in a while every dog tries that yoga exercise. It is beautiful to watch a dog doing yoga -- the yoga of catching its own tail. You can see the embarrassment, the failure: gathering his energy again, taking a better jump, finding solutions to approach it -- because the moment he jumps, for some unknown reason the tail jumps also! The faster he tries, the faster the tail moves.
Now, the poor dog cannot see that the tail is joined to him; there is no way for him to catch hold of it There is no need either; it is already part of him, he is already in possession of it. What is he trying to do? trying to possess something which he possesses already? trying to get something which has never been away from him?
Whether he catches hold of it or not, it is always with him; wherever he goes it is always with him. He cannot even run away from it so there is no point in catching hold of it.

Even if he wants to escape from it it is impossible.
Perhaps a few dogs who believe in renunciation -- and there are all kinds of dogs -- seeing this continual failure to catch hold, to get possession of the tail, may have come to the conclusion that this whole business of possessing a tail is illusory, it is maya. "Don't waste your time; just renounce it and escape as far away as you can -- into the caves, into the monasteries -- far away in the Himalayas where not even a trace of this tail is found. Then you will be free.

Dispossess it!"
That's the whole thinking of a man who is renouncing wealth, renouncing his wife, his children, and escaping. But he is not aware. You can see that the dog's tail is attached to him; and wherever the dog goes, the tail will go. If you look a little deeper you can see: if the husband is renouncing his wife, children, possessions, is he doing anything different?
In the first place, why did he get married? There must be something in him which needed a wife. The wife is not there outside, the wife is some inner need in him. There must be some inner need in him which wanted all these possessions; otherwise why did he collect them in the first place? There must be some intrinsic necessity for wanting children; otherwise, who was forcing him?,
In fact the whole world is trying, all the governments are trying: "Use birth control methods."

Nobody is listening. It is not that people don't understand what you are saying, not that they can't see the crowds growing in such proportions that soon this earth is going to die -- not because of a nuclear war, but out of sheer starvation.
But there must be something, so essential a need, that makes a person want children. And these are your inner psychic needs. The tail of a dog can be operated on -- it is not such a big problem -- but no surgery can help your needs. They are more deeply rooted in you than the tail of the dog. That it is just an outer thing which can be removed, at no special loss to the dog. But your needs from which you are escaping will be with you wherever you go.
I have been moving around all kinds of renunciates. Once I was in Rishikesh in the Himalayas and I was sitting under a tree, a very beautiful tree. It was a hot, sunny afternoon, and the tree was so cool, the shadow of it, that although I had to go I lingered a little longer there.
One old Hindu monk came and said, "What are you doing here, under my tree?"
I said, "your tree? You have renounced the whole world and this tree is yours? I don't see your signboard or.... How can you prove this tree is yours?"
He said, "There is no need to prove it; everybody around here knows. For thirty years I have been sitting underneath it."
I said, "You may have been sitting for thirty years, the tree has been here even before that; now I am sitting under it and the tree will remain.

The tree has no concern with you or me; the tree has no idea who is its owner. You just get lost!"
He said, "What are you saying? You have been here for just a few hours and you become the possessor, and I have been here for thirty years."
I said, "I am not going to possess the tree, I will be moving soon; but not in this way. You will have to apologize to the tree. You have not purchased it, you have not planted it, you have not watered it. On what grounds have you become its possessor? -- just because you have been here for thirty years bothering the tree day and night?
"You owe something to the tree, the tree owes nothing to you. The tree has been kind to you, and you have become the possessor of it! And this 'possessing' is what you had left behind. Nothing has been left behind.
"You are even ready, right now, here, to fight with me. Thirty years before you would have been fighting for a house, for a small piece of land: 'This is my wife, this is my house, this is my religion, this is my country....'
"Now all that has become concentrated on this poor tree. Your whole possessiveness has become concentrated on this poor tree. It does not matter whether you possess a whole kingdom or just a small tree; possessiveness has nothing to do with quantity, it is an attitude."

I told him, "You are an old renunciate, you must have heard the famous story of an ancient king.

A great sage told one of his disciples to go to the court of the king and be there for a few days as his last lesson. Before the sage could declare him graduated he had to go to the kings court and be there for a few days.
"'If this is what the master wants....' The young man went. He thought, 'Perhaps the king is a great sage; he must be greater than my own master, if my master sends everybody to him for the last lesson and the last test.
"'Strange, that a sage who has renounced everything should send his disciples to a man who has not renounced anything, who is just an ordinary power-hungry man, continually trying to conquer other countries; an imperialist, so attached to things that he does not bother even about killing thousands of people. And am being sent to him? There must be some secret in it.'
"He went there. It was evening time, and he was brought immediately before the king. It was time for the king to drink, and the women, beautiful women had come to dance. His court was now going to celebrate the evening.
"Seeing all this, the young renunciate was terrible, shocked, and he said to the king, 'I had come to stay for a few days but I cannot stay here for a few minutes even. I cannot think why my master has sent me to this hell!'
"The king said, 'If your master has sent you, there must be some reason. And don't be so judgmental so quickly.

What are you going to lose in two or three days' time? And remember, this is your last test. Without my approval you can remain there in your master's house your whole life, but you will never be declared graduated. So it is better you come to your senses; remain here for three days. You have not been sent here to judge me; you have been sent here to be judged by me.'
"Now, this was too much: this man was going to judge him, who had renounced everything! But what to do? He was in a fix. If he goes back, the master will be unhappy. And if this is going to be the case, that he will have to finally come here, then it is better to pass these three days somehow and get the clearance from this arrogant man.
"The king said, 'You are cooling down and coming to your senses. First take a good bath that I have had prepared for you, because the message of your arrival had come to me. But don't be worried: in youth everybody is too quick to judge. It takes a little experience not to judge, not to judge superficially at least. And you have not seen anything.
"'Be here for three days, watch, see. And your whole life is there in which you can judge -- no problem -- but first get my clearance. So first think of my judgment and move accordingly, so that you can get a favorable judgment from me; otherwise you will have to come here again and again and again, your whole life.

So you go and take a bath -- I have arranged everything.'
"The young man had never been in the bath of a king; he had never seen such a beautiful place. Naked women were there to massage him.... He said, 'My God, the test is finished; in three days this man is going to kill me!' And before he could say anything -- in fact he was on the point of a nervous breakdown: he had escaped from women and here he finds naked women. He had never seen such beautiful women before, and they were going to massage him!
"But before he could say anything -- in fact he found he had lost his voice, he could not speak. He could only say, 'Aaaahh!' -- nothing much. And those women started undressing him. Before he could do anything, he was standing naked; those four women took possession of him completely and put him into the bathtub, which was full of rose water."

In India, kings and very rich people take baths in rose water. In the night, hundreds of roses will be put in the bathtub so their fragrance is caught by the water. Then in the morning the petals are removed, so you don't see any roses but you are surrounded by a cloud of rose fragrance.
"He had never in his whole life seen anything so luxurious. The bathtub was made of gold; precious oils were poured on his body and he was massaged. And he was dying to escape somehow from there, but he was feeling completely paralyzed too.

"And then the king invited him to a feast of things that he had never tasted before. He had always been reading, 'Discipline yourself to tastelessness' -- and here was such tasteful, delicious food! Just the aroma, the flavor, was enough to make you feel hungry.
"The king said, 'Sit down and eat -- and remember your discipline of tastelessness. What was the point in your master's house where the food was tasteless anyway? If you could remember tastelessness there, do you think that was because of some discipline? It was tasteless; any idiot would have felt tastelessness. Now feel tastelessness.'
"The young man saw the difficulty but saw the point also. 'And by the way,' the king said, 'how was the bath? Were the women nice to you? -- because they are the best out of all the massagers. I think you must be feeling satisfied.'
"He said, 'Satisfied! I am just somehow trying to get through the three days -- if I can survive, but I don't have much hope. This is the first evening; three days seem like three lives to me. And now this food! I will not forget it my whole life -- and I have to be a renunciate! And those beautiful women -- I will not forget them. What kind of test is this? You are giving me all the experiences against which I have been prepared for all these years.'
"Then came the wine, and the king offered him some himself. The young man said, 'This is too much -- because wine is prohibited in my master's house.'

"The king said, 'This is not your master's house, this is your examiner's palace. If you want clearance, be alert and do what I say. Your master has told you not to be unconscious. Don't be unconscious; drink and remain conscious. What is the point of remaining conscious without drinking? Anybody can do that; everybody is doing that.
"'You drink, and drink to your heart's content, because never again will you get the chance. And I tell you, consciousness has nothing to do with it: I will be drinking with you; in fact I have been drinking the whole evening -- can you say I am unconscious? So drink!'
"He had to drink. And then the king took him.... He was falling all apart, not knowing what was happening -- the intoxication, the women, the food, the beautiful clothes that were given to him after the bath.... And then the king took him to the guesthouse where he was to stay. He could not believe it: he thought he must have come to heaven -- alcohol gives many people the idea of heaven."
Perhaps that's why all the religions are against alcohol, because if alcohol can satisfy your desire for heaven.... Who would bother to go to the churches and to the temples and to the ashramas, and do all kinds of strange things when heaven is possible through the simple process of drinking alcohol?
"The young man thought he must be in heaven; he forgot completely that he had come to be examined.

The king showed him his bed, and the moment the young man lay down he saw a naked sword hanging by a thin thread just above him. All intoxication

disappeared; suddenly he found that he was not in heaven. That sword.... Death can bring anybody back to earth from anywhere!
"He asked the king, 'Why is this sword hanging here?'
"The king said, 'This is hanging here to keep you conscious. This is your room -- now, go to sleep. And if, by God's grace, both of us survive till tomorrow morning, we will meet again.'
"The young man said, 'Nothing is going to happen to you, you will survive; the question is about me. Even with God's help I don't think this thin thread can hold this heavy, naked sword hanging over me; it is going to fall any moment. Just a little breeze is enough, and I am finished!'
"The king said, 'Don't be worried. If you are finished off -- your master must have been telling you about reincarnation -- you will be reincarnated -- a rebirth. And whatever you have learned will go with you. So don't miss these last moments. Perhaps it may fall -- I cannot guarantee anything. It is up to you, what you make of these moments. Remain conscious, and if you die in consciousness, nothing can be better than that.'
"But the young man said, 'I don't want to die. I have come here just to get the clearance, and you are just clearing me away from life itself!'
"The king said, 'This is the way one gets the clearance.

You go to sleep: whatever is going to happen is going to happen -- that's your master's teaching. That's what Hindus say: even a leaf does not move without God's will, so how can a sword kill you without God's will? And WITH His will, sword or no sword, you will be killed.
"'So just go to sleep, the way I go to sleep. Over you there is only one naked sword hanging; over me there are thousands of naked swords hanging. And soon you will hear my snores from the other room.'
"The young man could not sleep the whole night; the whole night he heard the king snoring. In the morning the king came into his room. The young man was fully awake, lying, just looking at the sword; there was nothing else in the whole world except the sword.
"The king said, 'I am going to take a bath' -- just behind his palace was the sacred Hindu river, the Ganges. Come along with me for the morning walk, and a little swim in the river.' They went there. The man had nothing except a small langoti. A langoti is just a small piece of cloth, a very mini mini underwear without any stitches or any sewing done on it. You have just to put a thread around your waist and stick one end of it in the front and the other end at the back, and the mini mini underwear is ready.
No tailoring is needed; you can make it any time anywhere. And that's what the Hindu monk is supposed to wear, because stitching is a complicated affair; you will have to accept somebody's help, you may need money -- and all these things have to be avoided.

The Hindu monk tries to avoid as much as possible. He has the barest necessities: a begging bowl -- which is not made of metal; it is made of a coconut cut in two pieces, and the hard shell of the coconut becomes the begging bowl. You can attach a small string to it to hold in your hand. The same way you make your mini mini underwear, you make your begging bowl.
And a staff -- one wonders why a staff. It is because of the Indian dogs. There are so many, and they are particularly against all kinds of uniformed people. Although the monk's is not much of a uniform, still it is a uniform because all the Hindu monks are the same, with their begging bowls, that mini mini underwear, the staff -- and all naked.
Dogs feel suspicious of uniforms; they think that something somewhere is wrong.

And perhaps they are right, because the army uses uniforms, the police use uniforms, postmen use uniforms -- and the monks use uniforms. It seems all the wrong kinds of people are in uniforms. So the staff is absolutely necessary to keep the dogs away.
So I said to the old Hindu monk, "So these were the three things that the young man had brought with him, the langoti, begging bowl and staff. In the morning he went off with these three things again because he felt embarrassed in all those valuable clothes, robes that the king had offered.
"He said, 'In the palace I can use them but not outside.

If somebody sees me in these robes it will be very embarrassing for me and for you, so let me have my uniform.
"The king said, 'That is up to you.' So the king went in his royal clothes and the monk in his uniform. They both put their clothes on the bank of the Ganges and entered the water. While they were taking their bath the monk shouted to the king, 'Your palace is on fire!'
"The king said, 'I saw it before you did, but there is nothing to be worried about. Now what can be done? It is on fire, but nothing happens without God's will so don t be worried; you just take your bath.' "The young man said, 'What are you saying! At least I have to save my uniform that is lying just by the side of the palace' and he ran out of the water to save his uniform. The palace was burning, the king's clothes were there, but he was worried about his uniform!
"The king took his bath. The palace was completely finished -- it had been burned on his orders. The monk was continuously shaking and trembling, and he was saying, 'It is such a great loss. How many millions of rupees...!'
"But the king said, 'Don't be worried; that has nothing to do with you. Your things are safe.'
"The young man said, 'All my things are perfectly safe.'
"The king said, 'That's enough for you -- you should be worried about your things: these are your possessions, this is your kingdom.

But I don't care if my whole kingdom burns down; it doesn't matter -- because before when I was not here, the world was here and the kingdom was here. One day I will not be here again and the world will continue. I am here just as a visitor, a watcher. Why should I get too involved?
"'But you have to remember that you have not been able to renounce anything; you have not yet become a watcher. You could not even watch my house on fire. If your uniform -- which is not much of a uniform -- had been on fire I think you would have gone mad! You are already in a state of madness because of so much loss.... But what has it to do with you?
"'And you were shocked seeing me drinking, but you don't know that even while drinking I am a watcher. You were shocked seeing me surrounded by beautiful women; even looking at their dance I am only a watcher. But you are not a watcher at all. Now make up for it within two days. The time is short, very short. Be a watcher, because before I give you the clearance that, yes, you can graduate, you will have to prove that you have become a watcher.'
"He said, 'How have I to prove it?'
"The king said, 'Today just go on trying it on everything. Everything is managed in such a way that it will help you to watch. Just watch. Don't try to escape, don't try to repress, don't try to fight, don't try to avoid: just watch, let things happen.'

"And on the last day, the last test was that there was going to be a beautiful dance. This young man was given a cup full of oil -- so full that if he just moved a little, the oil would spill. The dancers were in a circle -- all naked women dancing

-- and the king was sitting in the middle. And the man the poor young man holding that precious bowl full of oil, was told 'Even if a single drop of the oil falls, you have failed.'
"Now there was so much temptation to look to the side at what was happening -- so many beautiful women dancing! But from that bowl, just a single drop... just a single moment of unwatchfulness.... He passed by the women, went around them -- and as he was going around, slowly slowly watchfulness settled in him. He forgot all about the dance; there was only the 'now', the oil, and watchfulness...."
Watchfulness is a simple thing.
But it has no ego fulfillment.
Meditation is the same.
These are different names -- watchfulness, witnessing, meditation, awareness, alertness -- different names for a single phenomenon; and all these happen when you are in a state of not -- doing. And that is the question: how to do that non-doing?
If you ask how, you have missed the point, because "how" means doing -- and you are asking me, "Tell us to do something so that we can attain non-doing."
If you go to any religious priest he will tell you what to do, and just by telling you what to do he proves that he knows nothing.

I cannot tell you what to do.
I can only explain to you that doing is not going to help. You will have to understand that no doing is going to help. In that very understanding, non-doing happens.
Non-doing is a happening.
It is nothing on your part, that you can claim, "I have done it, I have achieved it."
You can only say, "When I was not there it happened. Because I have always been there it was not happening."
Don't ask what has to be done.
Leo Tolstoy, one of Russia's wisest men of this century, has written a book, WHAT THEN MUST WE DO? -- and this was one of the books that changed Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi into Mahatma Gandhi.
Mahatma Gandhi declared three persons his master. The first was Leo Tolstoy, the second was Henry Thoreau, and the third was Emerson. All three were fanatic Christians.
It is a very strange thing that Gandhi was influenced by these three fanatic Christians. Gandhi did something immeasurably harmful to India: he sabotaged the Eastern religious understanding by mixing it, unconsciously with fanatic Christian ideas. He was influenced by these people, and he started interpreting Eastern religions according to these ideas.
There were many times in his life when he thought to become a Christian. It would have been far better if he had become a Christian. At least he would not have been able to contaminate Eastern thought with things which are far lower.

But his politics prevented him, because if he had become a Christian he would have lost his Hindu following. To keep the Hindu following he remained a Hindu, but his mind was already Christian; he had no understanding of Eastern thought.
He was educated in England and then he was working in South Africa, again under a British government. And his contact was only with Christian missionaries.
One of the very famous Christian missionaries of those days, C.F. Andrews, was Gandhi's greatest friend. But he could not become Christian because once he was a Christian all Hindus would have dropped him completely, immediately.
His son, Haridas Gandhi, just in rebellion against his father -- because that father

was really too much of a father, really a dangerous father.... He wanted to mold you completely according to his ideas. I have a soft corner for Haridas Gandhi, his son, because Haridas wanted to go to school; but Mahatma Gandhi would not allow him because he thought the whole educational system was corrupted.
It is true that it is corrupted, but what is the alternative? To remain uneducated? Before you create a better education system there is no other to go to; it is a necessary evil. So be cautious, be careful -- but to prevent children from going to school....
You will be surprised: all Gandhi's children remained uneducated except for Haridas, because he escaped from the home.

You will have thousands of cases where children have escaped from home because their fathers wanted them to be educated, but this is a single case where a son escaped from home because he wanted to be educated and his father was absolutely against any kind of education.
Gandhi was so angry. He was talking so much of non-violence and love and compassion but he had nothing of it; he was so angry. And what crime had the son committed? -- he became a matriculate. And Haridas was thinking that once he is a matriculate, his father will be angry and shout and may even beat him; but how long can this go on? -- things will change. But Gandhi was not an easy father.
He declared that Haridas could not enter his house; he disowned Haridas as a son. Haridas had guts. He said, "Okay, I am going to become a Mohammedan, because my father goes on saying that Hindus and Mohammedans are all brothers; that the KORAN and the GITA and THE BIBLE all give the same message; that there is the one God called by so many names -- so let us see."
He became Mohammedan, and Gandhi was so angry that he told his wife, "I don't want to see the face of this boy again." When Haridas heard it he said, "But Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, are all brothers, and all these books have the same message. What has happened?"
From Haridas he changed his name to Abdullah. His new name was Hajji Abdullah Gandhi.

Hajji is equivalent to Mahatma. He went to Mecca to do hajj. Hajj is a pilgrimage; you go to Mecca, the place where Mohammedanism was founded and where Mohammed created the first mosque.
It is absolutely necessary for every Mohammedan to go on a hajj; hajj means holy pilgrimage. If you don't, you are not a real, authentic Mohammedan. And one who goes is called hajji; he has become a saint. Just by going to Mecca and moving seven times around the stone, you become a sage.
Abdullah is simply a translation of Haridas in Arabic. Haridas means servant of God; that is exactly the meaning of Abdallah. Allah means God, abd means servant: Abdullah. And Haridas asked to keep it exactly the same. Hajji means mahatma, Abdullah means Haridas -- and "Gandhi" he kept because "Gandhi" has nothing to do with Hinduism.
In India there is a strange convention: your profession by and by becomes your surname. Gandhi simply means one who sells perfume. Somebody amongst his forefathers may have been a perfume-seller. Gandh means perfume, so gandhi means one who sells perfume. It has nothing to do with Hinduism; there are Parsee Gandhis -- that's why Indira was also Gandhi.
She had no relationship to Mahatma Gandhi. She was married to a Parsee, Feroze Gandhi; she was not even married to a Hindu. Feroze's parents must have been selling perfume. Perfume has nothing to do with any religion -- anybody can sell perfume -- but when you sell perfume in India, slowly slowly you will become a Gandhi.

That's how Indian surnames are. Your business, your profession, slowly slowly gets you fixed. So Abdullah kept "Gandhi" because that has nothing to do with Hinduism.
Only once, in a railway station in Katni, did Mahatma Gandhi and Abdullah Gandhi cross paths. Gandhi was traveling in the train, and Abdullah was going to catch the train from Katni. Hundreds of people had come to see Gandhi and hundreds of people, Mohammedans, had come to give a send-off to Hajji Abdullah Gandhi, because they had made him a saint -- just in opposition to Gandhi.
That Gandhi's own son did not believe in Hinduism and thought of Mohammedanism as higher, as a true religion, was a great boost to their ego. So they were shouting slogans in praise of Hajji Abdullah Gandhi: "Long live Hajji Abdullah Gandhi!"
When their procession passed by the side of Gandhi's compartment -- he was standing facing the crowd -- he turned his back. He would not look at his son's face -- and this man is talking about compassion, kindness, love, non-violence!
And not only that, his wife was, after all, a mother. She wanted at least to have two words with Haridas, but Gandhi stopped her. He said, "Choose. If you say a single word to Haridas, you also go with him."
This is the way of the ego. Kasturba, his wife, remained silent, crying tears, but she could not say a single word. Abdullah stopped there, seeing his father's back.

Everything was said: looking at his mother's face covered with tears he thought it better not to say anything, not to create any trouble for the old woman; he passed on by.
The day Gandhi was assassinated.... Haridas was the right person to put fire to Gandhi's body but he was ignored -- and he was no longer a Hindu. He followed the whole procession, he was present there when Gandhi's body was burned, but nobody even recognized him, not even his brothers.
One of Gandhi's sons, Ramdas, was very friendly to me. I asked Ramdas, "Now your father is dead, what is creating a wall between you and Haridas? If it is only a question of ego, of who should approach whom, then I can manage something, because I know Haridas. And as far as I understand Haridas is a man of tremendous courage -- fighting with a steel-hearted father, a hypocrite, who was not a mahatma, who could not be a mahatma.
"Haridas had simply given a challenge to your father:'If you say that every religion is the same, then why so much fuss about my becoming a Mohammedan? And you have been continually thinking of becoming a Christian; if your son has become a Mohammedan what is wrong in it?'
Ramdas said, "I can understand, but for his whole life my father was telling us, 'Never treat Haridas as your brother,' and now that my father is dead I would feel guilty if I went against his will.

But you are right."
I said, "I can bring Haridas, because he has never been against anybody -- neither Mahatma Gandhi, nor you nor his mother nor other brothers. He was just showing a simple fact to Gandhi, but 'what you teach is not your reality; what you say is not what you live.'"
But this is the way of the ego. It says one thing, and lives just the opposite. It can even pretend to be its own opposite: it can pretend to be humble. And that's where the question leads.
If you ask me what to do to attain non-doing.... Nothing has to be done to attain non-doing. Non-doing is not an attainment, it is simply your nature. When you are not doing anything, it is there.
If somebody is running in this room and he asks, "What can I do so that I can stop running, so that I can also sit just like you?" what are you going to say to this

man? Running is an act; sitting is not an act. You are not to do something to sit, you have simply to stop running; don't run! Or if you find it impossible to stop, then the other way, the only other way is to run as long as you can, and sooner or later you will fall down. How long can you run?
So there are only two types of non-doers in the world: one who by sheer understanding relaxes and finds the state of non-doing, of peace, of silence; and the other type, who will go thousands of miles, torture themselves in every possible way, do yoga exercises, stand on their head and fast, starve, renounce, repress, pray, go into the monasteries and do all kinds of stupid things.

And finally, simply by being tired, exhausted, they sit down -- and suddenly it is there.
Perhaps they may think it has come because of all their doing. That is not the case -- it has come in spite of all their doing. Otherwise, they are such practiced doers that it was possible they might have continued still, because the more you run, the better your running becomes.
There is no end to it: you go on becoming more and more skillful, more and more articulate, more and more crafty. You go on finding new ways. You get fed up with one thing, then you move to another; you get fed up, you move to another. And there are millions of things available in the world for you to do.
But for non-doing, nothing is available, no method.
You have simply to understand the nature of non-doing.
Don't ask an absurd question. Just try to understand that by doing, your ego will be fulfilled. Whatever you do -- you do prayer, you do fasting, you go to the church, you become a monk -- whatever you do, doing is food for the ego, and ego is the barrier between you and existence, between you and your reality.
Don't do anything.
Why can't you just live without doing all this nonsense?
Eat when you feel hungry.
Drink when you feel thirsty.
Go to sleep when you feel sleepy.
Get up when you feel awake.
And just forget everything else!
Just do the small things that are needed.

Live a simple, ordinary life.
And you will find it.
Jesus says: "Seek and ye shall find."
I say to you: "Seek and ye shall never find."
Jesus says: "Ask and it shall be given to you."
I say to you: "Ask and it shall never be given to you."
Jesus says: "Knock and the door shall be opened unto you."
I say: "Knock and the door shall never be opened unto you."
In fact there is no need to knock:
The doors are open.
Just get in!

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHY ARE PEOPLE SO FANATICALLY COMMITTED TO GROUPS AND ORGANIZATIONS OF ALL KINDS: RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL?

MAN'S mind is a Pandora's box.
It contains the whole of evolution from the lowest creature to the highest genius. They are all living together in man's mind simultaneously, they are all contemporaries. It is not that something is past, something is present, something is future: as far as mind is concerned everything is simultaneous, contemporary. It has to be understood very clearly because without understanding it the question will remain unresolved. The idiot is in you, so is the genius. Of course the idiot is much more powerful because it has a longer history, and the genius is a very still, small voice. From Khomeini to Einstein you are spread; and the trouble is that Khomeini is in the majority, much more in you than Albert Einstein, who is in a very poor minority.
Think of man's mind as a pyramid. The base is made up of Khomeinis, millions of Khomeiniacs, and as you go upwards there are fewer and fewer people. At the peak they are not in millions, not in billions, only in dozens -- and at the very peak, perhaps there is a single individual.
But remember that the difference between Khomeini and Einstein is not of quality, it is only of quantity, because part of Khomeini is Albert Einstein, and the major part of Albert Einstein is also Khomeini.

Just the other day the results of a three-year long research on Albert Einstein's brain was published. It took three years just to count the cells of his brain. There are millions of cells in every brain doing different kinds of specific work: it is a very miraculous world.
How a certain cell functions in a certain way is still not known. A certain cell thinks, a certain cell dreams, a certain cell poetizes, a certain cell paints. What makes the difference between these groups of cells? They are all alike as far as chemistry and physiology is concerned; there seems to be no difference at all. But there are cells which think, there are cells which imagine, there are cells which are mathematical, and there are cells which are philosophical. It is a whole world.
Three years counting the cells of Albert Einstein's brain -- the result is very significant. A certain kind of cell has been found in his brain -- twenty-seven percent more than in the average brain. That certain kind of cell has only one function: to feed, nourish, the thinking cells. It has no direct function, it is a nourishment to the thinking cells. And that nourishing cell has been found to be twenty-seven percent more numerous than in the ordinary, average man.
Now the difference is of quantity, it is not a qualitative difference: those twenty-seven percent cells can be grown in you.

And why only twenty-seven? Two hundred and seventy percent more can be grown because it is well-known and an established fact how those cells grow. In white mice they have been growing all kinds of cells. If the white mouse is given more things to play with, he starts growing those nourishing cells, because he has to think. If you put him in a puzzle box and he has to find the way -- if you put him in a box where food is hidden somewhere and he has to find the way through all kinds of labyrinths to reach the food, and he has to remember the ways that he has followed -- of course a certain kind of thinking has started. And the more he thinks, the more is the need for the nourishing cell.
Nature provides you whatever you need.
Whatever you have got is not given by any god, by fate; it has been created by your need.
But one thing out of this whole research is very shocking and shattering: that the difference between Einstein and Khomeini is only of quantity. And that quantity

also is not something special, it can be created: old Khomeini just has to start playing chess, cards.... Of course he won't, but if he starts playing chess and cards and other things he will have to think.
Religions kill this very nourishing cell because they tell you to believe.
Believing means:
Don't think, don't play with ideas.
Don't try to find out on your own.

Jesus has already found it, Buddha has already said it -- why should you be unnecessarily concerned? Then naturally that part which makes a man an Einstein does not develop: you remain average. And average means the basement of humanity.
Hence, I call man's mind a Pandora's box. And for another reason also -- because whatsoever has happened in evolution has left its traces within you. You are still afraid of darkness. That fear must be millions of years old; it has nothing to do with the modern world. In fact it is difficult in a place like New York to find a dark corner, everything is so lighted. People may not be enlightened, but places are. Why this fear of darkness? Because in modern life you don't come across darkness in any fearful way. If you meet darkness at all it is soothing, relaxing, rejuvenating. Rather than being afraid of it you should have a certain love for it. But the very idea of loving darkness seems absurd. Somewhere deep down in your heart is still the caveman who was afraid of darkness.
The fear of darkness comes from those days when fire was not discovered. Those were the days of darkness, and darkness became almost synonymous with evil. Everywhere evil is painted as dark, black. Darkness became synonymous with death. Everywhere death is painted as black.
The reason is very clear: before fire was discovered, night was the most dangerous time.

If you survived one night you had done something really great, because in the night all the wild animals were ready to attack you. You could not sleep, you had to remain awake -- just the fear of the wild animals was enough to keep you awake. And still they would attack in darkness, and man was helpless.
So darkness became evil, bad, and synonymous with death. And the fear has entered so deep in the heart, that still today, when darkness has gone through a complete transformation.... Neither wild animals attack you in the dark, nor does darkness bring any evil or death to you. It only brings soothing sleep, takes all your tiredness of the day; makes you again young, alive, full of energy, ready to meet tomorrow's morning sun. But our attitude remains the same. So is the case with everything.
In the past, throughout the whole of evolution, man had to become part of a certain group, organization, society, tribe, for a simple reason: because alone he was so helpless. Alone, and the whole wilderness against you -- it was difficult to face it. Together, with a crowd, you felt more protected, more secure.
You have to remember that man is the most weak and helpless animal in the world, and because of this helplessness and weakness our whole civilization and culture has grown. So don't think of it as a curse; it has proved a great, the greatest, blessing.
Lions cannot create society, lions cannot create culture, because a lion has no need of the group.

He alone is powerful enough. Sheep move in groups; lions don't move in groups. Each lion has its own territorial imperative. They have a specific technique to declare their territory. All the animals -- they piss on a certain area.

Its smell makes others aware that this is the boundary line, the fence. Outside it, everything is okay; just a single step in, and there is danger.
Lions like to be alone for the simple reason that they are enough for any enemy.
Now if you think about man... his body is not so strong as that of an animal. His nails are not so strong that he can kill any animal just with his nails. His teeth are not so strong that he can eat the raw meat of an animal killed by his own hands. Neither can he kill with his hands nor can he eat raw meat directly with his teeth. All his limbs are weaker than other animals. He cannot run with a horse or with a dog, or with a bull, or with a wolf, or with a deer: he is just a nobody.
It is good that these people don't participate in your Olympic races; otherwise your great runners will just look silly. You cannot move like monkeys from one tree to another tree. They go on jumping from one tree to another tree for miles; they need not touch the ground. You cannot fight even with a monkey.
This has to be accepted: that man is the weakest animal on the earth. And this is the foundation of his whole behavior, his commitments, his groupings.

He has to be part of something bigger than himself; only then does he feel safe.
He had to invent all kinds of weapons. No animal has bothered to invent weapons. There is no need; their hands, their teeth, their nails, are enough. From the earliest days man had to invent weapons -- first made of stones, rocks, then slowly slowly with metals.
Then he had to work out that even with a weapon in his hand he could not fight with a lion or an animal at close quarters. He had to invent arrows -- that is, shooting from a distance -- coming close was dangerous. You may have a weapon but it won't be of much use against an elephant. He will take you and your weapon both together and throw you half a mile away.
Shooting from a distance in some way or other became necessary. That's how we have arrived at nuclear weapons. Now we have taken man completely out of it; you just push a button and a rocket shoots. You need not know where the rocket is; it goes on its programmed course. It will reach to the Kremlin or it will reach to the White House; that program is in-built.
Who pushes the button does not matter; he can be miles away. He has to be miles away because after all man is not a pope, he is fallible: things can backfire. The rockets may be somewhere in Texas, and the buttons, the switches, may be somewhere in the White House.
Man has created distance between himself and the enemy, and finally he had to create distance between himself and the weapon too, because the weapon became too dangerous.

To keep it close is taking an unnecessary risk.
But everything has grown in a very logical way. Man has become the conqueror of all the animals. Only in this sense can it be said, "Blessed are the weak for they shall inherit the kingdom of the earth." They have inherited it only in this sense, but in no other, spiritual sense. Man's weakness has proved his strength.
Man had to think, he had to work things out. There were so many problems, and he had no natural way to find out solutions -- hence, thinking. Thinking simply means you are faced with a problem and nature has not given you the clue to it.
All the animals are provided with clues. They never face any problem. Whenever they have to encounter something they know exactly what they have to do; hence thinking does not grow.
Man was left without any solutions, -- with immense problems surrounding him: he had to think.
Over millions of years his thinking cells became more and more efficient, but on the way he was gathering all kinds of dust, all kinds of fears. It was necessary, it

could not be avoided; but the trouble is that time has passed, you have passed through that way, but the dust is still clinging to you.
Now man can be alone. Now there is no need for him to be fanatically committed to any religious group any political ideology -- Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, communism, fascism -- there is no need.

But the majority consists of the idiots. They go on living their past again and again. It is said that history repeats itself. That is true as far as ninety-nine percent of humanity is concerned; it can't be otherwise. It has to repeat itself because these people go on clinging to their past, and they go on doing the same again and again.
They cluster into groups; and this has to be a commitment because why should the group take on the burden of you? You have to pay something in return. Why should the group bother about your safety? You have to do something for the group -- that is your commitment. You say, "I am ready to die for you. If you are ready to die for me, I am ready to die for you." This is a simple bargain.
And why are they fanatically committed? They have to be fanatically committed because if you start being conscious, alert, you will see that it is such an idiotic thing.
There is no need to belong to Adolf Hitler's Nazi party. But a country like Germany, one of the most educated, cultured, sophisticated -- the country that has given the longest list of thinkers and philosophers to the world -- falls victim to an utter idiot. And a man like Martin Heidegger, one of the most important philosophers of this age, perhaps the most important, was a follower of Adolf Hitler.
One cannot believe it. This is simply inconceivable about a man like Martin Heidegger, who has no comparison anywhere in the world: of his contemporaries, all look like pygmies.

His thinking was so complex that he could never finish any of his books. Heidegger would start, he would do the first part, and then the whole world would be waiting for the second part to appear; and it would never appear, for the simple reason that by the end of the first part he had created so many problems for himself that now he did not know where to move, where to go, what to do, or how to resolve it all. He simply kept silent and started another book!
And that's what he did his whole life. The first part, the second part; then the third part is missing -- no book is complete. Yet even those incomplete pieces are simply miracles of the mind. The fineness of his logic and the depth of his approach.... But even this man could not see that this Adolf Hitler was a madman. And he was also fanatically committed to Adolf Hitler.
From where does this urge to be fanatically committed come?
It comes from your doubt:
You cannot really convince yourself that what you are doing is right, so you have to overdo it. You have to shout loudly so that you can hear; you have to convince others so that in return you can be convinced. You have to convert others, so that seeing you have converted thousands of people you are at ease: There must be some truth in what you are saying; otherwise, why are so many people convinced? You can be a fool, but so many people can't be foolish.

Just think of Adolf Hitler: he can think of himself as a fool, but what about Martin Heidegger? He has convinced Martin Heidegger; now no other proof is needed. This man is proof enough that what he is saying is right.
This is a very reciprocal process, a vicious circle. You become more convinced by

having more fanatically committed people, and because you become more convinced you start gathering more people around you.
Adolf Hitler says in his autobiography that it does not matter what you are saying -- whether it is right or wrong, true or false -- just go on repeating it with conviction. Nobody is bothered about its rationality and logic.
How many people are in the world who understand what logic is, what rationality is? Just go on repeating with force, emphasis. Those people are in search of conviction, not in search of truth. They are in search of somebody who knows it. And how can they feel that you know it if you say "if" and "buts," "perhaps"...?
That's why Mahavira in India could not gather many followers -- because he started every one of his statements with "perhaps." He was right, he was absolutely correct, but that is not the way to find followers. Even those who were following by and by disappeared: "Perhaps... this man is talking about 'perhaps' -- perhaps there is a God." Can you gather a following committed to your "perhaps"? They want certainty, they want a guarantee.

Mahavira was too wise a man for all these idiots. He behaved with people as if they were of his understanding. What he was saying can be understood by Albert Einstein, because what Albert Einstein says is also with a "perhaps."
That's the whole meaning of the theory of relativity: nothing can be said with certainty because everything is only relative, nothing is certain. Can you say this is light? It is only relative. In comparison to a brighter light it may look very dim. In comparison to a millionfold brighter light it may look like just a black hole, just a darkness.
What is darkness? -- less light. There are animals, cats, in the night moving in the house perfectly well. In your house somebody else's cat can move better than you yourself can move in darkness. You will stumble, but the cat has eyes which can catch dimmer rays of light.
The owl only sees in the night; the day is too bright. The owl needs sunglasses; without sunglasses he cannot see, the day is too bright. When it is morning to you, it is evening to the owl. Now what is what? Think of the owl, then you will understand the meaning of perhaps: perhaps it is evening; as far as the owl is concerned perhaps it is morning. As the night grows darker, the owl sees better. In the middle of the night it is the middle of the day for the owl.
Things are relative; hence to say anything with certainty is to show your stupidity.

That's why Mahavira used a strange approach for the first time in the history of man, twenty-five centuries before Albert Einstein. His word for perhaps is syat. His philosophy became known as syatvad, 'the philosophy of perhaps'. You ask any question; he will never answer you with a certainty. You may have come with some certainty; by the time you leave him you will be more uncertain. Now who wants to follow such a man?
Adolf Hitler is going to be followed because he takes uncertainty, which was like a wound, out of you. You were trembling inside; you don't know what this life is all about. But somebody knows, and you can follow that somebody: you are relieved of a great burden of uncertainty. All that is needed from your side is a fanatical belief.
The fanatical belief serves both sides. The leader needs it because he himself is just like you, trembling deep inside; he knows nothing. All that he knows is that he can shout better than you, that he is more articulate than you, that he can pose at least as if he knows, that he is a good actor, a very refined hypocrite. But deep down he knows that he is trembling. He needs a great following which will help him to get rid of his fear, which will convince him that he knows.

I have heard: it happened that a journalist died and reached the gates of paradise. Journalists are not supposed to go there; how it happened I don't know.

The gatekeeper looked at him and said, "Are you a journalist?"
He said, "Of course, and as a press reporter I am allowed everywhere. Let me in."

The gatekeeper said, "There is a difficulty. In the first place, in paradise we don't have any newspaper because no news happens here -- no crime, no drunkards, no rape. There are only saints, dried up, frozen from eternity till eternity. So what news is there? Still we have a quota of ten journalists, but that has been full from the very beginning. You will have to go to the other gate on the other side of the road."
The journalist said, "Can you do a little favor for me? I will leave after twenty-four hours, but just give me a chance, at least a tour. If you cannot allow me a permanent, residential green card, you can let me have a twenty-four-hour tour. That is not too much to ask. Coming from so far away, have mercy on me. And give me one promise: if I can convince those ten journalists, if one of them is ready to leave in my place, then will you let me be here?"
He said, "Then there is no problem. If you can convince somebody to go to the other place, you can be in his place. It makes no difference to us; the quota is ten."
The man said, "Then just give me twenty-four hours."
He went in and he started talking to everybody, whomever he met. "Have you heard that in hell they are going to start a new daily newspaper, the biggest that has ever been tried? And they are in need of a chief editor, editorial staff, and all kinds of journalists, weekly editors, and literary editors -- haven't you heard?"
And they said, "We have not heard anything, but that is great.

In this rotten place, only one issue of a newspaper was published, some way, far away back in the beginning of time, but since then nothing has happened, so only the first issue.... We go on reading it again and again, what else to do? This new paper is a great idea."
All the ten journalists became agitated. Next day, after twenty-four hours, the journalist reached the gate. The gatekeeper immediately closed the door and said, "Remain inside!"
He said, "Why?"
The gatekeeper said, "You are a tricky fellow. All those ten have escaped to the other place, now I cannot allow you to go. At least one journalist should be here.
The journalist said, "But I cannot remain here."
The gatekeeper said, "Are you mad? You spread that rumor which is absolutely false. They got the idea that they will get great posts, and became excited again -- but for what are you going?"
He said, "Who knows, there may be something in it. I cannot stay. And you cannot stop me anyway because I am not supposed to be here; I am only a tourist for twenty-four hours. Remember, that was our basic decision -- that for twenty-four hours I will be in, and then I will go out. You cannot stop me -- you cannot go against your word."
But the gatekeeper tried hard: "You have spread the rumor; it is absolutely false. And don't bring trouble on me because the hierarchy, the bureaucracy will ask me, 'Where are all the ten journalists?' Once in a while they take the census and, 'Not a single journalist? the whole quota is missing? Where have they gone?'
"At least I can show the hierarchy that 'this is the man who convinced them; and they escaped.

And because it has never happened before -- anybody escaping from paradise into hell -- we don't keep the doors closed from the inside. Nobody ever escapes; anybody can open them and look out, there is no problem. Who is going to go to hell?and there is no third place. So the doors were open as always and they escaped. They simply said to me, "Goodbye, we are not coming back again."' I cannot let you go."

But the journalist was stubborn. He said, "Then I will go immediately to the hierarchy and expose the whole thing: that I am not entitled to be here, I don't have a green card -- I am just a tourist -- and the gatekeeper is not allowing me to go out. You have committed two crimes: first, you allowed me in; second, you are not allowing me out."

The gatekeeper understood; that was perfectly right. He said, "Okay, you go. The census, it takes eternity -- everything takes eternity here. Meanwhile maybe some other journalist may turn up. But this is strange, that you are convinced by a rumor that you created yourself."

He said, "When ten other journalists are believing it -- it may be that I started it, but there must be something in it. Some part of it must be true; otherwise how can you convince ten journalists, and that too to go from paradise to hell? There is bound to be some truth in it."

The leader is continuously in need of being convinced again and again that what he is saying is right For that he needs growing numbers of committed people.

And the more fanatically they are committed, the more convincing they are to him. If they are ready tc die or to kill, to go on a crusade, do jihad holy war -- that makes him certain.

And -- in a circular way -- his certainty convinces the followers, because he becomes more loud, he becomes more stubborn; he becomes absolutely certain. "Ifs" and "buts" disappear from his language: whatever he says is the truth. And this vicious circle goes on and on. It makes the leader fanatic, the followers fanatics. It is a psychological need of both; both are in the same boat.

I have heard... President Ronald Reagan had gone for a morning walk with his pet chimpanzee. A man who was sitting on the beach looked puzzled and then said, "Mr. President, don't you feel embarrassed being seen with that chimpanzee in a public place?"

Ronald Reagan said, 4Why? Why should I feel embarrassed?"

The man said, "Who is asking you? I am asking the president."

The chimpanzee and the president are not very different, they are both in the same boat.

People have a psychological need to feel certain. To have shifting sand continuously underneath their feet makes their life difficult. It is difficult enough as it is -- and then all around, uncertainty and insecurity -- all around problems and no answers. This gives an opportunity to those few cunning people who can pretend that they deal exactly in the commodities you need.

The only quality the leader needs is that he should always be ahead of the crowd. He should be constantly watchful of where the crowd is going, and be ahead of it. That keeps the crowd feeling that the leader is leading.

And the leader only has to be this clever, that he goes on watching the mood of the people, where they are moving. Wherever the wind starts blowing the real leader never misses the chance: he is always ahead of the crowd.

Thinkers are not needed because a thinker will start thinking whether that is the right course or whether the way he was going is the right course. If he starts thinking in that way then he will not be the leader any longer, he will be alone. The crowd will have moved with some idiot who does not bother where you are going: you may be going to hell -- but he is the leader, he is ahead of you.

The only quality in the leader that is needed is a judging faculty which can feel the mood of the crowd. This is not very difficult because the crowd is saying loudly, continuously, what it wants, where it wants to go, what are its needs. You have just to be a little alert and put all these voices together; then there will be no problem, you will be ahead of the crowd.
And go on promising whatsoever they are asking -- nobody is asking you to fulfill your promises; they are asking only to be promised. Who has asked you to fulfill your promises? Go on giving promises, and don't be worried that someday they will catch hold of you and ask about them.

They never will, because whenever they catch hold of you, you can give them bigger promises.
And people's memories are very short. What you had promised five years ago, who remembers? In five years' time so much water has gone down the Ganges, who bothers? In five years so much has changed. Don't be worried, you just go on promising bigger and bigger promises.
Just now I read the news -- since Indira Gandhi's assassination in India the whole country has been facing tremendous problems. It has been facing those tremendous problems for the last forty years but now suddenly, because of the assassination, everything has come to the surface.
For twenty-five years continuously, Indians themselves have been selling all their secrets to anybody who wanted to buy them -- a common market. Indians are, in a way, very special people. Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing.
America tries hard to send its spies into the Soviet Union, and then too they get caught and killed and imprisoned. The Soviet Union goes on sending spies into America....
Every country goes on putting spies everywhere because one never knows: he who is a friend today may be an enemy tomorrow. So every country has a network of spies around the world -- every country that can afford it -- particularly America and the Soviet Union. Both have a very tight network around the world.

But in India something special was happening. For twenty-five years a group of Indians, in which topmost members of Indira Gandhi's cabinet were involved were selling secrets to anybody who was ready to buy. And so cheaply that one cannot even conceive.... A five-hundred-million-dollar project -- its whole secret has been sold for fifty dollars. And it is not that you were asking for them, the Indians were asking you. And this has been going on for twenty-five years!
One French agency which has been purchasing the secrets -- they don't have any use for them right now, but they said, "They are so cheap, there is no harm. Any day India can be in a war with somebody; then we can get good prices for all these secrets." So they were collecting for a future time. Good business, because a fifty-dollar secret they will sell for fifty thousand dollars or even more. No business can be so well paying.
That French agency has said, "Indira Gandhi would decide something, and within four hours the secret was delivered to us." And only Indira and three members of her cabinet knew of the secret. Four persons knew -- but that didn't matter, because even of those three topmost cabinet members whom she trusted, perhaps one, perhaps two, perhaps all three were involved.
Most probably all the three were involved, then nobody could expose anybody else; then they would have to keep the secret of their sales intact.

They were betraying -- but all three were betraying, so who v as going to say anything? They would keep silent. If only one was betraying then the other

two would be dangerous.
Now people are wondering if there are any secrets left in India, because for twenty-five years, every day, files were going out. And this was discovered because a whole truckload was passing the boundary line of Indian territory with all the secret files. It was caught; and it was found that it was carrying files. What kind of files? -- top secret!
Because in India the government files are bound in an orange ribbon, this group of twenty-five people who have now been arrested was called the "orange ribbon circle." And it was known all over the world -- except in India!
Rajiv is facing tremendous difficulties. The whole bureaucracy of every state with a separate language wants to be independent -- and in fact there seems to be no reason why they should not be. Basically India accepted the division of the country into Pakistan and India on a religious basis, so there is a precedent: You have accepted already in the very beginning of your independence a division on the basis of religion, that two religions cannot live together, that they should have their own countries.
Now, Sikhism is a different religion and they want their own country. According to your own principle they should be given a separate country.

And if they are not given one, then why did you agree to give one to Mohammedans?
Tomorrow the Parsees will ask, "We want Bombay as an independent country just of our own." Certainly they have made Bombay and they are everything in Bombay. They are perfectly right: they are a different religion, a totally foreign religion. Sikhism at least is born in India; Parsees come from Iran -- they believe in Zarathustra. They need a separate country on a religious basis.
Now Christians are the third greatest religion -- hindus, Mohammedans, Christians -- and they have two states in which the majority are Christians. In Kerala eighty percent of the people are Christians, why should they not have their own country? In Assam they are demanding a separate country, Nagaland, because all the aboriginals of Assam have become converted to Christianity.
Now soon Jainism will ask. "Although we are not many," they will say, "still we are a religion and one of the ancientmost, perhaps the most ancient religion in the world. We should be given a state, even if it is a small state; but we need our own country."
And if religion can become the cause for division, then why not language? I think that is far more important. We have seen it happen. When India was divided, Pakistan was in two parts: half was on one side of the country, Punjab and Sind, and half was on the other side of the country, Bengal.

That was a rare country, in two pieces, two thousand miles apart.
But soon Bangladesh became a separate country on the language issue. They are Mohammedans, and Pakistan is a Mohammedan country; but Pakistan uses three languages, Punjabi, Sindi, and Urdu -- and Bengal uses Bengali. They said, "Our culture is different, our language is different, and we cannot be dominated by non-Bengalis."
There was war finally, and they separated. It was a language issue. And Indira Gandhi supported Bangladesh just to weaken Pakistan, because if it became two countries it would become weak, it would become half.
Now in India there are thirty languages, major languages, and each language has as big a territory as any country can have. Germany, England, Italy, France -- these are small countries compared to those linguistic groups in India. For example, Tamil: Madras has a far bigger territory with more people than both Germanies together. Maharashtra is double the size of England.
And all thirty languages have a population and territory so big that each could

become one country. When you don't understand each other's language, why go on bothering keeping them together?
You can see: forty years have passed, and India has not been able to decide yet what its national language is how can you decide?
In their constitution they have decided that Hindi is the national language, but there are twenty-nine contesting languages.

A strange thing: they are all ready to accept English as their national language rather than accept any Indian language as their national language for the simple reason that at least English would be foreign to everybody, but no Indian language is acceptable.
Because if Hindi becomes the language then the people whose mother tongue is Hindi will have a different weight in politics. Others who will have to learn Hindi will never be efficient enough to become national leaders, prime ministers, presidents -- it will be difficult.
And it is true, because up to now all the prime ministers have been from Hindi-language provinces. The whole power has remained in the hands of Hindi-speaking people. So forever, twenty-nine language groups are going to remain slaves.
Sooner or later they are going to separate themselves; they are already asking Assam and Punjab are already asking for independence. Soon others will follow.
And the poverty in the country goes on growing bigger and bigger and bigger.
Rajiv knows perfectly well that his younger brother, Sanjay Gandhi, tried to enforce birth control and the end result was that because of his stubbornness... and it can be only enforced. How long will it take to persuade Indians in favor of birth control? meanwhile they themselves alone will have created the whole world population.
You will go on persuading, and they will go on producing.

By the end of this century, one person in every four will be Indian. Right now China is a little ahead but by the end of this century China will be far behind. Because in China they have enforced birth control it was almost done by the army and the military. Persuasion cannot help.
Sanjay did that but he had no support, and he was not the person to do it, it failed. Not only did it fail, because of it Indira lost the election for three years she remained out of power.
Now Rajiv cannot make that mistake again; he cannot enforce birth control. But without enforcing birth control the country is going to starve to death... within ten years millions of Indians will die, simply die from hunger.
All these problems.... What I wanted to point out to you, is that all these problems are there but Rajiv is not talking about them at all. What he is saying.... And this was the slogan with which he won the election a landslide election.
Never before... neither his mother nor his maternal grandfather those powerful people, Jawarhlal, Indira nobody has had such a majority as he has. He can do anything.
Eighty-five percent of the parliament members are his.
And two provinces' elections have not been held in Punjab and Assam because of the continuing riots there. Once those people vote perhaps he will have more than ninety percent. You cannot imagine more of a majority.

.. you can do anything!
But he is not talking about any problems because to talk about problems is fearful. He is giving promises. He has fought this election on a promise that "I want to lead my country into twenty-first century" if you survive! I don't think

anybody has reminded him that "if you survive, you want to lead the country into twenty-first century."
But what about the twentieth century?
And people are so gullible. They were impressed that for the first time there is some leader who is saving that India is going to become a world power, in the twenty-first century.
He is talking about bringing the latest technology to the country, the latest scientific developments to the country -- and the country seems to be convinced that he will be able to fulfill these promises. From where is he going to bring the latest technology? Where is the money? Who are the people to operate it? Where are the scientists?
Because no scientist remains in India. As he becomes qualified, the scientist immediately escapes -- because there is nothing to do.
I asked Doctor Korana, who is a Nobel prize winning mathematician, "Why don't you stay in India?"
He said, "What am I going to do here? What I need is a certain atmosphere for higher mathematics. Here I cannot even talk with anybody about higher mathematics! I will commit suicide being here."

No great scientist, no great doctor, no engineer, no professor whoever becomes capable of helping the country has to leave, because the country cannot nourish the person. And the person cannot do anything in India, because there are no possibilities at all.
I have been in that country for so long. But Rajiv is not talking about all these problems, he is giving promises. And people are believing in those promises, people want to believe. They have nothing else, just hopes.
So the leaders go on giving opium, hope, and people become addicted. Fanatic commitment to groups and organizations political, religious, or any other kind is a kind of addiction. Just like any other drug.
A Christian feels at home surrounded by Christians. That is addiction, a psychological drug.
Seeing a red sannyasin something in the psyche of people immediately starts trembling: a question mark has arisen. There is a man who does not believe in Christ: "It is possible not to believe in Christ? It is possible to survive without believing in Christ?" Suspicions, doubts....
Why do they get angry at you? They are not angry at you, they are really afraid of you. And to hide the fear they have to project the anger.
Anger is always to hide fear. People use all kinds of strategies.
There are people who will laugh just so that they can stop their tears.

In laughing you will forget, they will forget... and the tears can remain hidden.
In anger, their fear remains hidden.
They are very fanatic, defensive... You have not done anything, just being present is enough and they are immediately tense. They know their belief is not their experience, and they are afraid you may scratch, you may dig deep, you may bring the wound before their eyes Somehow they have been able to cover it up they are Christians and Christ is the savior, the only savior, the only real savior, and they have the Holy Book and God is with them so what is there to fear? They have created a cozy psychological home and suddenly, like a bull in a china shop, in comes a red sannyasin!
One of my teachers, who loved me very much... in my high school days he was the one teacher with whom I was very intimate. So when I went to university and would come back to my hometown on holidays, I would go to see him.

He said one day, "I wait for you. It is very strange that I wait for you, knowing that now the holidays are here and you will be coming. And your coming is just like a fresh breeze. In my old age you remind me again of my youth and my youthful dreams. But when you come, I become afraid and I start praying to God:'Let him go as soon as possible!' Because you create suspicion you are my greatest doubt. Just seeing you is enough for all my doubts to start arising.

Somehow I keep them down, with you it is difficult."
He said, "It is strange that just your coming into my house is enough and all my efforts at repression fail and all my doubts stand up. And I know that I don't know God and I know that my prayers are just futile -- there is nobody to hear them. Still I go on doing them three times a day: morning, afternoon, evening. But when you are here then I cannot do my prayers as peacefully as I do every other day."
I said, "But, I never disturb your prayers!"
He said, "It is not that you disturb them. Just, you are sitting here and I am doing my prayer -- it is impossible. I know that what I am doing is stupid and I know what you are thinking. You must be thinking that this old fool still goes on doing... I know that in your eyes this is not respectable what I am doing. And the trouble is, that deep down I agree with you. But now I am too old and I cannot change fear arises. I cannot stop. Many times I have thought, 'Why don't I stop praying?' but I have been praying for seventy-five years....
At that time he must have been nearabout ninety-two. "I have been praying for so long. And now, at the time of death, to stop? And who knows?... if this boy is around and God really does exist, then I will be in a fix: I will not be able even to raise my eyes before God, if at the last moment I dropped praying. So I think, now that I have done it all my life, let me continue right or wrong.

If it is wrong, nothing is lost. Anyway now that I am retired, the whole day I am free. And if God is there, then perfectly good, my prayers have succeeded."
I said, "This won't help. Even if God is there, this kind of prayer is futile. Do you think you can deceive God? Won't he ask you? You were praying with this idea that if he does not exist, good and if he exists, you can say that... you think you can deceive God?"
He said, "This is the trouble. That's why I say to vou, please don't come! I cannot drop it, and I cannot do it. And now you have created a third problem: Even if I am doing it, it is useless! Because you are right, if God is there he will know this simple thing, that this old man is trying to deceive him."
I said, "This is far worse than not praying. At least be honest. And I don't think being honest is anything against religion. Just be honest; if you don't feel it, drop it!"
He said, "With you I again start feeling young, strong. But when you are gone I am again old, death is close by and this is not the time to change boats. One may fall in between. It is better to keep on with what you are doing... whatever is going to happen, let it happen Just continue. And I am not alone two hundred million Hindus are with me. That's the point, two hundred million Hindus are with me."
I said, "Yes, that's true. Two hundred million Hindus are with you and I am alone.

But a single person can destroy your two hundred million Hindus' support, if it is based on a lie.
"You have taken a wrong step you should never have listened to me!"
That's what fanaticism is: Don't listen to anything that goes against you. Before anybody says something you start shouting so loudly that you hear only your own voice. Read only your own book, listen only to your church, to your temple, to your synagogue.

Fanaticism is simply a strategy to protect you from doubts.
But although doubts can be protected, they cannot be destroyed.
And now there is no need either.
Man has passed through those stages where he needed crowds. Now he can be individual. That does not mean that you don't have clubs, you don't have societies, but there is no need to be committed fanatically.
You can be a rotarian; that does not mean you are committed fanatically that you will die for the Rotary Club. That will be a really great martyrdom -- somebody dying for the Rotary Club!
You don't have to die for the Rotary Club, Lions' Club... you need not die for Christianity, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, communism, socialism. You can have a rapport with people, you can have a dialogue with people, you can have meetings with people, you can commune with people who are of the same mind, but there is no need to make any fuss about it. No crusade, no holy war.

...

Yes, you can remain a nation but there is no need to make too much of those boundaries that you have created on the map. They are only on the map, don't start seeing them on the ground. That's where you become blind.
It is perfectly good there should be so many nations but there is no need for so many madnesses.
It is perfectly good, people can worship in their own ways, pray in their own ways, have their own book, love their own messiahs, there is no problem about it. But don't make it a problem for other human beings. It is your personal thing. You like something, you refer a certain perfume -- perfectly good; if somebody else does not like it, it does not make him your enemy.
These are likings somebody can differ. And difference does not mean antagonism, it simply means one has a different way of looking at things, feeling things. There is no need for any fanaticism, there is no need for any commitment.
If we can have organizations in the world without commitment, without fanaticism, it will be a beautiful world.
Organizations themselves are not bad.
Organizations without commitment, without fanatic attitudes, simply make an orderly world. And order is certainly needed.Where there are so many millions of people you cannot live without order.
I have called that order "commune." I have called it "commune" just to make it different from organization, political party, religious cult.

I have called it simply "commune," where people of similar vision live in a friendliness, with all their differences.
They are not to erase their differences to be part of the commune, that becomes commitment. Their differences are accepted, those are the qualities of those individuals.
And it is in fact making the commune rich where so many people with so many different qualities, talents, creativities, sensitivities are joined, without crippling each other, without destroying each other.
On the contrary, they are helping each other to become a perfect individual, a unique individual...

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,

I WAS SHOCKED TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT THE PYRAMID OF HUMANITY CONSISTS ONLY OF AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI AND ALBERT EINSTEIN, AND THERE IS NO QUALITATIVE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO. ISN'T THERE A THIRD ALTERNATIVE?

I am shocked too, but one is helpless against the reality.
The truth is that there is no qualitative difference between Ayatollah Khomeini and Albert Einstein; I would have loved to declare it if there was even a small possibility of some qualitative difference. That does not mean that both are the same type of person.
Ayatollah Khomeini is a madman.
Albert Einstein is a super-genius, the sharpest intelligence humanity has ever produced.
So I am not saying that they are the same kind of people, but what can I do? -- they belong to the same range. Ayatollah is the lowest in the line, Albert Einstein the highest, but the difference is only of degrees; it is the same pyramid.
Ayatollah Khomeini, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Mao Tse-tung, they are as human as Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre, Karl Jaspers; they belong to one humanity, to one mind. But Ayatollah Khomeini and his company are sick. The mind is the same but it is a sick mind, it is upside down. Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell are healthy. It is the same mind but in the right shape; it is as it should be.

But I cannot say that they belong to two different categories; that would be a lie -- consoling. You would not be shocked, I would not be shocked, everybody would be happy, but to destroy truth for such stupid consolations is not going to help anybody.
But why do you look only from one side? There are many aspects which have to be considered. Why don't you see it as a great revelation? You have thought only of one thing, that's why you got shocked. I got shocked too, but I also got excited, ecstatic.
You thought only of one thing, that Albert Einstein is reduced to the level of Ayatollah Khomeini. But why can't you see the other possibility? -- that Ayatollah Khomeini can be raised to the level of Albert Einstein.
I am opening a tremendous possibility for these mad people. And these mad people have dominated humanity; something has to be done.
Humanity as such is not bad, not evil, but one Ayatollah Khomeini can drive a whole country crazy, idiotic. The names, the words, the principles these people use to hide their madness and stupidity are beautiful.
Ayatollah Khomeini recites the holy KORAN every day. He does not need to read; he has memorized it -- the whole holy KORAN. He quotes continuously from the holy KORAN, and those who are listening to him and following him believe that he is a prophet, a messenger of God, sent to help Islam succeed.

That's what all the religions believe: if they succeed, only then is there any future for humanity; otherwise there is no future, man is finished.
And what he is doing is so barbarous, so ugly, so inhuman.... People are being slaughtered continuously, beheaded continuously. People are being beaten to death on the crossroads before thousands of spectators -- and all those spectators are rejoicing because this is the success of Islam.
Ayatollah Khomeini says that anything done according to the Islamic principles is right. There is no other way, no other criterion to decide right and wrong. There is only one way: if it is according to the Islamic principles. And those Islamic principles are just barbarous, to say the least.

To behead a man is Islamic. If the man is not willing to become a Mohammedan then it is better he should die. Living as a non-Mohammedan is worse than dying, because death may change his life pattern. Perhaps in this body, in this mind, he is incapable of becoming a Mohammedan, so this body and mind have to be destroyed. These are hindrances to his salvation. And to die by the hands of Islamic soldiers is a glory in itself. You should be proud: you attained a great death. You could not attain a great life but you attained a great death.
So the person who is being killed by the Islamic murderers is fortunate. And the people who are killing him are also earning great virtue, because there is no other motive -- they are trying to help the man, to transform his being.

They are making the way to God clear and clean for the person. They are doing God's work: they will be born as saints in paradise. So both are benefited. How can something be wrong and evil when both the parties are immensely benefited, spiritually benefited?
Do you see the cunningness of people? But Ayatollah has the same mind as you have, it is just that it has gone nuts. But it can be repaired.
This is happening all over the world.... Just the other day in the Vatican one woman jumped from St. Peter's basilica -- the highest church in Christendom -- and killed herself. Nobody knows why, and perhaps nobody will ever know why. But hearing this, the immediate response that came to me was that this woman has declared something significant.
The whole of humanity is going to die in the Vatican from St. Peter's basilica. This woman is a pioneer. She has simply said that this is going to happen to the whole of humanity. And they are doing everything -- the pope, the cardinals, the bishops, the priests -- to let this happen.
Just today a very respected humanitarian, a Catholic nun, Sister Judith Vaughan, has been expelled from the Catholic church. She runs, in California, a shelter for poor women, abandoned women, rejected women. And she has helped thousands of women. But all her life's work is nothing; she has just committed a small mistake, a mistake in the eyes of the Christian bureaucracy.

She signed a newspaper advertisement in favor of abortion. The newspaper had asked those who were in favor to sign and send the advertisement back to the newspaper, so they could say that not all Christians are against abortion. Sister Judith signed it -- and that is a great sin.
The woman worked her whole life, served thousands of women, is respected all over California, and she understands the problems of women -- abortion, children, orphans -- more than those idiots who have expelled her from the church. Not only have they expelled her from the church, they have prevented her f}om entering the shelter that she has made for poor women, suffering women. She is not allowed to enter the church, the shelter, and she is no longer a nun. Nobody bothers even that what she was doing was humanitarian.
More population means more problems -- and you are not able to solve the problems that are present. Each child brings thousands of problems with him. Already more people have arrived on the earth than the earth can support. Even countries like America have problems which should have disappeared from the world long before -- what to say about the third world, the poor world? Africa, Latin America, Asia: what to say of those countries?
In America there are thirty-five million illiterate adults. In the twentieth century, in the richest country of the world technologically, scientifically, culturally -- in every way on the top -- thirty-five million adults are still uneducated, they can't read a newspaper.

And you go on bringing people. You cannot solve simple problems -- and there are complicated problems.
In the gas explosion in Bhopal thousands died. All the women that were pregnant and did not die, now have started giving birth to children. Thousands of children are coming out of the womb dead or crippled or blind or retarded. A few which are born alive die within six weeks. The physicians and the scientists did not think that the gas was going to affect the foetus so dangerously.
And this was only a small explosion. When your nuclear explosions and atomic explosions start happening, how they are going to affect you is unimaginable. And it will not affect only you; it will affect all the generations that follow you. It will affect the whole future of humanity.
Who is creating these problems? The mind. The same mind can solve them.
So when I say Ayatollah Khomeini and Albert Einstein belong to the same line... if you think that Albert Einstein is also like Ayatollah Khomeini you will get only a shock. But if you also think that Ayatollah Khomeini has the capacity to be an Albert Einstein then you will be excited like me.
But I have talked only about the pyramid of the mind. I have not talked about people who have dropped out of the mind, I have not talked about the meditators. They are qualitatively different from both.
A man of meditation is as far away from Ayatollah Khomeini as he is from Albert Einstein, because he is far away from mind itself.

The pyramid was only of people living in the mind so don't be depressed. You can jump out of the pyramid; nobody is forcing you to be in it. It is your decision to be in it or not to be in it. You can become a watcher. You stand outside the pyramid and watch the whole stupid game that goes on.
I am not part of the pyramid. That's why I can talk about the pyramid, describe it in total detail from all the aspects, because I am just a watcher. I can move around the pyramid, I can see all its faces. I can see its lowest depth, I can see its highest peak -- because I am not in it.
If you are in it, then it is impossible for you to watch it in its totality; you have to be out of it. And there have been such people down the ages -- very few, but that does not make any difference: even if a single person can escape from the pyramid that is enough to prove the potentiality. And many have escaped from it.

Just a little effort on your side, a little alertness, and you can slip out of the mind -- because the pyramid is not made of something solid; the bricks it is made out of are thoughts. You are surrounded by a wall of thoughts. It is so easy to come out of it. You don't even have to dig a hole in the wall, you don't even have to open a door: you have simply to stand silently and see whether the wall really exists or only appears to.
In the East they call it a mirage; it only appears real.

The closer you come to it, and the better you look at it, the more it starts disappearing. Thoughts are the most insubstantial things in the world; they don't have anything material in them. Thoughts are the only holy or unholy ghosts. If you are afraid of a ghost, the ghost is very substantial.
I am reminded of my childhood. In my hometown there was a monastery belonging to the religion of Kabir. It is not known around the world but in India there are Kabir panthis -- followers of Kabir.
In my hometown there was a monastery where a very famous follower of Kabir, Sahibdas, had lived long before me. But he had left a big monastery, a huge temple and many caves for meditators. They are very beautiful caves because his monastery is very close to the river. In small hills by the river he has made

those caves, and inside the caves there are small ponds of water. You can go inside the cave, from one cave to another cave, although a few are blocked; either the water has filled them completely or the earth has fallen. But it is something beautiful to see.
And just to sit in those caves... they are so silent -- not even the breeze comes there. They have made them exactly in the right proportion so that a man can live in those caves without being short of oxygen, because air will not be coming from the outside. But the size of the cave is enough to provide oxygen for you at least for three months.

So people were sent to meditate in those caves.
I was very young; Sahibdas must have died twenty or thirty years before I was born. But his successor, Satyasahib, him I knew very well, and he was an idiot. As it happens, for some particular reason, saints somehow attract idiots.
I am not a saint, so you need not be worried! But saints attract idiots; perhaps there is a certain balance nature has to keep, that if there is a saint then a certain amount of idiots are needed to keep the balance. Nature believes in balance; it continuously goes on balancing everything.
This Satyasahib was an utter idiot, but he was a great friend of my father. So it is because of my father I started going there and moving around and looking in those caves. It was really a huge monastery and the man -- his master -- must have been of great influence.
Now there is nobody else there except Satyasahib, his successor; everybody has left. There are huge gardens, fields, and the monastery is in a very secluded spot, very green and just with the river by the side. Satyasahib's master was buried in the campus of the monastery.
In India many religions don't cremate their saints; everybody else is cremated. But a few religions -- for example, Kabir panthis -- don't cremate their saints because their bodies have been in contact with such a great soul that they have become living memories of something so great that to destroy them is not right.

So their bodies have to be buried just as Christians and Mohammedans do: a samadhi, a grave, is made. It is not called a grave, it is called samadhi -- the same word that is used for the ultimate state of consciousness. Because the man had attained samadhi, his grave is no ordinary grave; it is a symbol of samadhi, of the ultimate consciousness.
The monastery was huge and only one person was living there. And the samadhis of Kabir panthis are not completely closed; they have a sliding side so every year the body can be brought out and every year they can worship the saint again.
One of my teachers was an atheist. I said to him,
"Your atheism is perfectly good, but do you believe in ghosts or not?"
He said, "Ghosts? I don't believe even in God, why should I believe in ghosts? They don't exist."
I said, "Before saying that, give me a chance to prove that they do, because I have been meeting a ghost -- seeing, talking to it. And he is the ghost of such a great man, Sahibdas."
He said, "All nonsense! You must have got the idea from that idiot, Satyasahib. He goes on talking about his guru; nobody listens but he goes on talking. And I have seen that you have been going there."
I said, "You have rightly seen me going there but you don't know that I have managed meetings with his master, which he himself has not been able to manage.

My teacher looked suspicious, but I sounded just the way I always sound -- so certain. I said, "There is no problem, there is no need to discuss it. Discussion will come later on; first let the encounter...."
He started feeling a little fear. I said, "Don't be afraid; I will be with you, and three or four of my friends will be there, because we have to slide the door which is heavy; then we have to pull out the body."
He said, "All these things will have to be done?"
I said, "Yes, they have to be done. The body has to be pulled out; only then can I ask Sahibdas to materialize. Just one thing you have to be aware of: don't make any noise, because if the successor, Satyasahib, gets up, then there will be trouble because this is very much against their religion. Only one day in the year -- the day he died -- can they pull out the body. And this is absolutely against their religion and there will be great trouble.
So be very quiet and be very silent. And if any situation arises where you have to run away, then don't wait for anybody and don't call anybody's name; simply run away. Just take care, because this is the trouble: the ghost sometimes catches hold of you, particularly your clothes. So just take care."
This teacher was a Bengali -- wearing a long kurtha and dhoti -- and Bengalis use very loose clothes, so anybody who is of no use, who cannot run, who cannot do any hard work, is called "Bengali Babu."

In India to be called "Bengali Babu" is an insult. These are the two extremes. If somebody calls you "sardarji," that is an insult. That means you have no mind -- not in the sense that you are a meditator but in the sense that you are an Ayatollah Khomeini. Or if somebody calls you "Bengali Babu," that means just useless.
And Bengalis have strange habits: their dhoti is so loose that if they run they are bound to fall. They continuously carry an umbrella, twelve months a year. Whether it is raining or not does not matter, whether it is hot or not does not matter. And in India, seasons are very fixed; you need not carry the umbrella all year. In the whole of India nobody carries an umbrella the whole of the year, but Bengali Babus -- somehow it has become part of their style. They continuously carry the umbrella, unnecessary luggage, for no reason.
So I told my teacher -- bhattacharya was his surname I said, "Sir, leave your umbrella, because if he catches hold of your umbrella -- these ghosts do catch hold of things."
He said, "I cannot leave my umbrella. Without my umbrella I feel as if I am naked or something is continuously missing."
"And," I said, "you have to make your dhoti tight, because if it falls open then you will have to run naked. And these ghosts are ghosts: they don't believe in your manners, your etiquette. He may catch hold of your dhoti and you will have to -- run without your dhoti."

He said, "But he is a saint!"
I said, "He is a saint but now he is a ghost too. But it is up to you: if you want, you can come the way you want."
He came. He had his dhoti as tight as he could. The fashion they make... the dhoti can be made in many fashions. The Maharashtrians make the best; then it functions almost like a pajama -- parted in two ways. You can run, you can work in it.
The Bengalis make the worst. The one part that they tuck at their back is so loose that it goes on touching the floor, and the other part that they tuck in front of them, that goes on touching the floor. They are just hodgepodge.

We went in the middle of the night. We had chosen a dark night when there was no moon, because if the successor saw us.... And I needed a dark night for ghosts because I had made a young man ready to be a ghost, to catch hold of Bhattacharya's dhoti if he did not come with his umbrella.
The grave was big because the panthis had to pull out the body; it was in a casket which you have to pull out. But the grave was big enough so that by the side of the casket my ghost could be lying down. So this was the arrangement, that we would pull out our man, and at that very moment one of us would drop something and somebody would shriek and the running would start. And before Bhattacharya could see who the ghost was, the ghost would catch something of his.

And that's what happened.
It went perfectly well. The ghost caught his dhoti, and Bhattacharya.... You cannot believe what a man can become when he is really in fear: he himself dropped his dhoti. He did not wait for the dhoti to drop by itself; he himself opened it up. Dhoti, umbrella.... The ghost did not even catch the umbrella because the ghost was lying down and the umbrella was up under Bhattacharya's arm. But Bhattacharya thought, "Who knows? -- he may jump for the umbrella!" And when he started taking off his kurtha, I said, "The ghost is satisfied -- come on!"
Two days later I asked him, "What about your atheism?"
He said, "All that was nonsense; I was a fool. You are right -- there is a God. But what a strange night!"
I said, "You should at least thank me -- I saved your kurtha."
He said, "That I remember. I was throwing it because if the ghost started holding onto anything then I would be caught. I thought, 'I will leave everything so I can at least reach my home. At the most, people will laugh and it will be embarrassing.' And it was embarrassing: when I got there in my kurtha...."
We had made all arrangements that people should be there; otherwise in the middle of the night who would see? In a town, a small town, all the people go to sleep by nine, at the most ten. In those days there was no "movie-talkie," so by nine the town would be almost deserted.

So we had arranged, "Something really great is going to happen: you just wait. Nearabout twelve you will see Bhattacharya coming home naked."
They said, "Naked!"
We said, "But don't tell anybody. He will be even without his umbrella!"
So people were really excited and they were waiting, everybody lying down on his bed. In summer, in India, people sleep with their beds on the streets. Everybody was lying down but awake, and as Bhattacharya came there was a great crowd: torches and lamps and people.
Bhattacharya was perspiring and just trembling, so we had to say to people, "This is not right -- you should go. He has met a ghost and now you are bothering him. He may die; he has got such a shock."
We took him inside; we gave him a good cold bath, and poured as many buckets of water over him as possible to bring him to his senses. It was very difficult to bring him to his senses, but at last he said, "Yes, now I am feeling better, but where is that ghost?"
I said, "That ghost has gone. We have closed the casket."
"And my umbrella and dhoti?"
I said, "We have brought those, because we prayed to the ghost: 'Poor Bhattacharya is a very poor man and you are a saint. It is enough punishment for the atheist; more than that is not needed' -- so he has given them back to you."

From that day we saw that every day Bhattacharya was going in the morning to put flowers on that samadhi and to pray and do some worship there.

I said, "Have you become a Kabir panthi?"
He said, "I have to become a Kabir panthi. I am reading the scriptures of Kabir panthis, the sayings of Kabir, the songs of Kabir -- they are really beautiful. But I must thank you," he said to me. "If you had not arranged that encounter with the ghost I would have died an atheist."
Ghosts don't exist, but millions of people believe they do; they not only believe, they have seen ghosts, they have met them. But all those meetings are such meetings: arranged. And it is so easy.
Your thoughts are just like ghosts.
You simply go on believing in them, never trying to have an encounter, never turning yourself towards them and staring at them. You will be simply surprised that any thought that you stare at simply melts away. It cannot stand your watchfulness.
So there is a third alternative. You need not be either Ayatollah Khomeiniac or Albert Einstein. Albert Einstein is a good man, but good and bad are two sides of the same coin. Saint and sinner are two sides of the same coin; heaven and hell, God and devil -- two sides of the same coin. Neither can exist without the other. But there is a third alternative: you need not be either, and that's really to be yourself.
To be out of the pyramid of the mind is to enter into the temple of your being. The pyramid is for the dead.

Actually the pyramids were made as graves for Egyptian kings and queens. They are graveyards; and when I used the word pyramid for the mind I used it knowingly. Mind is also a graveyard of dead things, past memories, experiences, shadows... all shadows. But by and by they become so thick that they create a dark curtain around you.
If you want to escape from your shadow, what do you think you have to do? Run? Then you will be in the same position as Bhattacharya. The shadow will follow you wherever you go, it will be with you; it is your shadow. And a shadow is non-existential; it is a ghost.
The only way to get rid of it is to turn back and look at it and try to find whether there is any substance in it. There is nothing! -- it is pure negativity. It is just because you are standing in the way of the sun rays that the sun rays cannot come in; and the absence of sun creates the shadow.
Exactly this is the situation about your thoughts. Because you are not watchful, because you are not silent, because you can't see things clearly without any disturbance, thoughts are substitutes for awareness.
Unless you become aware, thoughts will continue.
I have loved a story very much -- I don't know whether it is true or not. One of the great Buddhist scholars, Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan, listening to me telling this story, came to see me that very night and said, "My whole life I have devoted to Buddhist scriptures -- "and he is a world -- famous authority on Buddhist scriptures " -- but you are a strange man: whenever you come.

..."
He used to live in Nagpur, and I used to pass through Nagpur two or three times a year at least; whenever I would go to South India I would pass through Nagpur. And I had many friends in Nagpur, so whenever I was there, there would be two or three lectures, talks, discussions.
He said, "Whenever you come you always come with a new story about Buddha!

From where do you get these stories? -- because I have been reading all the Buddhist scriptures, I have been checking, and I have not found a single instance, not one of these stories, anywhere."
I said, "Don't be bothered. I don't care whether the story is true or not; what I care about is whether the story is significant or not. What does it maKer whether it historically happened or not? What matters is whether it is potentially possible or not."
He said, "That means you have totally different criteria. I have never heard about this criterion:'potentially possible."'
I said, "If you have not heard it, I can repeat it again. You can listen well."
This was the story that he was very puzzled about.... He came in the morning again -- I don't think he could sleep -- and he said, "The story is simply not historical."
I said, "I don't care! I don't care even if Buddha is historical or not -- what does it matter to me? If Buddha was not born, that is his business. I will not be worried in any way.

Millions of people have not been born: what does it matter? One more person not born -- we would not even have noticed that Gautam Buddha was missing.
"But," I said, "why are you worried? You forget that story if you don't want it, if you don't like it."
He said, "That is the trouble -- I love the story, I liked it. I would love the story to be historical."
I said, "That is impossible -- I cannot make history. I cannot write down your scriptures again; I don't have time nor any desire. But if you loved the story and you see the significance of it, then I will tell you one thing -- but don't tell anybody because nobody will believe it."
He said, "What?'
I said, "Come close to me." So I whispered to him in his ear, "I am the Buddha, and I am telling you the story myself. Don't say it to anybody because nobody will believe it. And even if you say it, I will deny that I ever said it to you."
He said, "You are something! You are just right now... you are telling me...!"
I said, "You don't have any witness. There is nobody here -- we are alone and I will simply deny having said anything. And why should I say such a thing? Buddha died twenty-five centuries ago: I am nobody's ghost, I am just myself."
This is the story that he remained puzzled about. Whenever I went there he would say, "If you can someway help me..

.. From where did you get it?"
I said, "I don't get things from 'right sources'; I have my own ways of finding, creating, inventing. I am not obliged to be strictly historical, to be strictly this or that. Anything that I feel is meaningful, that can be indicative of some truth, I pick up from anywhere and I put it through anybody's mouth."
This is the story: Buddha is going from one village to another, and on the way -- it is a hot day, summer -- he feels thirsty. He is old, so he asks Ananda, "Ananda, I am sorry but you will have to go back. Two or three miles back we have left a small stream of water, and I am very thirsty: you go and bring water."
Ananda said, "There is no need to feel sorry. This is my joy -- to serve you in any way. I am obliged; you are not obliged. You rest under this saal tree, and I will go."
He went back. He knew exactly where the stream was; they had just passed it. And when they had passed by the side of the stream, it was crystal-clear -- a mountain stream has a clarity of its own. But when Ananda returned to take the water, two bullock carts had passed through the stream, and the whole stream

was muddy; all the mud that was settled on the bottom had risen to the surface. Old leaves, rotten leaves, were floating on top. He could not think that he could take this water for Buddha to drink.
So he came back and said to Buddha, "This is the situation.

I could not bring that water for you, but don't be worried. Four miles ahead you can rest; I know a big river, and from there I will bring the water. Although it is getting late and you are thirsty, what else can I do?"
Buddha said, "No, I want the water from that stream. You unnecessarily wasted time; you should have brought the water."
"But," Ananda said, "the water is dirty and muddy; rotten leaves are floating all over it. How can I bring it?"
Buddha said, "You go and bring it."
When the Master says so.... Ananda went back reluctantly, but was surprised: by that time the leaves had moved. The water was continuously flowing, and it had taken the leaves away; the dust and the mud had settled down -- just a little was left. But Ananda got the message; he sat by the side of the stream.
That's what Buddha had meant: "Go back." And seeing that things had changed.... If he had just waited, soon the crystal-clear water would have been there.
He waited, and soon the water was there. He brought some back.
Buddha said, "Ananda, did you get the message?"
Ananda was crying. He said, "Yes, I got the message. In fact, I had not told you: when I went the first time and saw this whole thing -- those two bullock carts passing just ahead of me, just in front of me, disturbing the whole stream, I went into the stream to settle it.

And the more I tried to settle it, the more it became unsettled. The more I walked into it, the more mud came up, more leaves.
"Seeing that it was impossible to settle it, I came back -- I did not tell you this. I am sorry, I was foolish. That was not the way to settle the stream back into its natural way. I should have simply waited by the side, I should have simply watched.
"Things happen on their own. The leaves were going down the stream and the mud was settling. And just sitting there watching the stream, I got the message, that this stream is the stream of my mind -- of all rotten thoughts, past, dead, mud -- and I am continuously trying to settle it. Jumping into it makes it worse than before and creates a pessimistic attitude that 'perhaps in this life I am not going to attain what Buddha says -- the state of no-mind.'
"But today, seeing that stream, a great hope has arisen in me: perhaps the stream of my own mind is also going to be settled in the same way. And just sitting there I had a little glimpse."
Buddha said, "I am not thirsty, you are thirsty. And you were not sent to bring water for me, you were sent to understand a certain message. While we were coming I had seen those two bullock carts on top of the hill and I knew by what time they would be passing, sol had sent you right in time to bring water."
Just sit by the stream of your mind.

Don't do anything; nothing is expected from you.
You just keep quiet, calm, as if it is none of your business. What is happening in the mind is happening somewhere else.
The mind is not you; it is somebody else:
You are only a watcher.
And just a few glimpses of watching will prepare you to get out of the pyramid

without any fighting, without any struggle, without any practice. You simply stand up and get out.
There is no ghost, so nobody is going to catch your clothes and your umbrella and pull you back.
You will be surprised that after a few days I told Bhattacharya the whole thing; he wouldn't believe me. He said, "You cannot deceive me anymore."
I said, "that time you were deceived."
He said, "No, I have encountered the ghost myself and I have seen what it means." He said, "I know what you are trying; you are trying to arrange another encounter. If somehow you can convince me there iS no ghost then one day again, another encounter.
"I believe! I don't want to encounter; I have encountered once and for all. I will remain a believer unto my last breath. Nobody can convince me now; you have convinced me forever!"
I tried many times, but the more I tried, the more he said, "Why are you after me? First you were trying to convince me there is a ghost, there is a God, there is this, there is that.

Now you are trying to convince me that there is nothing."
I said, "I can arrange another encounter and explain, the whole thing -- how it was arranged, who was Lying inside, how we pulled him out, how things were dropped, how your dhoti was pulled...."
He said, "I don't want.... Whether ghosts exist or not, I don't want to have any encounter."
After twenty years he met me at a railway station. I was just looking at the bookstall and he was also looking there.
I said, "Bhattacharya, it is so great to see you! Do you still believe?"
He said, "Don't say a single word against religious things. I have become a very sincere believer, but I must say the whole credit goes to you."
I said, "That's certainly true, the whole credit goes to me because I arranged the whole thing. But now you are so old; at least now you should try to understand that it was all a joke."
He said, "Don't mention that thing at all because even to remember that my being starts trembling. That night has transformed my whole being."
I said, "This is called transformation? -- you were better before! This is the original fall."
He said, "Whatsoever it is, I am perfectly satisfied."
People go on believing in anything that is consolatory. Their ghosts, their gods, their heaven and hell -- these are all just consolations. Their saints, holy men, sages -- all consolation.

A true man needs guts to get out of all this rotten mess. And the only way to get out of it is to become a witness of your own thought processes. And it is easy, it is the easiest thing in the world. You just have to do it once; but you never try even once, and you go on thinking it is the most difficult thing.
I also used to think that it was a very difficult thing, because that's what I had been told by everybody, read in every book -- that it is such a great, difficult phenomenon; it takes lives together for a man to come to the state of no-mind. When everybody is saying that, and there is not even a single exception, it is very natural that you may start believing in it.
But I am a little eccentric. My logic does not follow the ordinary course, it goes zigzag. Once I became certain that everybody says it is difficult, every scripture says it is difficult.... My mind functions differently.
The first idea that came to me was that it is possible that nobody has tried; otherwise there would be different opinions. Somebody would say it is this

difficult; somebody would say it is more difficult than that; somebody would say it is less difficult than that. It is impossible to have unanimous support for its difficulty from all over the world.
The only possibility is that nobody has tried -- but nobody wants to confess one's ignorance. Then the best course is to agree with the collective consensus, that it is difficult, very difficult; it takes lives together.

I dropped that idea. I said, "It has to happen in this life; otherwise I will not let it happen in any life, I will struggle against it. Either this life or never." "Now or never" became my fixed approach, and the day I decided "Now or never," it happened. Since then I have been simply amazed how people have been befooled.
The simplest thing has been made the most impossible -- and the simplest thing opens the door for the third alternative.
It takes you out of the pyramid: you are no more a mind. And then only do you know who you are. And to know it is to have achieved everything worth achieving.

Second question.

Question 2
OSHO,
IS AMERICA PREPARED TO RECEIVE YOUR MESSAGE?

NOBODY is ever prepared to receive such a message as mine. It is not the fault of people, it is the very nature of the message.
I am telling you to be yourself.
This is the most natural thing in the world.
I am telling you to be silent.
This needs no talent, no genius.
I am telling you to live totally in the moment.
This requires no qualification.
My message is very simple, but the nature of the message is such that nobody is ever prepared for it. You are prepared against it.
So it is nothing to do with America. The whole of humanity is in the same state -- different names, different labels, but the state is the same.

They are all caught by parasites. Those parasites are political, those parasites are religious; there are all kinds. You can find them in every size, every sort, every shape, every color. Whatever your preference, whichever kind of parasite you want to suck you, they are available.
And those parasites have been preparing you against messages like mine, because either I can exist my message can exist, or those parasites can exist. We both cannot exist together.
When Jesus appeared, were Jews ready for his message? If that is what you call readiness, then it is good that America is not ready for my message, because I don't have any interest in being crucified.
I have my own style of life and I will choose my own style of death. That kind of death, of carrying a cross on my own shoulders, simply does not suit me. It is very primitive.
Were Hindus ready for Buddha's message? Then where has that message disappeared? Hindus are there, but Buddha's message in India has completely disappeared. Hindus were far more clever than Jews: they did not crucify Gautam Buddha. That was their whole trick. They knew -- they were an ancient race and

knew perfectly well that crucifying Buddha would mean making him a demarcation line in history. Crucifixion would have been the greatest publicity possible in those days. There was no other media available.
And death was such a thing that when you killed somebody it meant that you were afraid of his message, afraid of his existence, afraid of his being here for a few years more.

So afraid -- why, if you are right? You must be wrong.
Jesus' crucifixion proved Jews wrong, wrong forever. Whether Jesus was right or not, that is a totally separate question. I know he was not right, but Jews proved him right by crucifying him. It was their stupidity, and they have suffered long for it. They are still suffering for it.
Just today I saw the news that the pope has met with the highest rabbi of the Jews to celebrate a declaration that was made in 1965 by the Vatican Council, that Christians are not anti-Semitic, that Christians and Jews are brothers. Twenty years have passed since 1965, so they were celebrating the twentieth year's celebration of the declaration that Jews and Christians are brothers, that all Jews are not responsible for Jesus' crucifixion. This is something worth contemplating.
It means before 1965 all the popes were wrong; that means throughout almost the whole of Christian history, except these twenty years. Twenty centuries against twenty years -- all the popes, who were "infallible," were all fallible because they were all anti-Semitic; they were fighting holy wars against Jews. And before 1965 never was it said that Jews and Christians are brothers; they were enemies.
If Christians are not anti-Semites, then who is? Just me! I simply wonder.... I have nothing to do with Christians, nothing to do with Jews -- and one rabbi declared me an anti-Semite.

I am anti-Semite? -- and pope the polack is declaring that Jews and Christians are brothers!
But in these twenty centuries since Jesus' crucifixion no Jewish high command of rabbis has declared that Jesus was right -- or even that Jesus was sane; and that is a long way from thinking that he was right. In twenty centuries no authoritative rabbi has said that it was a mistake to crucify him. They still hold it to be absolutely right; he got what he deserved.
But why did the pope in 1965 suddenly start being so nice to the enemies? What is the politics behind it? The politics is clear. Now the question is not between Christians and Jews: the question is between communism and capitalism.
The polarities have changed, the questions have changed. Now it is pointless to fight against Jews because you are killing people of your own camp. Now the enemies of the past can become friends because the friends of the past have become enemies.
Russia was the most orthodox Christian country in the whole world. The Vatican is nothing before the Russian Orthodox church. Russia was the citadel of orthodox Christianity. Russia turned communist, and the whole of Christianity simply disappeared. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, China -- slowly slowly countries went on becoming communist.
The pope is now saying that Jews and Christians are brothers. I can predict that soon he will say that Hindus are also brothers, Mohammedans are also brothers, Buddhists are also brothers -- all religions are brothers; there is no need to fight.

Now the question is not between religions. It is not a question anymore of which religion is going to rule the world; the question is whether communism or anti-communist forces are going to rule the world.

So forget all about Jesus; anyway he is hanged, you cannot do anything about it. And just for that carpenter's son, a young hippie, why bother?
Basically it is very significant that rabbis and popes make the declaration together. These rabbis were the ones who decided unanimously that the crucifixion should happen. But priests can change their faces very easily, and now they have. They have some nerve to say that all Jews are not responsible. Then the whole high command of rabbis is not representative of all the Jews? Then who are you and on what authority are you making these declarations that we are brothers?because all Jews and all Christians are not represented.
When Jesus was crucified by all the rabbis unanimously -- not even a single rabbi objected to it -- the only man who was objecting to it was Pontius Pilate, a Roman pagan who was neither Christian nor Jewish, who did not believe in religion at all, who thought it all crap.
That was the only man who was trying to save Jesus -- because there was no crime against him, he had not done anything. He might be a little crazy, outrageous, might be saying things which should not be said; but he had not done anything, he had not harmed anybody.

It was a Roman pagan who was trying to save him, but no Jew was ready to.
Now, these rabbis have some nerve to declare that all Jews are not responsible for Jesus crucifixion. Then your declaration is also just your declaration. It does not represent all the Jews, or all the Christians either.
But why do the rabbis and the bishops and the pope.... All are priests; that point has to be noted. All are priests: their vested interest is the same. Jesus does not matter to anybody. The rabbis two thousand years ago killed Jesus because he was destroying their priesthood. Now the Jews are not in any way afraid of Jesus. Christians -- why should they carry the old grudge unnecessarily? Deep down they also understand that they would have done the same. If Jesus comes back again and suddenly declares in the Vatican, "I have come back as I had told you before -- the only begotten son of God," what do you think the pope and his bishops and his cardinals and his committees, what are they going to do? I can't think of anything else except another crucifixion.
Now the interests of the Christian bishops and priests are the same as those of the Jewish rabbis. Either they are saying rightly that they are brothers.... Brother-parasites! And that's why Jesus has not been coming.
He has promised -- and I think he is a man of his word; I never suspect his intention.

Why is he not coming? He knows perfectly well, one crucifixion is enough. He is not such an idiot; he may be mad but he is not an idiot. He knows perfectly well that it will be even more painful to be crucified by his own priests.
There was some consolation at least at that time, that the priests were not his followers. He could pray to God, "Forgive them because they know not what they are doing." If the Christian pope and bishops and cardinals crucify him he will not have even his prayer. What will he say to God -- "Forgive them because they know what they are doing"?
Priests of all religions sooner or later settle for compromise. Now there is no antagonism between Buddhists, Jainas, Hindus. When their founders were alive it was fire; the whole country was on fire. Now there is no fire at all.
Hindu scholars come to speak in Jaina temples, Jaina scholars go to speak in Hindu temples; there is no problem at all. And these were enemy camps: once they were ready to destroy each other completely. But that is only when the man with the message is alive; then nobody is ready, nobody is prepared to accept it. Once the man is gone then everybody is ready to accept it, respect it, because a

dead messiah can do no i harm to you. But a living messiah is going to destroy you completely and create you afresh.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS RELIGION, AND WHY ARE THERE SO MANY RELIGIONS IN THE WORLD? IS IT NOT POSSIBLE TO HAVE JUST ONE RELIGION FOR THE WHOLE HUMANITY?

RELIGION is an inquiry just the way science is, with one difference:
Science inquires about the objective reality -- that which is there, outside of you. Science excludes the scientist himself. It inquires about everything except the inquirer.
Religion inquires about the inquirer.
It is an inquiry of the inner, the subjective.
It is immensely surprising that the scientists have never bothered about the consciousness which is doing all the investigations, inventions, discoveries. It seems absolutely absurd that you are not bothered about the most fundamental reality in the world -- since man is the only one who has a subjectivity, who has an inner world.
A chair, a table -- they exist. But they don't know that they exist, there is no knower within them. They exist for you, not for themselves. There is no one inside them, they are only means. You can use them, misuse them, it doesn't matter, because there is nobody inside who is going to be hurt, who is going to feel bad, who is going to react.
Man is the only phenomenon with a depth. Everything else is superficial. Everything else is just the surface; behind the surface there is nothing.

It is just like peeling an onion: you peel one layer and you find another layer; you peel that layer and you find another layer. You go on peeling layer upon layer, and in the end nothing is left in your hands. You can go on peeling things -- ultimately you are going to find nobody there.
And science is very accurate, very logical; but in a strange way the scientist keeps himself out of his investigations. He brackets himself out. He is the sole source, and he is not included in whatever he is doing. He is the doer, he is the witness, he is the finder -- but he does not exist.
The scientist does not believe that he exists, for the simple reason that he cannot put himself as an object in front of himself. How can you put yourself as an object in front of yourself? Just try.
You jump in front of yourself but the one in front of whom you were jumping is no longer there, he has jumped. Again, in front of you there is nobody. You go on jumping.... The scientist concludes that you cannot put yourself in front of yourself, because you are not. If you were there just as other things are -- the rocks, the trees, the whole existence -- you would have been able to put yourself on the table. But this whole idea makes the scientist look silly.
The scientist goes on thinking that he is very clever, very intelligent, and of course he is, as far as things are concerned.

But he has a blind spot. He believes in things, and because he is not a thing it obviously proves he is not. Only things exist, there is nothing other than things; and if you indicate something which is not a thing and yet exists, he is not going to believe it.

First you have to prove its thing-ness. Now that's impossible -- consciousness is not a thing. What can we do? But just because it is not a thing does not mean it is non-existential.
One blind man was brought to Gautam Buddha; he was a logician, and of great genius. Many scholars had tried to prove to him the existence of light; they had all tried but they had all failed. He was always victorious in every argument, every discussion, every debate. He had become famous.
Everybody knows light is, but it was impossible to prove to the blind man, for the simple reason that the blind man had a certain condition which had to be fulfilled to prove anything exists.
He had only four senses instead of five, he did not have the faculty of seeing. Now there is no way to prove to him that he is missing a faculty. How can you prove it? You cannot show him, "Other people have eyes and you don't." That is the very problem, so you cannot show it to him; if you could show it to him there would be no problem. He would be able to see other people's eyes, so why would he not be able to see the light?
So first he said, "You are all trying to prove something which does not exist.

There are no eyes. And if there are, just let me smell them, I can smell. Let me taste them, I can taste. I have got these four senses.... And the same about light. These are all just lies. If light exists, hit it with something, it will make a sound. Anything that exists, being hit by something, makes sound. I can hear the sound. Or at least put it in my hands. I can feel whether it is heavy, rough, smooth."
Now how to put light into his hands? How to make him taste light? What taste has light? What smell has light? But you cannot say that he is absolutely wrong. What can he do? -- he has no eyes. All that he has he is ready to use, and you are unable to give him the proof by which he can judge.
The same is the situation with the scientists, even worse. The scientist is observing, experimenting, but he is not ready to believe that there is an observer in him. It will look to you, How is it possible?
Observation is one of the methods of science; certainly an observer is needed. For observation three things are needed: the observed, the object; the process of observation; and the observer from where the process will start. Observation is a connection between the object and the observer; between the known and the knower, knowledge happens.
The scientist is ready to accept the known, he is ready to accept the knowledge; but he is not ready to accept the knower, for the simple reason that the knower himself cannot be made an object of knowledge -- and he believes only in objective reality.

If you look at it in this way, science will look like such an idiotic approach -- based on such a stupid idea; even a small child can understand this. But you can also see the trouble. The scientist also feels it in moments when he is not so totally a scientist and is a little more human. He can see the point; but this problem is that unless something is observed, its existence is not proved. It remains only hypothetical.
Religion's whole work is that corner which science is continuously denying: to know the knower, to see the seer, to feel the feeler, to be conscious of consciousness. Certainly it is a far greater adventure than any science can ever be because it is going into the scientist himself. The scientist may go to the stars, may find the ultimate division of objective reality, but he will remain absolutely ignorant about himself.
In India we have small earthen lamps -- they are nothing but small cups made of

earth filled with oil. They have a humbleness and a beauty, but a problem too. Because of that problem, in India there is a proverb: DIYA TALE ANDHERA. 'Underneath the lamp there is darkness'. It is a cup; the flame is there, it throws light everywhere, all around -- but underneath itself there is darkness.
Strange, but exactly true about the scientist: he makes everything lighted, but just underneath him, within him, darkness -- perhaps more darkness than in anybody else.

It seems as if he makes the whole world lighted, and all the darkness that he expels from every corner becomes concentrated in his own being.
You ask me, What is religion?
Religion is to make lighted that dark inner world where no science can reach, where no science even believes that there is anything to find.
Religion goes into that darkness and dispels it.
Hence, the experience of religion is called enlightenment.
The moment the darkness from within you disappears, you are transformed, transmuted into a new being. Your whole life will remain the same but with a difference, and a difference that really makes a difference.
You will eat when hungry, and you will sleep when tired; but these simple acts will have a totally different connotation, a different quality, a different intensity, a different flavor. You will be asleep and yet awake. You will be tremendously loving but never falling in love, because to fall in love is a contradiction in terms. In love one should rise, not fall. You will be continuously loving, showering your love -- and not only on those who are related to you.
The ordinary love is person-oriented: you love your mother, you love your brother, you love your wife, you love your son. The love of an enlightened person is not person-oriented; it is just his flavor, his fragrance. Even if a stranger passes by the side of him, he will be as much a receiver of his love as anybody else.

Whether he receives it or not, that is up to him. He can keep his doors closed, he can remain hard, invulnerable, closed; but that is his doing.
The man who knows himself is just like you.
He is new but with only one difference:
His house is lighted, your house is dark.
You have every potentiality to put the light on.
Everything is there, you just have to put the switch on. You have to find the switch, which is not very difficult either -- it is your house.
Man has been discovering millions of stars for the whole of his past, thousands of years, even trying to find out about the future -- and is not capable of finding a small switch in his own being which can make his whole life a tremendous ecstasy.
Religion is the search for your inner light, for your inner being.
It is as much an inquiry as science, but much more profound, much higher.
Religion is the supreme inquiry.
It is the ultimate adventure that man can go on.
And the finding is the immeasurable treasure of all that is beautiful, blissful, peaceful, eternal, immortal.
That is your kingdom.
I will not call it the kingdom of God. Who is this fellow, God? And what has God to do with it? It is your kingdom.
Jesus makes you feel like a pauper, a beggar. You are blessed -- why? -- because you will be inheriting the kingdom of God.

It is not yours, it is somebody else's; it depends on his mercy. So go on praying, praising the lord, saying, "Be merciful." Remain a beggar. Jesus makes

you a beggar, and almost all the religions do the same. Hence I call all these religions, pseudo-religions. They are not truly religious.
True religion will make you the emperor.
It is not that you are going to inherit somebody else's kingdom -- because anything inherited can be taken away. And there will be competition: Who gets ahead, who gets more, who gets a higher position?
The last night when Jesus was departing from his disciples, he was asked exactly the same question: "Lord, you are now leaving. One thing has remained unsettled" -- and you must know they were all Jews; business, after all, is business. "We have followed you so far" -- and they were following just for the inheritance of the kingdom of God.
Now the question is, they were twelve. Of course they make the concession that Jesus is the son of God so he will be standing on His right side, he will be the second in the kingdom of God..."but who is going to be the third? You should decide among your twelve disciples what positions we are going to have there."
Now, if you talk in terms of kingdoms that will become your inheritance, then all these questions are simple: "Who will inherit the most?" And there is going to be constant fear that if you do something wrong you may lose it, so go on praising the lord.

That's what the Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans all around the world are doing. A very strange situation.... they all say, "Be humble. Do not hanker for possessions, do not be attached to things; remain contented with whatsoever you have, whatsoever you are." But why are all these people praying everywhere? Morning, evening, round the clock, millions of people are praying, millions of hours are wasted. For what? Inheritance.
Now, so many people.... I used to tell my father, "I don't want any inheritance."
He said, "What!"
I said, "Divided among so many people it is going to be almost nothing. So many millions of people have been here before, so many million people are here right now, and the world has not ended yet; millions more people are going to be here. Just think, a simple arithmetic: with so many millions of people, how much kingdom is going to be my inheritance?"
He said, "You will never stop asking mad questions!"
I said, "This is not a mad question. I am a businessman's son, I am simply asking -- it is just pure business. If I am going to devote so many hours a day... what is going to be the outcome of it? I don't think God will even recognize me in such a crowd on the judgment day. Can you imagine the crowd?
"I don't think that anybody will bother what sins I have committed and what virtuous acts I have done.

In such a crowd... and everything has to be decided within twenty-four hours: one judgment day. I don't think there is going to be any judgment on that day. And not only men, half of them will be women. There is going to be so much noise and so much gossiping, and people meeting -- for so many lives they have not met.... You just imagine the situation!
"On that day, is any judgment going to happen? Is anybody going to bother about God? People will be looking after their friends and wives -- and each person must have had millions of wives, in millions of lives, and millions of children. "I don't think..." I told my father "... I am absolutely certain, that that day particularly there is not going to be any judgment. Who is going to listen?"
But all these people are praying because these pseudo-religions have created a beggar in you. And a beggar can never be religious: only an emperor can be religious; hence, I have been telling you that religion is the ultimate luxury.

You have to drop the whole idea of being a pauper and beggar; you are not.
And the kingdom is not somewhere else in the future, in somebody else's hands, so that you have to praise him and massage his feet, and buttress him. It is within you; it is already there. Just a little groping within yourself... And that's what religion is: a little groping inwards.
But the pseudo-religions go on forcing you in the same way as science does.

Science at least is objective and brings some results, because it is concerned with things. Pseudo-religion is the worst that could have happened. It is not religion, it is not an inquiry within; it is not science, it is not an inquiry into objective existence. Then what is it?
It is an inquiry into something which is within but it is trying to find it without; that which is within is being searched for without. That is the pseudo-religion.
Science is a little blind about the scientist himself but about everything else it has very clear perception. Religion is absolutely perceptive because it is pure awareness.
The pseudo-religion is nowhere, neither here nor there. It is neither objective nor subjective. It is a deception, it is cheating people. And the pseudo-religion has been fighting against both science and the true religion.
Just the other day in Athens, ten thousand Greek Orthodox clergymen marched into the capital in protest -- it seems the twentieth century is never going to come -- because of a textbook in Greek high schools in which Darwin is mentioned, and his theory that man has evolved out of animals. Against that textbook, saying that it should be banned immediately, these bishops and cardinals and high priests all marched in black robes -- a great day of mourning that this fool Charles Darwin still continues to be in the textbooks.

And they demanded, they had posters saying, "Nothing which is against God and God's religion will be tolerated. Everything that is against God should be banned from all educational institutions, and Greece should be declared a Christian country."
These people are against Charles Darwin. No problem -- anybody can be against Charles Darwin. But by your act you prove exactly what you want to be taken out of the textbooks. This behavior is not human. If you have guts and intelligence, prove Charles Darwin wrong.
So many years have passed, almost one century has passed: in one century all your Christian scientists, thinkers, theologians, professors -- and they are counted in millions -- could not prove this single man wrong.
On what grounds do you want this theory to be taken out of the textbooks? Just because you say so? Just because it goes against the theory of creation -- that's the trouble.
God created the world in six days, and Charles Darwin says it has evolved -- that is the trouble. You may not have seen exactly where the problem is. They are not worried that you have come from monkeys, that does not matter. If God can make man out of mud.... That's what the word human means: out of humus, mud; the word Adam also means out of mud.
If that is not insulting, that God created man in the Muddy Ranch.... That's why it is called The Big Muddy Ranch, because the biggest thing happened here.

No, that is not insulting.
God created woman out of a rib of man.... He could not find anything else? Some great idea, a rib of man! So if these are not insults, then what is the problem if Charles Darwin thinks that man evolved slowly out of monkeys? Monkeys seem to be far better than mud; at least they are alive, in fact, very much alive...

intelligent people. What is wrong in it? And if man or woman can be created out of a rib... the monkey has at least all the organs, not only a rib. No, that is not the problem.
People have thought that these clergymen, these Christians are against the theory of evolution because the monkey seems to be insulting. No, the problem is that God created man; and creation and evolution can't go together. Those are contradictory words.
Creation means a finished product; in six days God finished the world. He gave the last finishing touches, and after that He has not bothered at all. It is just like from a factory; from the assembly line, a car comes out completely finished. It does not go on evolving later on: two hands grow, a tail comes out, and strange things start happening to it -- it is a finished product.
The idea of religions is that God created the world as a finished product. Now there is no question of evolution: Monkeys were created as monkeys, man was created as man, trees were created as trees; and there has been no evolution.

There is no progress, things are static. They are where they have always been. There is no movement. In fact if you go deep into it, time loses all meaning. Your clock unnecessarily goes on ticking, meaninglessly, because nothing changes; everything is a finished product.
Charles Darwin unknowingly... because he was himself an orthodox Christian, he was not aware of what he was doing. That's how unconscious man goes on doing things, sometimes even against his own philosophy, his own religion. He was not aware that he was doing anything against God. He was a very Godfearing man. He had not thought that the idea of evolution goes against God. But it does.
It means there has never been any creation. Things were never there as finished products, they have always been evolving. Evolution is eternal, is continuously going on, it is an ongoing process. We have not reached the end either. There has never been any beginning, there will not be any end either. That's evolution -- constant evolution, a continuum. That creates the trouble, it cancels the whole idea of creation.
So these pseudo-religions have been fighting against science. Anything that goes against their scriptures has to be prohibited. Anything that goes higher, becomes more human, more rational, has to be repressed.
Some twenty years ago, in America, they stopped prayers in schools and educational institutions because a democratic government should not support any kind of belief.

If you support any kind of belief, whose belief are you going to support? In a democracy naturally it will be the majority, but then who is going to protect the rights of the minority?
If the Christian is in the majority, the country is Christian; then who is going to take care of the Jews, Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists -- the small minorities? Their children will be forced to do Christian prayers, to read Christian scriptures, to go to the Christian Bible class, to pass in it. And it is against them.
This is simply against individual liberty, it is not democratic. So it was a great step when prayers were dissolved, stopped. But the Christians were hankering -- and now they have a president who is as bigoted as any ordinary Christian. Now he supports a law that one minute of silence in every public educational institution -- school, college, university -- should be compulsory.
On the surface it seems there is no problem. Silence is totally different; one minute of silence is neither Jewish nor Christian nor Hindu -- but then you are too simple-minded. The strategy is that Christian priests are telling the children in their congregations, "Use that one minute for Christian prayer. Remain silent, and

inside you recite the prayer." Now this is bringing prayer in from the back door. How politicians work!
In the first place, Ronald Reagan should prove that he can remain silent for one minute.

And now there are instruments, so it is not a problem for you to check whether you are silent or not. It is just like a cardiogram: wires are attached to your forehead and they start making a graph of whether you are thinking or not. If you are thinking, then the graph takes long leaps, small leaps, bigger leaps. If you are not thinking then there is a harmonious continuity of the graph.
It is so simple now to find out whether a man is silent or not. Just closing your mouth is no longer enough.
First Ronald Reagan should prove that he can remain silent for one minute. But nobody asked him. Twenty-one states in America have already passed the bill that one minute's silence in every public educational institution is compulsory; just a hint from the president and they were all ready. And the priests are doing their work, saying "Use that one minute" -- so prayer is back.
These pseudo-religions have corrupted human mind in every possible way. They have given you unscientific ideas, anti-scientific ideas. They have also given you orthodox, old, dead, out-of-date ideologies which prevent you from becoming contemporary.
And the most harmful thing that they have done is, they have prevented you from finding what religion is -- because before you can find out what religion is, you are already a Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan. The child has no chance to inquire, to doubt, to question.

When the child is so soft that you can engrave anything on him, you engrave. And later on when he becomes harder... those engravings remain lifelong with him. It is difficult to erase them, very difficult to get rid of them; they have become almost part of his bones and marrow.
You ask me why there are so many religions. There are so many religions just as there are so many diseases. There is only one kind of health, you don't need any adjective with it. If somebody asks, "How is your health?" you say, "I am perfectly healthy." He does not ask you, "What kind of health?" If he asks you, "What kind of health?" you will be surprised. You will say, "Simply health! Health is just health, a sense of wellbeing, that nothing is wrong, that everything is running smoothly, that I am happy, that I can't think that things can be better than this."
Are there many kinds of health? No, there is only one kind: healthiness. But diseases are millions.
The same is the case with truth: truth is one. But lies are millions because lies depend on you; you can go on inventing as many as you want. Diseases depend on you. You can go on living wrongly, eating wrong things, doing wrong things, and you can go on creating new diseases.
Health is the same -- always new, but it has always been the same. You can call it the ancientmost and yet the latest, the newest.

Five thousand years ago somebody was healthy, and now you are healthy; do you think there will be some difference? He was not your color, he knew not your language, and five thousand years have passed; but if somebody was healthy, whoever he was, whatever his language, whatever his color, man or woman, young or old -- if he was healthy then you know at least one thing that he was: healthy.
That feeling of health you can experience. You need not know anything about

that man -- beautiful, ugly, short, tall, does not matter; one thing is similar, that he was healthy and you are healthy. One experience is exactly the same.
But diseases... every day new diseases go on being produced. There are millions of diseases, and there will be many more as man becomes more inventive.
You never go to the doctor because you are feeling healthy, or do you? saying, "For two weeks I have been feeling healthy, something must be wrong."
In fact in ancient China there was one thing worth remembering; perhaps some time in the future it may be used again. Confucius impressed China the most. One of his ideas was... and it became implemented, for centuries it remained functioning. The idea was: the doctor should be paid for keeping the patient healthy, not for curing him. If a doctor is paid for curing you then his vested interest is that you remain sick. The more you fall sick, the better; the more people are sick, the better.

You are creating a dichotomy in the physician's mind.
First you teach the physician that his work is to keep people healthy: "Your function is to lengthen their life, vitality, youth." But the doctor's vested interest is that if everybody remains healthy, young, nobody falls sick, then he will die of hunger. If everybody is healthy then doctors will be sick, completely sick, sick unto death. What are they going to do?
No, a doctor's vested interest is against the philosophy that he has been taught. His interest is that people should remain sick, the more sicknesses the better.
Hence you will see one strange thing: if a poor man falls sick, he gets well sooner than the rich man. Strange... why does the poor man get well soon? -- because the doctor wants to get rid of him, he is unnecessarily wasting time. The poor man has no money to give; on the contrary, he asks the doctor for some money for medicine.
If the doctor prescribes fruits, milk, this and that, the poor man says, "Then give me some money. When I have it I will return it." And the doctor knows that he can't return it. So give him medicine, give him fruits, it is better to cure him as quickly as possible.
But if a richer man falls sick then it takes very long.
Perhaps the doctor goes on praying to God, "Keep him sick." Perhaps he dilutes the medicines; and in countries like India you need not do anything because nobody knows what is in the packet.

You are giving injections and it is just pure water, even impure water. So the pharmacy people are immensely helpful in keeping people sick.
Confucius' idea is of great importance; he says that every person should pay the doctor a monthly salary for keeping him healthy. If he remains the whole month healthy then he has to pay a certain amount to the doctor. If he falls sick then accordingly the salary will be cut.
Very strange in the beginning, because we are doing just the opposite all over the world -- but very logical, very sane. And Confucius is, in many ways, a sane man. Everybody should have his physician, and he should pay the physician for keeping him healthy, not for curing him. If he falls sick then the expenses go on the doctor; the medicines and all the expenses -- and his salary will be cut too because he has not been taking care of the man.
For centuries it continued. And it worked well, tremendously well, for both; for the doctors, for the patients, for both it worked well. Doctors were not so heavily burdened. And patients were perfectly happy because now the vested interest of the doctor was not against them, it was in their favor.
So the doctor was not interested that they should in any way fall sick and should depend on medicine. He was prescribing more exercises -- walking, swimming, sports -- so they would remain healthy.

And for centuries, while Confucius' influence lasted, China must have been the healthiest country in the world.

The same is the situation with pseudo-religions. Pseudo-religions want you to be spiritually sick. They don't want you to be full of light, they want you to be full of darkness, sadness, anguish; that's their vested interest.

If people are really happy and joyous then churches will fall empty, synagogues will disappear. Who is going to pay all these rabbis and all these bishops? For what? Who is going to listen to their stupid advice?

Pseudo-religions live only because you are not aware of the authentic religion. Hence whenever anybody is there with an authentic idea of religion, all pseudo-religions are against him, immediately. That should be taken as an indication. A Jew can be against Christians, a Christian can be against a Jew, a Mohammedan can be against a Hindu; that is okay, that is just shopkeepers fighting amongst themselves, competitors fighting amongst themselves.

But you will not find all the so-called religions against one man. And whenever you find that, then be a little alert and cautious: that one man must have something which is hitting all the pseudo-religions in the same way. He is hitting their pseudo-ness. So it is no longer a question of Christian, Hindu, or Mohammedan; just one question is there.

Somebody has said, "In America, the government sources think that you are planted here by the Soviet Union."

And in the Soviet Union my books are banned! I have a few sannyasins there, of course underground; but they meet, and one woman got caught because she was the messenger taking books, magazines and other things. And they harassed her in every possible way.

They wanted her to confess that I am an American agent preparing people and sending them into communist countries to sabotage. She said, "But this is absolutely absurd!" She informed me, "This is strange. In America they thing you are from the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union people think that you are an American agent!"

I said, "This is not new. The same was happening in India: Hindus were against me, Jainas were against me, Buddhists were against me, Mohammedans were against me, Christians were against me, Parsees were against me. These were the religions there which were against me."

And many times I was asked, "One can understand that one religion is against you, but all the religions...?"

And then the communist party also joined them. The communist party published a book against me. Then it was really hilarious: people who believe in God, they are against me; people who don't believe in God, they are against me; materialists are against me, spiritualists are against me. Spiritualists think that I am a materialist; materialists think that I am a spiritualist. And nobody asks me who I am.

They are deciding themselves -- but they are all against me.

And on one point they agree: if I have to be destroyed, they all will be together. There will be no differences, no theological problems, no ancient quarrels and fights, nothing. They will all agree that this man has to be destroyed -- for the simple reason that I am not striking against any single principle, I am striking against the very root: the pseudo-ness of religions.

And why did the communist party become involved? -- because I say communism is a materialist pseudo-religion, just as fascism was a pseudo-religion.

Now the followers of Adolf Hitler say that he was the reincarnation of the prophet, Elijah. And I have received letters from them saying, "You should not speak against Adolf Hitler because it hurts our religious feelings."

I said, "My God, it is impossible to speak even against Adolf Hitler!" I had never thought -- even in my craziest ideas I had never thought that it would hurt people's religious feelings. Political feelings I can understand, but there are no political feelings, there are only political ideas.
Yes, if I speak against Jesus, somebody's religious feelings may be hurt. But this letter is from the president of the American Nazi party, and it is a threat: "You should stop speaking against Adolf Hitler because it has not anything to do with politics, it is our religious feelings."

Adolf Hitler is a religious leader.... If these people had won, then you can imagine: Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini -- these people would have been installed in churches, in synagogues, in temples. Krishna and Jesus and Buddha would have been thrown out and you would have been worshipping these people.
I am not being far-fetched. In Russia it has happened. Russia was one of the most orthodox Christian countries. What happened after the revolution? Now Lenin's grave is being worshipped, and while Stalin was alive his statues, his pictures were being worshipped. Karl Marx's book, DAS KAPITAL, has become the holy book of the communists. And the same misfortune has happened to DAS KAPITAL that happens to any holy book: nobody reads it.
To become a holy book is the worst fate that can happen to any book, because then nobody reads it. It is too holy to read; just worship it, put a few flowers on it.

A small boy was asked in school, "Can you tell us what is in THE BIBLE?" -- because for a few days the teacher had been explaining what is in THE BIBLE.
The boy stood up and said, "Yes, I can tell you. In my Bible my sister keeps her love letters and my mother keeps my father's lock of hair."
The teacher said, "Is your father dead?"
He said, "My father is not dead but his hairs are gone, they are just an ancient memory. The hairs he once had she keeps.

And my father keeps tickets from movies, race-courses, lotteries -- my Bible is full of so many things." There is no Jesus in it, no Moses in it. These are the things that are significant in it.
A holy book finally reaches this state. The holier it becomes, the less it is read.
These books at least I have read because to me they are not holy, they are just books like any other books -- badly written, not great masterpieces. You cannot compare them with Leo Tolstoy or Dostoevsky or Chekhov or Gorky -- naturally, because Luke and Mark these poor fellows, what can they do to become Dostoevsky, Tolstoy? That is not possible. In fact whatever they have done, it is great; illiterate, poor, knowing nothing -- at least they compiled whatever Jesus was saying.
And what can Jesus say, just in those four gospels? And those four gospels can be condensed because they are all repetitions, all the four: four versions of the same person, four journalists reporting a single speech. Each is a little bit different, but it is the same thing.
The whole BIBLE can be condensed to a small postcard, all that is essential can be written on a postcard. Even then those essential things are not authentic, they are all borrowed. Jesus is quoting; they are all within inverted commas. He is quoting old prophets, and those old prophets were quoting other old prophets. It is a very strange story.

... Who is the guy who started all this nonsense? It is very difficult to find; they are all quoting.
THE BIBLE is not very old, but in India there are very ancient books; they also are

all quoting. Even the RIG VEDA, which is thought to be at least five thousand years old... even according to the Christian theologians, whose whole interest is to bring it as close to the present as possible because they have a problem. The problem is that THE BIBLE says God created the world four thousand and four years before Jesus. If there is a book which is older than that, that will create trouble. So the whole vested interest of Christian theologians is to bring the age down; but they cannot do more than that.
Actually, according to Hindu astrologers -- and it seems to be a very scientific observation -- the RIG VEDA describes a constellation of stars that happened ninety thousand years ago. About that, Western astronomy agrees: that that constellation, that particular constellation, happened ninety thousand years ago. And it is described so accurately, it is impossible that a book that was written five thousand years ago could describe something that happened eighty-five thousand years before it. There is no way to describe it, and so accurately. Either just by memory, from generation to generation, it was carried on... but then too the world must have existed long before four thousand years before Jesus.

That makes the world only six thousand years old. In India there are cities which are seven thousand years old, according to Western scientists. And if cities were there -- and cities that you will not be able to believe...! And seeing the India of today it becomes even more improbable.
I have been to Mohanjodro and Harrapur; both are now in Pakistan. It seems that Mohanjodro must have been a great city of its times; it was destroyed seven times by some natural calamity, but exactly how is yet undecided. But the people were really courageous; they went on creating it again and again and again.
The city exists in seven layers. When the first layer was found it was thought that that was all, that was the whole city. And just by accident, while digging the first layer of the city, they found that there seemed to be another layer also, twenty feet below. Twenty feet of mud had covered the previous city; there must have been a tremendous flood that brought so much mud that the whole city was covered. In Mohanjodaro, by and by, seven layers have been found. Now they have come to the final layer; now there is no other level. Each time a flood had been there. One never knows how many thousands of years it took for the city to be destroyed seven times and to be rebuilt again.
The beauty is to see that the roads are far bigger than those of modern Bombay, far broader.

The city was not just a primitive kind of city. Houses have attached bathrooms, which don't exist in today's India in at least ninety-eight percent of the houses.

The attached bathroom is a modern phenomenon. Even just two hundred years ago in Europe there was no attached bathroom; the outhouses were really outhouses. And when for the first time in America, a hundred years ago, the first attached bathroom was made, there was such an uproar! It was against religion to have a bathroom in the house, a latrine inside the house; this was sin.
It was discussed in the parliament. It was with great difficulty that the Supreme Court decided that if somebody wants it in his house; if he wants a bathroom inside the house it is nobody else's business. If you don't want to go to his house, don't go. But it is his individual freedom.
Within a hundred years we have moved far. The latest design from Scandinavia has a room in a bathroom. I loved the idea. Why an attached bathroom? The bathroom is bigger, the room is inside it. It should be in our commune, the first thing. It is going to make history, and perhaps again there will be trouble in

parliament: "These people are now doing too much -- putting your room and your study in the bathroom!"
But in Mohanjodro there are attached bathrooms, underground sewer systems, pipelines -- not of metal, made of mud -- pipelines bringing water into the bathrooms; hot and cold water both available; swimming pools, and at least three-storied buildings.

.. seven thousand years ago.
That culture must have been on earth at least for two, three thousand years; otherwise how can you develop all these things?
All these holy books I have gone through. One thing is unanimously clear in every holy book: it is pseudo, it is not based on authentic experience; it is really a strategy to keep people in ignorance of authentic experience, because if the authentic experience becomes available to people, the whole priesthood loses itS glory, its power, its position. And the priesthood is one of the biggest professions in the world, the most respected profession, and perhaps the oldest profession.
People say that prostitutes are the oldest profession. I don't think so, because without a priest how can there be a prostitute? Who will call her a prostitute? Who will condemn her as a prostitute? A priest is needed before a prostitute. In fact the prostitute is a by-product of the priesthood. The priest has to condemn sex, has to condemn any extramarital relationship, has to condemn premarital relationships. All that is needed to create a prostitute -- and then he has to condemn the prostitute.
The priesthood seems to be the oldest exploiting profession, and certainly far worse than prostitution -- at least the prostitute offers you something. And I don't think that she is absolutely useless. Perhaps it is because of the prostitute that most of your marriages are stable; she is saving your marriages.

Wives are not worried if the husband goes to a prostitute because that is only a sexual relationship, there is no problem. He is purchasing a certain commodity,,that's all. But if the husband goes to some woman who is not a prostitute and cannot be purchased, then the wife becomes afraid, then she freaks out. Then there is danger.
The prostitute is never a competitor, she has never been thought of as a competitor. And the poor woman saves your marriages, saves many rapes happening in the society, because those people to whom she is available, if she were not available, would find some woman or other. They are not going to just sit silently and do nothing and let the grass grow by itself. For them the grass does not grow at all; you can go on sitting forever.
The prostitute is saving many women from being raped. And the poor woman is reduced to that situation by your whole society, and condemned. You reduce her to that position. No society has allowed the woman economic freedom; no society has allowed the woman education, culture, equality with men. You don't leave anything to her; except for her body she has nothing to sell.
And for this situation the priest is the most responsible. If anybody is going to hell, it is the priest, not the prostitute, because he causes the whole thing.
All holy scriptures and all priests are doing one thing, simply one thing: trying to hide the authentic religion -- which erupts once in a while in spite of all their efforts.

But they go on hiding it.
They do two things to hide it. First, they fight it. They try to crucify it, they try to kill it.
I have seen caps and sweaters with my head on them, the head crossed out.

They are being sold -- must be in millions because they are being produced in Hong Kong, in Taipei. When Hong Kong and Taipei or Korea produces anything, they produce in millions, never less than that. They cannot put me on the cross, it would be too crude and ugly -- but the desire is there. That desire shows in those pictures, posters; the mind is the same.
The first thing is to destroy the person in every possible way. That's what they are doing here. They say that this city is illegal because it mixes religion and state. Now they are passing a bill in the assembly that our school should not get any grant from the government because they say it is a religious school. All the Christian schools are getting the grant; all the teachers are Christians, all the students are Christians, but it is not a problem.
Our schools don't teach religion at all because we don't have any religion in that way. Our teachers don't even wear the mala in the school when they go to teach.

I saw a film about the Supreme Court of America and how it has been drifting by and by, more and more protecting the government rather than the individual. And the reason why they are doing it is because in America.

... The Supreme Court has nine judges; they are appointed by the president and they are life-long appointments. That provision was made so that nobody could pressure them. Once a judge is appointed, he is appointed for his whole life; so you cannot pressure him -- what pressure can you put on him?
You cannot throw him out of the job. There is no higher post to which you can prevent his promotion, and you cannot demote him. Nothing can be done to him, that's why this idea came about. But they forgot one thing: that some day a president has to appoint the judge. And by coincidence, five out of nine of the judges are going into retirement this year; their life term is finished.
Now Ronald Reagan has the power to appoint five Supreme Court judges out of nine: five will be his men. That has taken away all the independence and glory of the Supreme Court. Now they are dancing to the tune of Ronald Reagan. Because he wanted this one-minute silence to be introduced, the court has not objected; even though the same court had, twenty years before, stopped prayer, which had been going on for two centuries.
This film does an investigation; it goes around, inquire s of teachers, school principals.... And I was surprised that openly, on public media, teachers declare... one woman teacher declared, "I am a twenty-four-hours-a-day Christian, so even when I am teaching" I am a Christian.

And I will continue to teach my beliefs. And Christianity is not a religion, it is a way of life."
If Christianity is a way of life, then all the religions are ways of life. What is the problem? And if a Christian carl say, "I am twenty-four hours a day a Christian, then why should a Jew not be twenty-four hours a day a Jew? And as far as my people are concerned they work at least double what anyone else does. They are forty-eight-hours-a-day Rajneeshees; in twenty-four hours they do forty-eight hours' work.
And it is not only a way of life, it is a way of death too, because living we have our style, dying we will have our style. But we don't teach any religion because w e don't have any beliefs. And this woman says open1'1 that she will continue -- whatever the government decides, or the Supreme Court decides, she will continue to teach her beliefs.
These schools will continue to get the grant from the government, and all the schools, almost all, are in the same position. But the bill is only against our school, one single school, one small school.
They will try first to destroy us in every possible way.

When I came here for the first time I used to see every fifteenth day of the month, the county road being mended. But for the last two years they have stopped mending the county road because our people are passing on that road, so "let them suffer as much as they can."

The first effort of the pseudo-religions will be to destroy. And once they have succeeded in killing the man, or in some way camouflaging his message, the second thing is to praise him, to make a great religion out of his teachings. It will look very contradictory to you, but this is how it works.
Kill the authentic man, the authentic message, and then distort whatever he has said -- comment on it make a great theology out of it so all that he has said is lost in the turmoil; make a religion out of it.
Again, new employment for new priests they don't miss that point. Jesus is crucified but the pope is welcomed. In fact they should crucify every pope just to prove that they are Jesus' followers, representatives. Something should be done. If you don't want to crucify completely, just cut off somebody's head, somebody's hands, somebody's legs, but do something to prove that this man represents Jesus who was crucified... represents him at least partially.
But they are welcomed. When the last pope came to India it was a problem. The president of India came to Bombay to receive him Doctor Radhakrishnan was the president. I asked him in New Delhi afterwards, "You never go to receive the shankaracharya, you never go to receive the head of the Jainas or the Buddhists. You are a Hindu, and you are a follower of the shankaracharya of South India. You never go even to Delhi airport to receive him when he comes to Delhi.

Why did you go to receive the pope?"
He said, "It is politics."
I said, "Then, if you are a man of any integrity, renounce this politics and expose it." The pope has to be received by the president because the pope controls six hundred million Catholics around the world -- and those are the richest countries that he controls. So it is not the Pope that you went to receive. You would not have gone to receive Jesus, you would have been one of those to crucify Jesus. His representative is being received, welcomed, and you are not even ashamed."
But that is what is happening all over the world: wherever the pope goes there is a red-carpet welcome. Jesus was never given a single red-carpet welcome. Even a small red carpet would have done. The only welcome was that he had to carry his cross himself -- and he was not that strong, and the cross was really heavy and big. He fell three times on the way, and they wouldn't allow anybody to support him. They lashed his body and told him, "Get up! That is your teaching. You have been saying to people that everybody has to carry his own cross -- now carry it."
This was the welcome that he received.
Once Jesus died then a new shop opened. On his death started a new religion, a new employment source for the priesthood; and really it turned out to be a big business. As far as I know, Jews are still hurting; they missed the greatest opportunity.

It was their own boy who started the whole firm, and others are reaping the crop! They missed their chance.
So first the pseudo-religions will kill the authentic religious person, the source. And then the priesthood will gather around and will make another pseudo-religion. That's why pseudo-religions go on becoming more and more and more; there are three hundred already on the earth.
And you ask me, Is it not possible to have one religion for the whole humanity? It

is not possible, nor is it needed, because the whole idea of monopoly has always been there.
Mohammedans have been trying to make the whole world Mohammedan so there would be one religion. Christians have been trying to turn the whole world Christian so there would be only one religion. All these people have been trying to have one religion for the whole humanity.
No, even to support that idea is dangerous because that simply means, destroy others. But who are we? If somebody wants to remain a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian, then it is his choice. It is nobody else's business. Religion is a private concern, a personal concern. You like a certain flower, and I don't like it, but that does not men that we are enemies.
No, there is no need of one religion.
But there can be one religiousness.
People can belong to different kinds of religions but still they can carry the same quality of religiousness.

Then there is no problem about whether they go to the church or to the synagogue or to the temple, or nowhere. They may not go anywhere their own house is a temple.
It is possible -- not only possible, it should be made actual -- that there could be one religiousness in the whole humanity, but that religiousness can take as many forms as possible. I love a world full of variety, full of colors, full of different perfumes. There is no need to regiment the whole humanity into one pattern, into one model. That will be ugly. That will not make man rich, it will make man utterly poor.
So it is a little complicated. But you have to understand me.
I accept as many religions as possible. In fact I would like every individual to have his own religion -- as many religions as there are individuals in the world, but all having the same quality of religiousness. Millions of lovers can be there but the quality of love is the same; millions of intelligent people are there, but the quality of intelligence is the same.
Light your inner being and your life will start spreading vibrations which are exactly the same; in whomsoever that enlightening happens, the same vibration will arise. And you will easily be able to recognize people -- whatever their color, whatever their language, whatever their country, you will be able to recognize immediately that that man's house is lighted.

You can see it even from the outside; even from the windows, the light shows that the inside is lighted. You need not even go inside the house. The house can have any shape, any color, any paint, any architecture -- it doesn't matter. What matters is whether the windows are showing the light or not, whether your eyes are full of light or not, whether your being radiates religiousness or not.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS CORRUPTION? DOES IT COME IN A SEED OR IS IT LEARNED?

NATURE is absolutely innocent.
It knows nothing which can be called corruption.
Corruption is something manufactured by man.

The child is born absolutely innocent, there is no seed of corruption in him. The corruption is created by the society for its own purposes. It does not want innocent people around because there is nothing more dangerous, more rebellious, than innocence.
All the societies are afraid of innocent people because they will not support anything that goes against their innocence, that goes against nature. Hence, the first thing every society does is to corrupt the child. The sooner you do it, the better, because as the child matures it becomes more and more difficult to corrupt him.
The child has to be corrupted in the very early stages when he is helpless, vulnerable, when he has no doubt in his mind, when he simply believes in the parents, in the teachers, in the neighbors. He cannot conceive that these people are going to destroy him. And these people are also not aware that they are destroying their own children.
It is a society of blind people, sleepwalkers.
They go on walking without knowing why, where.
They go on stumbling, hurting themselves and others without even recognizing that this whole pilgrimage is absolutely absurd.

Life is here and now, it is not a pilgrimage. It is not a goal somewhere far away that you have to reach. But this is part of the corruption, perhaps the most important part.
Every child is being taught that he is not what he should be.
This is the beginning of the tragedy.
Let me repeat: every child is being taught that he is not what he should be. You have started creating a split between "is" and "should": "is" is condemned and "should" is praised. "Is" is the truth and "should," your imagined idea.
You have made the child sick, schizophrenic. Now he will never be at ease, he will never know what it is to be relaxed. You have made him tense for his whole life, for the simple reason that he can never be anything other than he is. He cannot go against nature, nobody can. Nature is your life, your existence, there is nothing beyond nature. There is no way to cross the boundaries of nature, so you are going to remain what you are. But that is condemned.
You cannot become what is being told to you to become.
You are a being.
And all the cultures and all the societies are trying to make you into a becoming.
Between these two words is the whole world of corruption.
When I say you are a being, I mean you need not become anything.
You have simply to blossom, unfold.
Whatever is within you, let it become manifested.

In the child it is a potentiality; if he grows naturally it will become a reality. But no child is allowed to grow naturally. Every child is being forced to become something which he can never become, which is beyond him. It is not his fault. He tries hard; and the harder he tries, the greater is the failure.
You see all around the world people with long faces, sad. What is their misery? What has gone wrong with the whole world?
There is an ancient parable. A man was continually praying to God: "I must be the most miserable, the most condemned person in the whole world. Couldn't you give me somebody else's misery? I don't ask you much. I am not asking you to make me blissful, blessed; I am not worthy of that. But my whole life's prayer, worship... at least you can do one thing: change my misery with somebody else's, with anybody's because I know there is nobody who is in a worse situation than I."

And that's how almost everybody feels, because yourself you know from within. Your suffering, your pain, your hurts, your wounds you know from within. You know how many tears you are carrying within your eyes. You know that the face that you show to the world is not your original face. You know that the smile on your lips is as painted as lipstick. Perhaps lipstick is more real -- at least it has some material substance in it. Your smile is not even that real.

It is just an exercise of your lips, there is nothing behind it.
But you have been told to look happy, to look smart, to look intelligent; to look like somebody special, not just any ABC. You have been made a hypocrite, and you have understood perfectly well that it pays to be a hypocrite. And it is meaningless and pointless to open your wounds before others because nobody is going to help you.
On the contrary, you will become a laughingstock, you will look like an idiot. It is better to keep all that is ugly hidden deep in the basement of your unconsciousness, and show on the surface, at least, that which you are supposed to be but cannot be; so you have to be an actor.
All the societies are turning their people into actors. They have changed the world into a vast stage of a meaningless drama. Most of these people go on simply rehearsing. They don't even get a chance in this bogus drama to become a president, a prime minister, but they go on carrying on the rehearsal.
This man asked God, "You have to do something; now I cannot bear anymore." That night he had a dream. He heard a divine voice, saying, "Everybody should collect all his sufferings, miseries, pains, wounds and whatever he wants to get rid of Put them in a bag and come to the temple."
The man thought his prayer had been heard. He collected everything. He had to carry a huge bag.

The size of the bag was bigger than himself; it was too difficult to carry. But this he had been carrying his whole life within himself. Now he could see how much it was. He had never had the guts to look within, at how much junk had collected in the basement. For the first time seeing all this, he could not believe that he had been carrying all this load. Now he could see why he was sad, why he was dragging, not dancing. How can life become a song with all this inside you? It can only be a hypocrisy.
He rushed, dragging his big bag. But what he saw... because the divine voice was not only for himself. All the people from all directions were bringing.... And then he became puzzled because he had always thought these people were happy. He saw a man he knew; he was always smiling, joking -- but this man's bag was bigger than his own! He could not believe his eyes when he saw all the people dragging bigger bags than his. Looking at other people's bags he started feeling a little proud that his bag was not that big.
And then in the temple the divine voice said, "Hang all your bags around the temple and listen to me carefully" -- so they hung up all their bags. But this man was afraid. He wanted -- but had not the nerve -- to say to God, "Please let me keep my own because at least I am acquainted, I know what is inside the bag. In the first place, everybody else's bag is bigger than mine.

In the second place, I don't know what they are carrying. I was befooled because they were smiling and happy and singing and dancing, and I thought life was a celebration for them, that only I was suffering. But I know now: everybody is a hypocrite.
"This man is the president, and I thought at least he must be happy at the highest rung of the ladder. Now what more can one expect? I am miserable because I am not even on the first rung of the ladder. I cannot hope to become a

president, not at least in a few lifetimes. But this man's bag is as big as his ladder" -- of course, it was a presidential bag. "I don't want to be the president if this bag comes with it."

He saw the richest man, he saw the great artist, world famous, he saw the Nobel prize-winner, and he said, "My God! I was unnecessarily suffering. If I had known these people's insides I would have enjoyed myself. I wasted my life without any reason."

Now, his only fear was that he might have to choose somebody else's bag. Then the voice said, "You all close your eyes, and with closed eyes -- the lights should be turned off -- you can choose anybody's bag you want." And what he saw was that before the light was turned off everybody rushed towards his own bag. There was not a single exception; everybody rushed to his own bag. That was even more amazing: just as he rushed towards his own bag, everybody.

...

He asked his neighbors, "Why are you rushing?"

They said, "At least we know what is in our bag, and we have become accustomed to it. It is, after all, our suffering, our wounds. And man is immensely adjustable -- we have become adjusted to all this. Now at this age to have somebody else's sufferings and to make new adjustments in life will be too much."

At that very moment his dream was broken. He was perspiring, trembling, holding his pillow tight to his chest. Perhaps that was his bag in the dream.

This parable is significant. If there were some way that you could see people through and through, if there were some windows that you could open and look into people's heads, one thing you would be bound to conclude: everybody is in the same boat. All are suffering. And the reasons for their suffering -- the basis of their suffering -- are not different. Details may be different: you have suffered with one wife, somebody else has suffered with another wife -- that does not matter: both have suffered in a certain relationship. That relationship is the same.

And why have they suffered? The basic fundamentals are the same. The first fundamental is that you are living a schizophrenic life. That's from where corruption starts. You are one thing and you have to behave as something else. Naturally you have to lie continuously, you have to be cheating people continuously.

The cheating will be condemned by the society, the Lying will be condemned by the society, but the society has created the whole thing. It is a very strange society.

The archbishop of Dublin, in Ireland, has condemned the government of Ireland because the Irish parliament is going to introduce a bill which has become famous as the "Pill Bill." They want every eighteen-year-old child to be legally qualified to get the pill and other birth control methods, contraceptives, from medical stores, from the druggist.

Up to now it has been illegal in Ireland, it has been a crime. Only a couple married by the church is legally authorized to purchase contraceptives -- that too on the prescription of a doctor. And this too is not something that has been going on for many years. It became allowed only in 1979, just five years ago. Five years ago even this was a crime; a married couple also could not use contraceptives. For just five years it has no longer been a crime. Now they want young people, girls, boys, to be freed from this unnecessary criminality and illegality.

Just look at the whole thing to understand what corruption is, who creates it. If five years ago you were using contraceptives, even though you were married,

you were a criminal. Was it a crime? If it was a crime then how, just by the parliament changing a law, is it now no longer a crime? Now it is legal.

But for an unmarried man or woman it is still a crime. No doctor can prescribe for unmarried couples; he would be committing a crime. Without a prescription, no druggist, no chemist can supply you the contraceptives; he would be committing a crime. And without being married, if you are using them, you are committing a crime.
Now how many people are committing crimes just because a few stupid politicians happen to decide that it is illegal? How many people are being turned towards doing things which look evil? Who decides?
Now if this bill fails -- there is every possibility, because the archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church has tremendous power in Ireland; if he is against it, all Catholics will be against it. And those politicians are beggars, they depend on people's votes. Every five years they are standing at your door. If they don't listen to you, they are losing their next election right now.
They will not be able to pass the bill. The religion is enforcing the law that young people, unmarried, should go on committing crime. Or they have to repress their sex, they have to repress their nature, and that repression begins to create perversions -- because nature knows nothing of your strange ideas about morality. Nature is absolutely amoral. Nature will go on forcing young people to be attracted to each other. It is beyond them it is in their chemistry, in their physiology, in their hormones; what can they do?
Now they are in a fix: if they follow nature then there is trouble.

The girl may get pregnant; they may be caught, condemned by everybody -- by the church, by the society, by the state. They will lose all respect. Or they have to find ways, which are going to be illegal, to acquire contraceptives.
I used to live for a time by the side of a cinema hall. Having nothing to do I used to sit on my balcony and watch the crowd, all kinds of people, going into the cinema hall, coming out. One day I saw a small child, not more than eight or nine years old, with a mustache. I wondered what happened? I came down from my balcony and followed the child. He, seeing me following him, started almost running. I said, "Don't be afraid. I am not going to harm you or do anything."
He said, "Just don't tell anybody."
I said, "But I don't know you."
He said, "You know me, but because of my mustache you cannot recognize me."
Then I looked: he was the son of a doctor I knew perfectly well. I said, "Yes, I know you."
He said, "Please don't tell my father."
"But," I said, "what has this to do with your mustache?"
He said, "The mustache is because only adults can go to see this picture."
So I said, "You think that you will be able to deceive people?"
He said, "Think? -- I have already been three times. This is the fourth time."
Now you are forcing this small child into corruption. If the film is such that a child should not see it, then nobody should see it, then this film should not exist.

But if adults can see it, then the child has every right, because he is going to become an adult sooner or later. It is better to be acquainted with reality from the very beginning; he should not be prohibited. And anyway he is finding a way to see it; he has already seen it four times.
If it were not prohibited, perhaps he might have seen it one time, or might not even have bothered to see it -- because he didn't see every film that came there.
I asked him, "You see every film four times?"
He said, "No, I don't see every film, but because it was prohibited I had to see it."

I said, "How did you manage the money? -- because I know your father: he won't give you a single pai to see any film, to say nothing about this one."
The boy said, "Wherever there is a will there is a way. And the truth is, my father has seen it four times; every time I've come he has also been in the hall, but he could not recognize me because of my mustache. He looked, suspected -- but I was smoking as well, so he dropped the idea. His son could not smoke, and this mustache.... I have seen him, he has seen me. I have recognized him, he has not recognized me. And I had to steal the money...."
Now, he has to steal the money -- you are making him a thief unnecessarily. He has to act as somebody else, with mustache and cigarette; he has to pretend to be an adult. And then he finds that his father is also there, that it is not only he that is curious about the film; his father is also as curious.

Four days they saw it because it was only in the town for four days. Every day they were there.
He said to me, "Please don't tell."
I said, "Don't be worried. I really appreciate.... You did perfectly well, there is nothing wrong in it. This whole society is forcing you to do it; it leaves no way except some form of corruption."
It is unbelievable that in America, in the twentieth century, a man has been sentenced by the court because it is suspected that he is a rapist, to fifty years in jail -- or castration. The great American society, the great democracy! And just see the alternative they are giving him. Fifty years of jail; he must be at least thirty, I assume fifty years of jail means he will die in jail. It is a life-long sentence. And even if he survives and comes out after fifty years imprisonment, what hope can he have? He will be eighty years old, thrown into a world which has become absolutely unknown to him in fifty years.
The people he had known would have disappeared. The people that will be there will not be able to understand him, nor will he be able to understand them; there will be such a gap. He will die on some street as a beggar. There is no point....
The alternative is castration, that his sexual organs should be cut off.
Even if it were certain that he did commit a rape -- and it is not. Rape is one of the problems which is not so easy to decide and judge; there are so many complexities.

But first, just for argument's sake, let us accept that it is certain that he committed the rape. The question arises: why did he have to go to such lengths to fulfill such a simple desire? Sex is such a simple phenomenon. There is no lack of men or women, there is no necessity for anybody to rape.
But the way the society has been against sex, they have made it a serious problem. It should be simple playfulness -- and that's exactly what it is. Two people are playing tennis, there is no problem. Nobody ever hears that somebody raped... there is no question of raping in tennis. You can play; there is no need to rape. When two people are playing tennis they are using their bodies, their minds. What are they doing when they are making love? -- it is just there is not a net in between. And all the contraceptives are nothing but the net! The contraceptives make it really a game, with the net.
The net was missing. God did not supply it to Adam and Eve. Perhaps out of anger He simply kept the net to Himself; otherwise, in throwing those two poor people out of the garden of Eden He should at least have given them all the provisions for life.
The society goes on making you very serious about sex. It goes on making you repress your energies. There is a limit to repression; after that limit, the energy takes over Whenever a man commits rape, he is not in his senses, for the simple reason that the rape cannot help him to solve his problem.

The rape cannot give him the joy that his whole physiology is asking for. Rape cannot give him the warmth, the love, the receptivity that he needs. It is simply not the answer to his need.
But you have left no other ways. You have forced the man into such a condition that he simply explodes like a volcano. Seeing a woman in a lonely spot he forgets the consequences. He forgets hell, God, THE BIBLE, church, court, constitution; he forgets everything. He is not in his real self, he is not himself; he becomes almost like an animal.
And this is not a way of making love: the woman is screaming, she is shouting and trying to escape. You can call it a fight, you cannot call it love. And he forces himself upon the woman by sheer physical violence. He interferes with the independence of another human being and he gets nothing out of it -- he gets castration, or fifty years of imprisonment. This is the orgasm that he gets. And the society is responsible for the whole thing: the court and the judge and the law -- they all represent the society.
This is a very cunning way of destroying individuals. On one hand you force them to be criminals, on the other hand you are ready to punish them. But your punishment does not seem to be compassionate; your punishment seems to be a kind of revenge.
If the man has raped, and that is a crime, then the judge who orders his castration -- in what category are you going to put that judge? He is not in any way different from a rapist.

The society is taking revenge. The society is not being fair, it has not looked into the whole phenomenon.
If you look at the whole phenomenon things are so complicated: perhaps the woman wanted to be raped, then what? Just as the society has created the rapist, the same society has created the repressed woman, so repressed that if anybody approaches her in a friendly way she withdraws in spite of herself. She was hoping somebody would approach and be loving to her, but when somebody does approach her, she withdraws, because her whole conditioning is that this is something ugly, something from the devil.
Suddenly this man is no longer a human being, he is possessed by the devil, and naturally she shrinks out of fear. But how long can she go on shrinking in this way? By and by people stop approaching her; by and by she starts becoming old. By and by she starts becoming fat, because when a woman is not loved she starts eating too much. Eating too much is a substitute for love.
You may have observed it: if you are in a very loving and flowing relationship you will not eat too much, you will never need to diet. Love fills you so much that there is no need to go on stuffing yourself with all kinds of junk. If there is no love you feel so empty. That emptiness hurts, you want to fill it with something. And why do you choose food? -- because love and food are associated psychologically.

The child got from the mother's breast food and love both, simultaneously. Whenever the mother was loving she was willing to give her breast to him, and whenever she was not loving, angry, she used to pull the breast away from him. And the mother's breast was the first contact with another's body.
It is not strange that all the painters, sculptors, poets, are so obsessed with the female breast. It seems absolutely unbelievable that for millions of years painters have been painting the female breast, sculptors have been wasting their whole life cutting stones, marble.... If you have been to Indian temples like Khajuraho, you cannot believe it.
Thirty temples are still there. There must have been hundreds more because

ruins are there. But even these thirty temples... just one temple is unbelievable; to think of thirty will make you giddy. In just one temple, if you start counting how many naked women are sculptured, you will be at a loss. You will have to start again and again because thousands are on each pillar, on each wall, everywhere; not a single inch is left unsculpted.
And such huge breasts, which are just imagination -- such huge breasts don't exist, cannot exist. The woman has to stand up with that much weight! And the breast's function is to give milk to the child; if the breast is so rounded no child is going to survive. Because -- you try -- on an absolutely round breast, a poor, small child, if he tries to drink, his nose will be closed.

The child needs a longer breast, not a round breast. A round breast is a sure killer, because he cannot breathe. He will have to choose either to breathe or to take the nourishment from the mother; he cannot do both together.
And Khajuraho is not the only place. In India there are thousands of temples all around: Puri, Konarak, Ellora -- beautiful sculpture, but from a sick mind.
Why do all these painters, great painters of the world, go on painting the breast? Somewhere they have been deprived, somewhere the mother was not loving.
And more or less every child has been taken off the breast before his time. Only in aboriginal societies is the child given the mother's breast as long as he wants; and those are the only societies where nobody is obsessed with breasts. They don't have any paintings of breasts, they don't have any sculptures of breasts, they don't have any poetry, no songs, nothing. The breast does not enter their imagination at all.
Because of the breast, love and food become associated deep down in the mind. So whenever you are not being loved you start eating, stuffing yourself. When you are loved that stuffing disappears by itself, there is no need. Love is such a nourishment, such a subtle, invisible nourishment, that who bothers about chewing gum?
I cannot believe that human beings are chewing gum. Has the whole earth gone mad? Chewing gum cannot give you any nourishment, but it must be doing something, something psychological.

Perhaps it is a breast substitute, that you go on using your mouth. The whole world is smoking cigarettes, cigars. That too is a substitute, because when the hot, warm smoke of the cigar goes in, it feels almost like milk going in. And the cigar in the mouth....
Just look at Churchill. He looks like such a retarded man -- still with his mother's nipple in his mouth! That cigar is nothing but the nipple of the mother's breast. And you can see, his body and his face are a clear example that he is love-starved. He is stuffing himself; he is the most stuffed man of this century.
A woman -- how long is she capable of repressing her natural desire to be loved, to be fondled, to be appreciated? As she starts becoming older, as she starts becoming fatter, she starts becoming afraid: life is slipping out of her hands. Now she can be unconsciously hoping that somebody at least rapes her. Not that she consciously will think about it; consciously, she reads THE BIBLE, she goes to the church. Consciously these are the things she does: she goes to the church, listens to the sermon, confesses to the priest.
I have heard about a woman who was coming every Sunday to confess to the Catholic priest. One time it was okay. The second time the priest was a little puzzled because it was the same story, that she has been raped. The priest told her, "But that is not your fault.

You need not confess; the rapist has to come and confess."
She said, "But there is a reason why I have come to confess: I enjoyed it! And

that makes me feel guilty, that I enjoyed it."
She came again, a third time. The priest said, "Again!"
She said, "No, it is the same old one."
The priest said, "Then why you...? You have confessed it already."
But she said, "The trouble is I enjoyed the confession; now that makes me feel guilty. It was such a joy to describe!"
This is your society. And you ask me, Is corruption something natural that comes as a seed or is it something that is learned? It does not come as a seed and it is not something that is learned: it is something that is taught. And please remember the difference and my emphasis.
It is not something that is learned, because nobody is willingly learning it. It is being forced, it is being taught, and if you don't learn it you are punished in every possible way. And then there are hangovers, unfinished experiences, which go on following you like a shadow.
In a park three old men were sitting just gossiping There was nothing else to do; everything else was finished, there was only gossiping left. And that was their routine, every day to come there, sit there, and gossip till sunset.
One man said, "One thing I always wanted to tell you.... Because you are such great friends of mine it feels insincere not to tell you.

Once it happened that I was looking through the keyhole of the bathroom while a lady guest was taking her bath. And my grandmother caught me red-handed and slapped me."
One old fellow said, "That's nothing -- this happens to everybody in childhood. It has happened to me, it must have happened to my other friend."
The other friend also said, "This is... you are an idiot. What nonsense! This happens to everybody. Can you find a child who has not looked through the keyhole in the bathroom sometime or another?"
He said, "You don't understand. This happened this morning! And I wanted to tell you but...."
Now, an eighty-year-old man looking through a keyhole in the bathroom.... No, it is not a laughing matter; it is something one should cry and weep over. What kind of society have we created? And this man is only a victim, as everybody else is a victim. And society goes on forcing its idiotic ideas on people.
Man will remain corrupted till we stop interfering with his nature. Corruption is a by-product. If somebody somewhere is corrupted, that means his nature has been interfered with. And you will never be able to find the real culprit; you will catch hold of this poor man who is a victim.
In your courts, the people who are being judged and sentenced, imprisoned, or even sentenced to death are not the real culprits, they are victims -- victims of a society which has forced them to move in a certain way, to become a certain way which they never wanted.

They were always resisting. Every child resists as much as he can, but he has limitations; he cannot resist too long. And he is dependent on you.
In my childhood it was an everyday problem. I had to repeat almost every day to my parents, to my uncles, "You should not take advantage of the fact that I am dependent on you. This is ugly. And you should remember that one day you will be dependent on me. Then what do you want me to do with you? Now I am a child, you can force on me whatsoever you want. I will do my best not to do it if it is against my nature, against my will, but still I am in your hands; you can force me to do something."
For example, they would take me into the temple and I would simply stand there, and they would all fall down, just as in India it has to be done. All your limbs should touch the earth at the feet of God. I would simply stand there, and they

would say, "This is not right, and you make us feel embarrassed because everybody says, 'This boy seems to be very strange: when everybody is paying respect he simply stands straight as if he has been told to remain at attention."'
I told my uncle, "You can hit me hard, knock me down. If you alone cannot do it, then you can call two or three persons. You can force me to the ground, hit my head on the feet of your god, and be satisfied; but remember, this is not my respect. You can force my body but you cannot force me.

And this too you will not always be able to do. Soon things will change."
In India we have a proverb: Sometimes it is the boat which is on the river, sometimes it is the river which is on the boat. I said, "Don't forget that. Sometimes it is the river which is on the boat. Right now of course the boat is on the river. Soon you will be old I will have all the strength and all the power and all the money and everything and you will be old and dependent on me. Then how do you want me to behave with you? You just think of that, and remembering that, do whatsoever you want to do.
"If I want to respect, leave it to me. Respect is not something which can be forced."
But it has been forced, and in such a subtle way that you were not even aware that it was being forced. You have done it almost as if you were doing it willingly. You have imitated your father, your mother; if they were worshipping Jesus, you started worshipping Jesus. This is just one of the more supportive arguments for Charles Darwin.
Monkeys are imitative, and looking at man, one can be absolutely certain that ninety-nine percent of people are imitative. They just imitate others. They don't have the courage to stand alone: it is fearful. Even people like J. Krishnamurti, who have immense intelligence... but if you look into deeper details, into things which are not thought about, you will be surprised.

In India he uses Indian clothes. Why? Outside India he uses Western clothes. You want to be part of the society in which you are. In India, if people see him in Western clothes, with a tie on, no Indian is going to touch his feet, no Indian is going to think even that he is a religious man. A mahatma with a tie? Have you ever heard of it? So the tie disappears as he lands in Bombay, and as he takes off back to England the tie again appears. In fact, in his school in Blackwood in England, he uses blue jeans. He is ninety years old but he wants the hippies to know, "I am with you, I am eternally young."
Just think of J. Krishnamurti in tight blue jeans in India. In India they have never crucified anybody but they would crucify J. Krishnamurti immediately -- not for any religious reasons, just for a tie and blue jeans. And this man moving around the world is representing India's sages. Now India would not forgive this. In India he comes in a traditional Indian dress: kurtha, dhoti, a shawl around him -- the way sages used to *lhe, exactly the same way.
What is the psychology behind it? You don't have the courage to stand alone, you don't have the courage just to be yourself. I am not against blue jeans; if you love them, it is perfectly good. But then don't be such a coward. You are supposed to be a very courageous thinker; then just be yourself. Whether you are condemned or appreciated, respected or disrespected, that does not matter.

But that's what creates the trouble. It matters to a small child very much. If it matters to a ninety-year-old J. Krishnamurti, what about a small child?
In India clothing is divided: Mohammedans have certain dresses, Hindus have certain dresses, Punjabis have certain dresses, Bengalis have certain dresses, South Indians have certain dresses -- and it is very difficult.... For example, in

South India you can have a wraparound lungi; just a dhoti that you wrap around. And not only that, they pull it up and tuck it over so it is just up to the knees. Even in the universities, professors go to teach in that dress.

I loved the lungi because it is very simple, the simplest: no need of a seamstress, no need of any tailoring, nothing; just any piece of cloth can be turned into a lungi very easily. But I was not in South India, I was in central India where the lungi is used only by vagabonds, loafers, unsocial elements. It is a symbol that the person is uncaring about the society, that he does not bother what you think about him.

When I started going to the university in a lungi -- when I entered the university -- everything stopped for a moment: students came out of their classes, professors came out of their classes. As I passed along the corridor everybody was standing, and I waved to everybody -- a good reception!

The vice-chancellor came out: "What is the matter? The whole university is out.

The classes have stopped in the middle, professors are out. and there is a silence." He saw me and I waved to him, and he had not even the guts to reply to my wave.

I said, "At least you should wave to me. All these people have come to see my lungi." I think they loved it because every day professors came with beautiful clothes, the costliest clothes. The vice-chancellor was very particular about his clothes, and very famous.

He had three hundred and sixty-five outfits, one for each day; for the whole year you would never see him in the same dress. He was so mad about clothes so obsessed, that he never got married. I asked him once, "Has that something to do with your clothes?"

He said, "How did you find out?"

I said, "This is my whole work, this is my research work; I go on searching to see how things are related. My feeling is that it is because of the clothes that you didn't enter into a marriage."

He said, "It is true, because I thought again and again -- it was simple -- that either I could have a wife or I could have my whole house full of my own clothes; both together could not exist. She would come and would start dictating. And in fact I would not have enough salary left: she would have her clothes, and she would say, 'You have enough for your whole life.' Finally I decided it is better to be with my clothes. I love them." It was almost an obsession.

He said, "I can sacrifice anything but not my clothes."

If you had gone into his house you would have been surprised: there was nothing but clothes all around the whole house -- he and his servant and the clothes.

I said, "Even when you come, nobody comes out. You just see... a poor lungi -- the poorest wear it -- has brought them out. And I am going to come every day in this lungi."

He said, "A joke is okay, one day is okay, but don't carry it too far."

I said, "When I do something I do it to the very end."

He said, "What do you mean? You mean you are going to come every day in the lungi?"

I said, "Right now that's what I intend to do. If I am interfered with I can come even without a lungi. You can take my word for it. If I am interfered with in any way, if you try to bring up that this is not proper for a professor and this and that, I don't bother.... If you can keep quiet I will remain in the lungi; if you start doing anything against me -- my transfer or anything, anything, then the lungi goes. I will come... and then you will see the real scene."

And it was such a hilarious scene because all the students started clapping when they heard this, and he felt so embarrassed, he simply went back into his room.

He never said a single word about the lungi. I inquired many times, "What about my lungi? Is any action being taken against it or not?"
He said, "You just leave me alone -- do whatsoever you want to do.

And I don't want to say anything because anything said to you is dangerous, one never knows how you will take it. I was not saying, 'Drop the lungi,' I was saying 'come back to your old clothes.'"
I said, "Those are gone, and what is gone is gone -- i never look back. Now I am going to be in a lungi."
So first I was going in a lungi, with a long robe. Then one day I dropped the robe and just started using a shawl. Again there was a great drama, but he kept his cool. Everybody came out but he didn't come out perhaps because he was afraid that I had dropped the lungi. He didn't come out of his room. I knocked on his door. He said, "Have you done it?"
I said, "Not yet. You can come out."
He opened the door and just looked out to see whether I was clothed or whether I had dropped everything. He said, "So you have changed now -- the robe also?"
I said, "I have changed that too. Have you something to say?"
He said, "I don't want to say a single word. About you I don't even talk to others. Journalists are phoning and asking, 'How is it being allowed in the university? -- because that will become a precedent and students may start coming, and other professors may start coming.'
"I tell them, 'Whatsoever happens... even if everybody starts coming in lungis, it is okay with me. I am not going to disturb him, because he threatens me that if I disturb him in any way he can come nude.

And he says that nudity is an acceptable spiritual way of life in India. Mahavira was nude, the twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas were nude, thousands of monks are still nude, and if a tirthankara can be nude then why not a professor? Nudity in India cannot be in any way disrespected.' "
So he said, "I am telling people, 'If he wants to really create chaos... and he has followers also in the university; there are many students ready to do anything he tells them to. So it is better to leave him alone."'
I have found throughout my life that if you are just a little ready to sacrifice respectability, you can have your way very easily. The society has played a game with you. It has put respectability on too high a pedestal in your mind, and opposite it, all those things that it wants you not to do. So if you do them, you lose respectability. Once you are ready to say, "I don't care about respectability," then the society is absolutely impotent to do anything against your will.
The children are in a way bound to continue, in the future too, to be corrupted. But that corruption can be dropped in a single moment because it is not your nature, and you have not brought it with you. It is imposed on you, it is a heavy burden on you. You can drop it, you can put it aside. You will just have to be ready for a few things, ready to be disrespectful. But what is respect? If you don't have your self, what is respect?
There is only one respect -- that is self-respect.

And you don't have your self.
You can't have any respect; you don't have respect even in your own eyes.
The whole world may pretend to respect you because there is a certain bargain: you do what the society wants and the society will respect you. It is a simple business -- and you are the loser because the respect is just hot air. And what you are giving in return is your solid being.
You are committing suicide for respectability.

And it has to be a single moment's decision. It is not something that you have to think about for years, whether to drop the respect and just be your own self... It is not a question of years. If you are going to think for years, you are going to think for lives, and then too it will be the same problem.
It is a single moment of understanding, of seeing how you have been deceived.
And as you see it, put aside all respectability. Say to the whole world: "I am ready to be disrespected by the whole world but I am not ready to be disrespected by myself. I am going to start a new life of self-respect."
And to me this is the beginning of a religious man.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
IS THE WORLD GOING TO SURVIVE THE THIRD WORLD WAR?

I don't have any hope, but I am hoping against hope.
There are many things to be considered.
First, perhaps it is good that it does not survive. It has become so rotten, so ugly, that if it survives and remains the same it will be worse than not surviving.
Our world is in almost the same situation as thousands of people... around the world they are just surviving because they can still breathe. In the hospitals, with all kinds of medical support, they can continue to breathe; even the breathing is not their own -- they need some mechanical device to help them to continue to breathe.
Do you call that life? It is mere survival, not life -- and mere survival is worse than death, because death at least opens up a new door, cleanses the old, rotten stuff.
That's really the function of death: it is a cleansing process.
Everything becomes old, rotten, dirty, and a time comes when to go on -- continuing is not a joy; it is pure anguish, agony, for you and for all those who are related to you. You cannot be in any way creative -- and without being creative you cannot feel any justification for your being a burden on so many people.
Death will be a relief.
Perhaps our world has come to the point where surviving will be dangerous; it is better that the chapter is closed.

We have done enough stupidities.
We have done enough harm to nature, to ourselves. We have been a nuisance on the earth.
Our whole history is a history of crimes -- man against man, man against nature.
What have we been doing here? Why should we be bothered to survive?
I do understand that there is a desire to continue to live, whether there is any reason or not. There is a lust for life. People go on living, knowing perfectly well that it is absolutely unnecessarily burdening the earth; that tomorrow is not going to bring any good news to you, that each day you will be deteriorating, each day you will become more rotten, each day will be more gloomy and dark.
Still, there is a biological instinct to continue to live.
People live in any kinds of circumstances: they are blind, they are crippled, they are paralyzed -- still they are afraid of death. I have been puzzled: what can death take from them? Life has taken almost everything, nothing is left except agony, suffering, pain. What are they going to lose? Death will be a friend, it will take away all this hell that they are living in. But no; blind, crippled, paralyzed, deaf, dumb... still somewhere some strange instinct goes on forcing them to long

for life.
This question also comes from the same instinct. It exists in everybody; there is a collective will to survive.

But what have you done in the thousands of years that you have been here? Can you justify that your being here on the earth has been a creative addition to existence? Has it made it more blissful, more peaceful, more loving? Has it changed nature for something better?
What have you done in thousands of years except killing, murdering, butchering, slaughtering? -- and in beautiful, good names: in the name of God, in the name of truth, in the name of religion. It seems you want to kill and destroy, and any excuse is enough.
In Aesop's fables there is a beautiful, small fable. A young kid of a sheep is drinking water in a stream, and an old lion comes by. It is breakfast time. The old lion is just a few feet above, standing on a rock. But you need some excuse -- you can't just jump on the little poor kid and make a breakfast. Man can do that; man goes on doing it, but animals are not so irrational. The lion steps down into the stream and he says, "Hi, kid! How are you?"
And the kid says, "By your mercy, everything is going well."
The old lion feels a little stuck -- from where to start? He says, "But do you remember that your father insulted me?"
The kid says, "You must be mistaken, because I was born after my father died. I have no idea at all what happened between you and my father. And what can I do about it? I apologize, although I had no hand in it, I was not even born."

The lion becomes really angry. He says, 4You have some nerve: I am here to drink water and you are making the water dirty!"
The kid says, "Please, just look; the stream is going downwards, and you are above me. I cannot make your water dirty, you are making my water dirty. How can... because the water I am standing in is going down, it is not coming to you. Excuse me, you are not looking rightly -- perhaps you need glasses."
The lion is now really angry that this... this is too much. He finally throws all argumentation and conversation and all civilization and culture, jumps on the kid and says, "Your parents have not taught you how to talk with older people, and I am going to punish you for that. You should be silent -- you go on answering. This is insulting!" And he made a breakfast of the kid. Any excuse.... And this is your whole history.
Aesop's fables are tremendously beautiful. They are not about animals, they are about you; they are about the beast within you.
Perhaps it is better that this world does not survive. But I am saying "perhaps" -- remember that. Again, perhaps.
Each thing is born, grows, becomes young, old, dies. That's the way of nature. Planets are born, and one day die. Suns are born, live millions of years, but one day, sooner or later, death comes. Wherever there is birth, there is death. They are two poles of one reality.

If humanity survives... you should not take it for granted that it will survive forever. Nothing survives forever, everything has its time. And as I look at humanity it seems to me perhaps we have lived overtime. We have already lived more than we deserve.
This oncoming crisis of a third world war is not something out of the blue. It comes through us. We are bringing it into existence.
All your great politicians, your popes, priests -- they are all working hard to bring

about that third world war. Seventy-five percent of America's budget is going into the third world war. Thousands of people are dying, even in America, of hunger, cold, on the streets -- and seventy-five percent of the budget is going to destroy those who are somehow managing clothes, food, and are not dying on the streets.
After all, a government has to take care of everybody; that seventy-five percent will ensure your death, the death of those who are going to escape from hunger, starvation, cold, disease. The government is for the people, by the people, of the people... it has to take care of you all, it has to finish you all.
And America is the richest country. Even poor countries like India are doing the same; seventy-five percent of their budget.... It has to be so, because if America is putting so much energy into war, if Russia is putting the same energy into war, then how can poor people, poor countries, afford not to put the same energy into war? They are just following these great leaders.

Their people are dying -- but who cares about dying people? Who bothers about hungry people? The real question is how to create a total destruction of humanity.
And what are the problems which are causing such a drastic step? -- democracy and communism. Both are beautiful ideologies -- but only ideologies, not realities.

Communism is dictatorship of the proletariat, government of the poor, of the poorest. Seems to be perfectly Christian: "Blessed are the poor..." just with a little difference.
Jesus says they will inherit the kingdom of God after death. Perhaps Jesus is waiting for the third world war, because otherwise to manage to get all the poor in one place at one time will be very difficult. The third world war will make it very easy: people will be dying almost simultaneously. The greatest time distance will be ten minutes; around the world, within ten minutes everybody will be dead. It is not much of a difference.
And it is going to be rush hour anyway -- so many souls rushing towards the kingdom of God. So whether you die ten minutes earlier or ten minutes later is not going to make much difference. Anyway, the crowd is going to be so big and huge -- perhaps this is the time for which Jesus is waiting, for the poorest to take over the kingdom of God.
Marx simply brought the idea down to earth. He said, "Who knows what happens after death? Why not let the poor inherit the kingdom of God here and now?" I think he is a very pragmatic Christian.

And both are Jews: Jesus was a Jew, Karl Marx was a Jew. It is the same mind. Jesus is the first communist because he was more against the rich people than Karl Marx himself. Karl Marx has not written, "A camel can pass through the eye of a needle but a rich man cannot pass through the gates of heaven." That was written by Jesus.
I don't think Karl Marx would even agree with it, because this is simply absurd. And who has said to Jesus that all camels are rich or all are poor? There are rich camels and there are poor camels.
In India there is a great desert... it is in Rajasthan, and I have been touring in that desert. There are poor camels and there are rich camels. I was not aware of the fact until I came to know it. Each caravan moving in the desert has two types of camels, and you will not be able to figure out who is who.
The poor camels are those who are simply taken into the caravan so that when there is a need of water they will be killed. Their only function is that they are water-carriers. The camel has the capacity to drink so much water that he can

survive six weeks without drinking any water. That much water he preserves. There are times when you cannot get water; then the only way is to cut open the camel and take the water from his reservoir.
I came to know about this only because I thought they must be killing any camel when there is need.

No, that is not true; the camels are divided into two classes. The only function of the poor camels is to carry water and to be killed whenever the need arises.
Now, I wonder whether Jesus knew about it or not, because he talks about camels as if camels are a classless society: "A camel can pass through the eye of a needle...." But which camel? Perhaps the poor camel will not be able to reach the eye of the needle at all; before that he will be killed. Only the rich camel will be able to reach there.
And the statement is absurd, because if a camel can pass, I don't see any trouble for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle. And when you die, then what difference is there between a poor man and a rich man? -- because riches will be left behind just as poverty will be left behind. Or do you think the poor man will be carrying his poverty after death and the rich man, his riches?
Just put the rich man naked and the poor man naked; shave their head, beards, demolish all signs of differences between the two and you will be in a difficulty to decide who is the poor man and who is the rich. Most probably the poor one will be chosen by you as the rich man because he will have fewer lines of worry on his forehead.
Naked, he will look far more in shape than the rich man. The rich man can hide his shapelessness in beautiful clothes, the poor man cannot.

The poor man may look more beautiful than the rich man, because the rich man's beauty is more or less painted. The poor man's beauty is natural.
I am reminded of one of my friends who was in a concentration camp in Germany. He is a Jew.... It is strange that I have more Jewish friends in the world than anybody else. Many times I have thought that these people don't seem to be the people who could have crucified Jesus. One third of my sannyasins are Jews. I have many rabbis initiated into sannyas.
This Jewish friend was telling me that he survived because before the date fixed for his death, the war ended. Germany was defeated and all prisoners were released. Just two days before -- two days more and he would have been just a black smoke in the sky. But he had seen thousands disappearing through the chimney of the gas chamber.
He was saying to me, "Many things became clear which were never clear and may have remained unclear for my whole life. That concentration camp made me aware of many things. The first thing was that as my death started coming closer and my friends started disappearing -- every day a few numbers were gone...."
And people were known by numbers, not their names. All their things which made any difference between them were taken away. A doctor, a professor, an industrialist, an engineer, a beggar -- you would not have been able to tell who is who.

That was one of the basic things in the concentration camp: to destroy your personality to such an extent.... Even people who had gold in their teeth, the gold was taken out -- because that makes a difference, you look richer.
And before they went for their final meeting with death they were shaved and all their clothes were taken away. Everything -- their shoes, their watches, clothes... everything was taken away. And then they had to pass along a corridor made of

mirrors on both sides.
My friend was saying that it was a revealing experience to see oneself naked with hundreds of naked, shaved people. You cannot recognize yourself in the crowd. Who are you in this crowd? If you look in the mirror you cannot pinpoint that "this is me." They all look alike. So all the differences were just in the persona. All the differences were in the packing but not in the content. The rich man, the beggar -- they were both absolutely alike.
So he was saying, "This made me feel that man is born classless, and is forced by the society to become part of a class, of a caste, of a religion; otherwise a child comes into the world without caste, without nationality, without religion, and without anybody as an enemy or anybody as a friend -- he comes without any ideology. And deep down he remains the same; you just have to take the coverings off and you will find the same human being."

If this is so just by removing your clothes, what will be the situation when your body is also removed? Are there poor souls and rich souls too, and on what grounds will they be poor souls and rich souls? -- because their bank balances won't count anymore.
On what grounds is Jesus talking this nonsense, "Blessed are the poor"? Marx seems to be bringing Jesus to his senses. He says, "If the poor are going to inherit the kingdom of God, then why not here? When they are the real inheritors then let us start it right now, in this life. Why wait for death?"
The idea of communism is not bad -- that everybody should have equal opportunity for growth, that everybody should get his needs fulfilled, everybody according to his needs. What is so wrong in it that the whole world has to be destroyed for it? And it is only an idea; it has not been realized anywhere -- neither in Russia nor in China nor anywhere else.
By the very nature of your so-called man it seems impossible to realize it, because there are bound to be cunning people, there are bound to be innocent people -- and the cunning will always exploit the innocent. Now, nothing can be done about it. There are always going to be industrious people and lazy people. Now, the lazy will be left far behind. What can be done about it? How can you provide equal opportunity to unequal people?
You can put the lazy man on the same line with the Olympic runner and tell them, "We give you equal opportunity, and exactly when the bell goes off or the whistle goes off -- equal opportunity -- you run."

You are giving equal opportunity, but those people are unequal. The lazy is not going to win the race. And it will not be his fault. What can he do about it? He is born lazy, just as the other is a born runner.
So communism is not possible. It is an impossible idea. And those who will be in power, the dictators... because all the poor people cannot be the dictators. When you read Karl Marx it seems as if it is going to be the dictatorship of the proletariat, by the poor. But can there be millions of dictators? It is bound to be represented by one dictator. It is going to be a bureaucracy, a hierarchy. There will be small dictators, then bigger dictators, then bigger dictators. And then at the top will be the greatest dictator.
In fact, Joseph Stalin had more power than any man ever had in the whole history of man. Strange: in a powerless, equal, classless society, Joseph Stalin happened to be history's most powerful man.
I don't think anybody has killed so many people as Joseph Stalin: at least one million, without any doubt, and with no difficulty. He is the only man who has converted a whole country into a concentration camp. Adolf Hitler is nothing. Adolf Hitler created a few concentration camps, but the whole country was not a

concentration camp. In fact, the whole country was not even aware that there were concentration camps. They were located in deserted areas.

They became known only after the world war ended.
Joseph Stalin was far more clever. He did not bother to make small concentration camps; he simply made the whole country a concentration camp so nobody even realizes that he is in jail. How can you realize that you are imprisoned? The boundaries are so far away from you. Russia is one sixth of the land area of the whole world, the greatest piece of land. Thousands of miles away is the iron curtain; you will never be aware of it. And it is not a visible iron curtain; it is very invisible.
The whole of Russia is living in a total imprisoned slavery. Such a slavery the world has never known before. You cannot rebel against it. This is the first time that rebellion has become absolutely impossible. In Russia, unless revolution is imported from the outside, there is no way -- and as yet revolutions are not available to import. But inside there is no possibility of revolution because each person is being spied on by at least as many people as he knows.
The wife is spying on the husband and the husband is spying on the wife, because the husband belongs to a communist group where he becomes more and more respectable the more he reports about his wife, about his children, about his brothers, father, mother. He becomes more respectable, he gains power; he becomes a more significant member. He has chances to rise in the hierarchy.

The wife is a member of a woman's communist league where she has the same opportunities it is up to her. And they have managed to implant ideas in every child's mind that communism is the priority. It does not matter whether it is your father or your mother you are spying against; if you are spying for communism you are a patriot, you are a real son of a soviet land, of a communist society.
For small children, for different age groups, they have many leagues.... A five-year-old child will come and say that his father said something against the government; and that report will reach, and that very night the father will disappear from the world -- you will never hear of him again.
People are afraid to talk with their own wives, with their own sons, with their own friends, because nobody knows who is going to betray them. It has been only a proverb in all languages that "walls also have ears," but in Russia it has become an actuality: walls have ears.
Communism exists nowhere, and the people who are in power have remained in power for all these sixty years since the revolution. The same group has controlled the country for sixty years continuously. One by one -- if one person dies then another, next to him, of the same group, comes into power. And at the other end, one person gets promotion into the group. But the group as such is the same that came into power in 1917.

It is 1985: the same group is in power -- you cannot throw it out.
There are no strikes in Russia, because how can you strike? It is the government which is communist, it is the union which is communist, because only one party exists. And their reasoning is very correct. They say, when there is only one class how can there be many parties? One class, one party.
In a class-divided society there are many parties because there are conflicting interests, but in Russia there is no conflicting interest. All are equal, their interests are the same, so they have one party. All the land, all the industries -- everything is owned by the government.
The communist party is the government, the communist party is the union, the

communist party is everything. You cannot strike. Against whom? Who is going to strike? You cannot revolt. You cannot even use the word revolution.
Revolution happened in 1917; since then there is no need of any revolution. It has happened, it has already passed. It was needed to overthrow the old society -- which has been overthrown. Now the new society has come into being.
There is no communism. These people who are in power are rich, richer than ever. And the people who are powerless are poorer than ever. But they cannot even say that. Yes, old classes have disappeared but new classes have come into being: the powerful and the powerless.

There were the rich and the poor, now they are the powerful and the powerless -- which is a far bigger poverty, to be powerless. And far bigger and richer is the group of people who are powerful -- and total power is in their hands.

Now, fighting against this society is the other group, democracy. But that too is only an ideology: "For the people, of the people, by the people" -- but where does it exist? Have you seen democracy anywhere? It does not exist anywhere at all. It is just a facade, a show.
Yes, countries like America have a two-party system, but have you noticed? -- both the parties have almost the same program. What differences are there in their programs? Very strange....
One party rules four years; people get fed up with it, bored, seeing the same faces on the television, in the newspapers the same speeches, the same slogans, the same promises; no possibility of any fulfillment of anything. The problems go on growing and people get fed up: "Four years you have been given and you wasted them."
The other party -- which has the same type of people, the same type of ideas -- is gaining sympathy. There is no difference either in people or ideologies. But this is a game, a very psychological game.
People's memories are very short; four years is a long time. One party is defeated because people were getting bored and it was doing nothing.

The other party gets the sympathy. What else to do? You have to choose between two kinds of dodos!
I have never voted in my life. My whole family was politically oriented. They were all fighters for freedom; they have been in prison, have suffered -- naturally when the country became free they found themselves in politics. My uncles would tell me, "You are an educated person -- why don't you use your power of vote? That is power to create government or change government."
I said, "I understand, but to change one dodo for another dodo is just futile. It doesn't matter; it just changes names and everything remains the same." In fact it is better to keep the old dodo there, because sooner or later he will have accumulated enough wealth, power, name, fame; he will become less greedy. Obviously, there is always a saturation point.
When you change from the old dodo, you give power to a new dodo -- one was Republican, the other is Democrat; the new dodo immediately plunges into accumulating as much as he can, because four years will be finished soon and people will be fed up with him also.
So for four years he exploits whatsoever he can. Meanwhile the other party is gaining sympathy. This is the game. And people are forgetting, "This party we have thrown out already." How many times in America have you thrown out the Republicans? And how many times have you thrown out the Democrats? And how many times are you going to do the same thing again and again?
Just simply count: in two hundred years how many times has the same party been thrown out? If you had any intelligence, once a party was thrown out it

would be thrown forever! It has no intelligence, no potential, no ideology; that should be the end.

But two parties just go on changing.... And this is a very subtle conspiracy. They appear opposed to each other -- and they are befooling the whole country. In Russia there is one party, in America there are two parties -- but there is no difference. In America you need to befool people every four years; in Russia they have been befooled once and forever. They got rid of the need to befool -- what is the point? And I don't see that there is any difference, but it seems to be democratic.
In India, when somebody dies, his body has to be taken to the crematorium, because in India they burn the body. A bamboo stretcher is made to carry the body, and four persons carry the stretcher. On the way it happens that you are putting the stretcher's weight on one shoulder; after a while you want to change because it feels tired -- you change it to the other shoulder. It does not make any difference to the weight but it gives a certain relief; at least for a few moments you feel as if the burden is lifted. Again, after a few yards you start feeling the weight on the other shoulder; again you change.
I used to go to people's funerals, anybody's, because at least in death one should not be so much concerned who has died. In life you can keep distinctions: this is your friend and this is your foe, and this is your mother and this is your father. But in death at least you should drop all that nonsense.

Now, just to say the last goodbye to whoever he was....
My family was opposed; they said, "This is not the way, not the custom. Unless you know the person, you are familiar with the person, unless you are invited...."
I said, "You are talking nonsense! How can the dead person invite you?"
And they said, "We are not talking about the dead person inviting you, but his relatives."
I said, "Why should I bother about his relatives and their invitation? I am not going to give them a send-off. When their time comes I will go, but I am going to beggars, to the richest man, to anybody." I enjoyed the whole journey. It was worth going two or three miles -- because two, three miles outside the town was the burning place.
And I would see people carrying the body this way continuously, and I would ask, "Why do you go on doing this? -- because the burden is the same. This shoulder is yours and this shoulder is yours: why this two-party system?"
They said, "Two-party system?"
I said, "Yes, this is the democratic way, this is democracy. This shoulder is Republican, this shoulder is
Democrat. Both are your shoulders and both are going to be tired, and both are going to do the same work.
Whom are you trying to befool?"
In Russia I think they have a better thing: they are carrying the dead body on their heads -- a one-party system.

They have dropped the old pattern of shoulders -- just on their heads. It looks more respectable too.
Neither democracy exists anywhere, nor communism.
Both pretend to exist, and for these two pretenders the whole world has to die. If people are so idiotic that they can't see the pretensions, then I think perhaps it is good they should die. Why should we be worried? We are not going to live forever. As far as any individual is concerned, he is going to die. And when you die, what does it matter whether the society goes on living or not? For you, the moment you close your eyes everything is finished: the third world war has

happened.
I have been trying hard to figure out.... If I die, then how does it matter whether the world goes on living or not? And why should I be worried and waste my lifetime? I should enjoy it right now. One thing is certain, that I am not going to be here forever. After me if the deluge comes, let it come!
And people seem to be almost deserving it. They have proved in every way stupid.
Even a great, giant thinker, Arthur Koestler, has come to a hypothesis that perhaps in the very beginning of human history something in the human brain went wrong. The mechanism is wrong, so whatsoever it does goes wrong. Even with good intentions, it goes wrong.
When a man like Arthur Koestler says something, you have to think over it twice.

It is his whole life's work. Thinking about man's whole history, he finds that every time, in every society, every culture, every civilization, somewhere something goes wrong; and every individual in his individual life is continuously going wrong.
It seems there is something inbuilt which forces people to go wrong, and unless we change that, perhaps there is no hope.
Nobody knows which nut, which bolt is loose or tight. Nobody knows, nobody has looked in that direction. But something seems to be certainly wrong. Just anybody who has a little intelligence can see it.
The whole world is now ready to live affluently, luxuriously; science is ready to provide you food, clothes, health, medicine, long life -- everything. But all scientific projects are ignored; the only projects that are chosen are for war.
Life seems to be nobody's interest. Death seems to be immensely attractive.
I was talking to Indira Gandhi, and I told her, "India is so poor, you cannot hope to become a world power; there is no possibility. You cannot compete with Russia or America. It will take you at least three hundred years to come to where America is now. But in these three hundred years America is not going to just sit and wait for you to pick up speed.
"In three hundred years America will be nine hundred years ahead of you. Can't you see this simple thing?"
She said, "I can see it."

I said, "If you can see it, then drop all your projects for an atomic energy commission, and atomic energy plants and nuclear weapons. What nonsense are you doing? You cannot compete with the nuclear powers. If there was any hope I would have said, okay, go ahead; let people starve -- they have been starving for millions of years, they can starve a few hundred years more. And anyway, starving or not starving, everybody is going to die; let them die, forget about them. You go ahead and compete.
"But you have no power to compete. Then will it not be a wise course that India declares itself an international country? that we drop the boundaries, we drop the whole idea that you have to come with a permit into the country, that you need a passport? No, we just open the whole country for the whole world. Whoever wants to come is welcome. We are so poor that we cannot be more poor.
"But this will be a precedent and this will be a historical moment: one country declaring that it is no longer a nation, that it belongs to the whole world.
"Anyway you cannot win against China, you cannot win against Russia or America. When you cannot win why not take some other course? Declare, 'We are defenseless, we dissolve our defense forces, we send our soldiers to the fields, to the factories. We are no longer in the game of war; we drop out of it."'
She said, "But then anybody can attack."

I said, "Anybody can attack now -- what difference does it make? In fact, then to attack India will become difficult because there will be a worldwide condemnation. A country who declares itself defenseless, drops its arms and goes to the fields and the factories, welcomes everybody who wants to come, to invest, to bring industries, to do anything.... It will be almost impossible for anybody to attack India because the whole world will be against that attacker.
"You will have so much sympathy and so many friends that nobody will dare. Right now anybody can attack you. And you have been attacked by China already; China already occupies thousands of miles of land and India has not even the guts to raise the question, 'Please return that land."'
Indira's father, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, said, "That land is useless, not even grass grows there." I wrote him a letter, saying, "If not even grass grows there and it is useless, why did you go to war in the first place? You should have told the Chinese, 'You can occupy as much as you can. Not even grass grows. If you can manage to grow something, good, because for us it is useless anyway. We give it to you as a gift.'
"That would have been more gentlemanly -- to give it to them as a gift, rather than to be defeated. Why did you go to war? Did you come to know it later on -- that no grass grows there, that it is wasteland?
"You can be attacked," I told Indira.

"You have been attacked, so your arms and your armies don't help. Even the biggest powers have been attacked. We have seen even a powerful nation like Germany defeated, a powerful nation like Japan defeated. We know that for five years Germany went on defeating all big nations, so you don't count.
"If you accept my suggestion you come out on top; you prove really wise in the true sense of the word. And you prove that it is not only a saying that India is a country of wisdom; you will prove by this act that you are certainly wise. Where you cannot win, the best way is to drop the whole idea of any fight."
I told her one of the incidents that impressed me very much. In my high school, every year there was a wrestling competition. Other competitions were there, wrestling was one of them. It was a district competition, so from all over the district at least thirty high schools would send their wrestlers.
It so happened the wrestler that had been chosen from my school proved really a strange man. He went to wrestle with the opponent, and seeing him, that he was double his size, he, without touching the opponent, just lay down flat on the ground.
Everybody was shocked: What is this? What kind of wrestling is this? And he was all smiles, so people could not even laugh and smile because of his smile.
He said, "It is foolish to fight with this man -- he will break my bones.

There is no chance of winning, but at least I can back out gracefully. I am happy, everybody is happy, he is happy. And I am not defeated, he cannot claim that he has defeated me."
I liked that young man; I became very friendly with him, and I said, "This is true intelligence." The whole school condemned him, teachers condemned him.
The principal called him and condemned him as well: "This is... do you think it is a joke? You made the whole school the laughingstock of the whole district! And we have been winners for three years continuously."
The wrestler came to me and said, "This is difficult Everybody -- except you, nobody is in support of me.'
I said, "You come with me to the principal." And I told the principal, "You please repeat what you have told him."
He said, "Why?"

I said, "Because this man seems to be wiser than any of your teachers -- including you. What was the point of his fighting? His defeat was sure. He saved you from being a defeated school. You are not defeated; you are not victorious but you are not defeated either. And he made the whole situation hilarious, not something to weep and cry over.
"In fact he made the other man look silly, because standing there ready to fight he looked so silly that whenever I use the word silly, I see his picture immediately. He could not understand and figure out what was happening! This man was Lying flat" -- because that's the way in India: the man has to lie down flat, his whole back, both the shoulders touching the ground.

Unless this happens the wrestling continues; one of the two wrestlers has to touch the ground.
"That man was standing there and this man was laughing, and he said, 'Now, what do you want? -- can I get up? Or if it pleases you I can lie down -- there is no problem.' And the whole crowd that had come to see the wrestling for a moment was stunned."
I told the principal, "This boy did something spontaneous. He is a good wrestler, he has won the school competition; he has defeated all other wrestlers in the school. He is a good wrestler -- you cannot say that he cannot wrestle -- but this situation was so clear, that the other man was double his size. He looked like a professional wrestler, and I doubt" -- and my doubt was proved right..."I believe that he is hired, that he does not really study in the school, because his age seems to be...."
And I told the principal, "This should be inquired into. I don't think that man studies in the school." And that was the truth -- he was hired; and the school had come from so far away that of course in our city nobody knew the man, nobody knew whether or not he studied. And sometimes it happens; a few people go on failing and they remain behind.
In my school I had one person who was failing for eleven years in the same matric class. The people who had studied with him had become teachers -- and he never passed.

But the principal, the teachers, the school, all wanted him to remain; they said, "Don't leave the school," because he was good at many things.
I have seen many people playing hockey but that man was simply magical. In America, hockey is not as prominent a game as football, but in India -- because of Britain -- hockey is the most significant game. And this is the one man... I have seen many people playing hockey but the magical touch that he had was such that the ball almost seemed glued to his stick.
And when he was moving, his movements were so fast, so quick, that you could not catch him. Where he was going... what he was doing was so quick and so fast and the ball continued to remain glued, almost glued to his stick. I had even tried to see whether he did really use maybe some glue or something that made the ball remain glued -- and he went on moving easily.
But it was not the case; it was just that his movements were really trained. Eleven years continuous training... everybody was just a child in front of him. So the school was happy that he went on failing because he was making the school the champion of the whole province.
So we thought perhaps that wrestler was failing or something; but it was found that he was hired: he was a professional wrestler. Then I told my principal, "What do you want now? You have to apologize to that boy. What he did was absolutely right, and now you should go to court against that school.

The trophy has to come back to our school" -- because that was the final between this school and that school.

And we went to court; we won the case and got the trophy back. And I said, "This whole thing was done because of this young man's spontaneous understanding, seeing the point that it was useless."

I told Indira, "India is in such a condition, you can make it a historical moment, an unprecedented thing, that no country has ever dared.... And you are not going to lose anything because what have you got to lose? You are not going to be attacked by those who want to attack; they can attack right now.

"And once you do this, invite the U.N.O.; say that the U.N.O. can only be in India, nowhere else, because this is the only neutral country, the only country which has dropped all its claims of nationality, of being a different nation. This is the only country which belongs to the whole humanity. Let the U.N.O. be here. Surrender all your arms and all your forces to the U.N.O. and tell them to use them for world peace, world friendship."

She said, "I understand you -- you are always right, I am always wrong -- but what to do? This is too much -- I don't have that much courage to do it. Only a man like you can do such a thing, but a man like you is not interested in politics at all.

"My father was telling you, 'Come into politics.' I have been telling you, 'Come into politics,' and you say that you don't want to get into this dirty game.

But without getting into this dirty game you cannot be in this position where I am. And to be in this position I have to consider a thousand and one things, because if I say such a thing, there are people just behind me who will not miss the opportunity, who will simply throw me out of office, saying, 'This woman has gone mad!'

"And this will look like madness because nobody has done it before. They will immediately capture power; they will immediately capture power by saying, 'This woman has to be medically treated,' and nobody will listen to me."

She wanted to come to me. So many times she made a time, and then at the last moment she would inform me, "It is difficult, because the people around me don't allow me even to come to you, because they say, 'Even going to this man will affect your political position in the country.

"'Nobody will bother what transpired between you, what you talked about -- nobody will bother about it -- just your going to this man is enough to affect your position; even your prime-ministership will be gone.' They are all against you -- and I cannot go against them."

The day she was assassinated I was thinking, Now, what about all those men? They could not save you from assassination. They prevented you from coming to me; they could not prevent you from going to death. Now what about position? In fact if I was in her place I would have taken the risk even of being called mad.

It is worth taking. I would have taken the risk even to be thrown out of office. At least it would have been on record that one person had tried his best to bring some sense to humanity.

But right now this humanity is so senseless that if it is destroyed perhaps it is the right time. But I am not at all a pessimist. I am an incurably optimistic man. I still hope against hope. The whole humanity perhaps may not be able to survive, but the few, a chosen few, can be saved. And that's enough.

The whole world began with only one couple -- adam and Eve. If we can save just one couple, one swami, one ma, that will do! And that much we can manage.

So there is no need to be worried. Let the whole world go to hell. We will manage at least one ma and one swami, and they can start the whole game again!

THE END.

Question 1

OSHO,

WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT AIDS?

I do not know anything about even the first aids, and you are asking me about the last AIDS! But it seems I will have to say something about it. And in a world where people who know nothing about themselves can talk about God, people who know nothing about the geography of the earth can talk about heaven and hell, it is not inconceivable for me to say something about AIDS, although I am not a physician. But neither is the disease now called AIDS just a disease. It is something more, something beyond the limitation of the medical profession.

As I see it, it is not a disease in the same category as other diseases; hence the danger of it. Perhaps it will kill at least two-thirds of humanity. It is, basically, the incapability to resist diseases. One slowly, slowly finds oneself vulnerable to all kinds of infections, and one has no inner resistance to fight those infections.

To me it means humanity is losing the will to live.

Whenever a person loses the will to live, his resistance falls immediately, because the body follows the mind. The body is a very conservative servant of the mind; it serves the mind in a religious way. If the mind loses the will to live, it will be reflected in the body by the dropping of resistance against sickness, against death. Of course the physician will never bother about the will to live -- that's why I thought it better that I say something.

It is going to become such an enormous problem all over the world that any insight from any dimension can be of immense help. Just in America, this year, four hundred thousand people are affected by AIDS, and each year the number will double. Next year it will be eight hundred thousand people, and then one million six hundred thousand people; that way it will go on -- doubling. Just this year America will need five hundred million dollars to help these people, and still there is not much hope of their surviving.

Just in the beginning it was thought to be a homosexual disease. And from all around the world researchers supported the idea that it was something homosexual; and it was found that it happens more in men than in women.

But just yesterday a report from South Africa changes the whole standpoint. South Africa is greatly involved in researching about the disease because South Africa is the most affected area. It seems blacks are almost twice as vulnerable to the disease as white people. South Africa is suffering from a great epidemic of AIDS; hence, they have been researching. It is a question of life and death.

Their report is very strange. It says that AIDS is not a homosexual disease at all, that it is a heterosexual disease, and it happens if people go on changing partners -- mixing with many women, with many men, continually changing partners.

This continuous changing is the cause of the disease. Homosexuality has nothing to do with it, according to their research. Now all the researchers in Europe and America are on one side, and the South African report is on the opposite side.

To me it is very significant. It has nothing to do with either heterosexuality or with homosexuality. It has certainly something to do with sex. And why has it something to do with sex? -- because the will to live is rooted in sex. If the will to live disappears, then sex will be the most vulnerable area of life to invite death.

Remember perfectly w ell that I am not a medical man, and whatever I am saying is from a totally different point of view. But there is much more possibility of what I am saying to be true than what these so-called researchers are saying, because their research is superficial. They think only of cases; they collect data, facts.
That is not my way -- I am not a fact-collector.
My work is not of research but of insight.
I try to see into every problem as deeply as possible.
I simply ignore the superficial, which is the area of the researchers.
My work you can call insearch, but not research.
I try to penetrate deeply, and I see clearly that sex is the phenomenon most related to the will to live. If the will to live declines, sex will be vulnerable; then it is not a question of heterosexuality or homosexuality.

In Europe and in America they started looking into it because it was just a coincidence that the first cases happened in homosexuals; perhaps homosexuals had lost the will to live more than heterosexuals. The whole research was confined to California, and most of the victims were Jews; obviously the researchers found that it is linked to homosexuality. If any heterosexual was also found to have the symptoms then it was naturally assumed that he had got it from some homosexual person.
California is such a stupid part of the world -- and as far as sex is concerned, the most perverted part of the world. You can also say avant-garde, progressive, revolutionary, but these beautiful words won't hide the truth: that California has become too perverted.
Why does it happen, this perversion? And why has it happened in California particularly? -- because California is one of the most cultured, civilized, affluent societies. Naturally, they have everything that you can hope for, everything that you can desire -- and that's where the problem of the will to live arises.
When you are hungry you think of getting work, food; you don't have time to think about life and death. You don't have time to think about what the meaning of existence is. It is impossible: a hungry man cannot think of beauty, of art, music. Take the hungry man, starving, into a museum filled with beautiful pieces of art.

Do you think he will be able to see any beauty there? His hunger will prevent him. These are luxuries. Only when all his basic needs are fulfilled does man come to face the real problems of life. Poor countries don't know the real problems.
Hence, when I say that the richest man is the poorest, you can understand what I mean by saying it. The richest man comes to know the unsolvable problems of life, and he is stuck; there is nowhere to go. The poor man has so much to do, so much to achieve, so much to become. Who cares about philosophy, theology, art. They are too big for him; he is interested in very mundane things, very small things. And it is impossible for him to turn his consciousness upon himself and start thinking and brooding about existence, being -- just impossible.
California is, unfortunately, one of the most fortunate parts of the world, in every way: it has the most beautiful people, beautiful land, and it has come to the highest peak of luxury. And there, the question arises. You have done everything; now what else is there to do? That's the point where perversion begins.
You have known many women and you have come to understand that it is all the same. Once you put the light off, every woman is just the same. When the light is off, if the woman goes into the other room and your wife comes in -- and you are not aware -- you may even make love to your wife, giving her beautiful dialogues, not knowing that she is your wife.

What are you doing! If anyone comes to know about it, that you speak these beautiful dialogues -- learned from Hollywood movies -- to your own wife, they certainly will think that you have gone crazy. These are meant for other people's wives, not for your wife. But in darkness there is no difference.
Once a man knows many women, a woman knows many men, one thing becomes certain -- that it is the same, a repetition. The differences are superficial, and as far as the sexual contact is concerned, they make no difference: a little longer nose, or a little blonder hair, a whiter face or a little suntanned -- what difference does it make when you come to make love to a woman? Yes, before making love to a woman all these things make a difference. And it continues to make a difference in countries where monogamy is still the rule.
For example, in a country like India, the disease AIDS is not going to happen, it is impossible -- for the simple reason that people know only their wife, only their husband, their whole life. And they always remain curious about what the neighbor's wife would feel like. It always remains a tremendous curiosity, but there is no possibility for perversion.
Perversion requires the basic condition that you are fed up with changing women, you want something new. Then men start trying men -- that seems to be different; women start trying women -- that feels a little different.

But for how long? Soon that too is the same. Again, the question arises. This is the point where you try all kinds of things, and slowly slowly one thing becomes settled: that it is all useless. Curiosity disappears. Then, what is the point of living for tomorrow? It was curiosity: tomorrow something new may happen. Now you know that the new never happens. Everything is old under the sky. The new is just a hope, it never happens. You try all kinds of designs in furniture, houses, architecture, clothes -- and everything fails finally.
When everything fails and there is no hope for tomorrow, then the will to live cannot go on with the same fervor, force, persistence. It starts dragging. Life seems to lose juice. You are alive because what else to do? You start thinking of committing suicide.
Sigmund Freud is reported to have said, "I have never come across a single man who has not thought, at least once in his life, of committing suicide." But Sigmund Freud is now too old, out of date. He was talking about psychologically sick people; those were the people with whom he was coming in contact.
My own experience is that the poor man never thinks of committing suicide. I have come across thousands of poor people; they never think of committing suicide. They want to live, because they have not lived yet; how can they think of suicide?
Life has so many things to give, and they see that everybody is enjoying all kinds of things and they have not lived yet.

There is a great urge, force, to live. Much has to be done, much has to be achieved. There is the whole sky of ambition open, and they have not even begun to scratch the ground. No beggar ever thinks of committing suicide. Logically it should be just the other way: every beggar should think of committing suicide, but no beggar ever thinks of it -- even a beggar who has no eyes, is blind, is paralyzed, crippled.
In my university there used to be a student of mine who was the son of a beggar. Just accidentally I found it out. That beggar used to stand at the railway station, and I was continually coming and going, coming and going. It was almost a routine thing that whenever I came I would give him one rupee, and whenever I went I would give him one rupee. And he was very happy because nobody else was giving one rupee. And in a month I would pass at least eight or ten times, so

he was getting good earnings from me. We became friends.
But one day when I came to the station, I found the beggar was not there. The train was late sol looked around to find where he was, because his rupee... otherwise this would be a kind of betrayal -- that he was not present and I just escaped with his rupee. So I tried to find him. I found him in the goods shed, talking to this boy who was my student. And they both became very shocked; I was puzzled.
I said, "What is the matter? I have been looking for you -- the train is late and you were not in your place.

You just take your rupee and relieve me because I am unnecessarily worried. And always remember, at that time you should be there. And what are you doing with my student?"
He said, "Now I cannot hide it from you. He is my son: I am teaching him. But please don't tell anybody that he is my son. He is respected, and people think that he belongs to a rich family" -- and he had kept him like a rich man's son. His earning was good; in India, beggars earn more than professors.
I said, "No, I will not tell anybody. There is no need to say anything to anybody; and there is no harm."
He said, "I am living just for him. He is my hope. What I could not do in my life he will do. Perhaps I may not be able to see it -- him living in his own home, having his own car, his wife, children, a good salary, or a good business. Perhaps I may not be able to live that long, but I pray to God to give me a little more life.
"I just want to see him -- I will never go close to his house, I will not disturb his life. Nobody will ever know that he is the son of a beggar. And the woman who was his mother was also a beggar; we were never married. She has died, with the same hope. We both were working hard to keep him in a boarding school. Meeting him in hiding.... He comes here once in a while to meet me -- in this goods shed we meet because nobody comes here.
"I can suffer as much as my fate decides but only one hope is enough to keep me tolerating every suffering, every humiliation, every insult.

My son is now in the final M.A.; next year perhaps he will be in a good job. It is a question of only a few years until he will be having his own house -- I never had one; he will be having his own wife -- I never had one. He will be having his own children -- and although I have him, I cannot claim to be his father because I was never married."
Now this man... I asked him, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?"
He said, "Suicide? What are you saying? I am thinking only of life, more life."
Through him I became acquainted with many beggars. And I asked all of them, whenever we were alone, "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?" And they were shocked the same way: "Why have you asked this question? Why should we think of committing suicide? We want to live -- we have not lived yet."
One beggar told me, "I have been putting my money in a bank hoping that one day I will drop this begging and just live a relaxed life. Once in a while I would like to give something to a beggar. People have insulted me so much; even in their giving they insult. It is not given with compassion, it is not given with love: it is given just to get rid of you -- you are a nuisance. And we know, so we create a nuisance because nobody gives out of compassion. They give to us if they want to get rid of a nuisance.

"So we never beg from a single person if he is walking on the road alone, because he will say 'go to hell!' We beg when there are people around before whom he cannot misbehave because he is a respectable man, known to be kind and compassionate; now this is the time to show the compassion.

We see in their faces that they are boiling with anger that we have caught them in the wrong place -- but for us that is the right place."
In poor countries nobody thinks of suicide, in poor countries the question of meaning has not been raised. It is a Western question. What is the meaning of life? In the East nobody asks that. The West has come to a saturation point where everything you could live for you have already lived. Now what? If you are courageous enough, you commit suicide -- or murder.
In one of the existentialist novels, a man is brought before the court. His mother has been murdered; the murderer has not been caught, but many people have suspicions about the son -- although nobody says that they have ever seen them fighting. In fact they have never seen them together, so there is no question of a fight. The son was living on his own, the mother was living on her own. He never used to come to see her, and nobody has ever seen them together; but still they suspect.
The suspicion was based on a few factors: one, when they informed the son that his mother had been murdered, the son said, "What a great relief to have been murdered! Nobody murders me. That woman, my mother, had everything: now even in murder she is ahead of me." This is a strange thing to hear from a son whose mother has been murdered.
They said, "You have to come for the final departure of your mother."

He said, "But she has departed -- you said she is murdered -- so now what is the point? You can finish with the body. Dust unto dust -- she is no more there. Why drag me along?" But finally they managed to drag him.
The same night he was seen with a girlfriend -- he was dancing. They could not believe that his mother had been murdered in the morning and by the evening he was dancing with his girlfriend. These were the facts, and while this kind of fact didn't prove that he was a murderer, it certainly created suspicion in the mind. And the next day he had thrown a party....
The magistrate asked him, "These are strange things. Although nothing proves you a murderer, everything creates suspicion."
The man said, "I don't understand: what suspicion?"
The magistrate said, "How could you dance the same evening, when your mother was murdered in the morning?"
He said, "Do you want me to stop dancing for my whole life just because my mother has been murdered?"
The magistrate said, "I am not saying for your whole life but just for that evening."
He said, "Whenever I begin, it will be after my mother's murder. One hour after, two hours after, how do you manage to demark a certain line beyond which I will be out of suspicion? One day, two days, three days; one week, two weeks, three weeks? But now, whenever I dance it will be after my mother's murder so it doesn't make any difference.

Or do you think it will make any difference?"
And the magistrate said, "Just the next day you had to throw a party?"
He said, "The party was arranged beforehand. Now my mother is murdered; I could have postponed the party but it would have made no difference. And those fellows whose mothers are not murdered, why should they be disappointed? -- let them enjoy. And I had arranged the party beforehand. I had no idea that my mother was going to be murdered and that the next day a party would not be right. So just for myself, why would I make them unhappy?"
And the magistrate said, "You were laughing and joking."
He said, "It is the same point again and again; you don't have a single different

fact. The whole point is: if everybody after one's mother's death becomes sad never jokes, never laughs, never smiles, never dances, never goes with a boyfriend or a girlfriend, never has a party, what will happen in the world? What do you want?"
The magistrate said, "Okay, leave these things" -- because he also could not decide on a time limit; there is no criterion -- "but you said that woman was always ahead of you, even in being murdered."
He said, "Of course, because I have been thinking again and again of committing suicide, but I don't have the courage. Then I started thinking that somebody may some day murder me, and that idea gave me a great relief She has already proceeded on the journey -- I am left again.

And this was happening our whole life. This was why I separated from her; she was always ahead in everything, and it was so insulting. Now this is the last thing she has done.
"And do you realize the fact that she got murdered on Sunday? That woman had a habit of spoiling EVERYTHING". After six days' work in the office I was hoping to enjoy Sunday -- and this was the enjoyment! But she was clever; she must have chosen that day so she could spoil at least one of my holidays. This is her final gift to me."
The judge said, "There is no reason to think that you murdered her, but the way you are talking, what you are saying, unnecessarily makes you sound like a criminal."
He said, "That is only my hope -- you sentence me to death. Yes, these are the facts which prove that I murdered my mother Just sentence me to death -- because I cannot kill myself. I have tried but turned back. Many times I went to jump into the river but I would look down and say, 'The water is too cold, and who knows, it may be too deep also.'"
California is the peak of Western culture. People are finished with life, that's why there are so many cults: Hare Krishna, Moonies, EST, Esalen -- all kinds of strange things. You have just to be a little bold and you can make a cult out of anything. Primal therapy, or scream.... Nowhere ever in the whole world was anybody so inventive as to make a scream a religion!
But in California you can do anything.

Hugging therapy! And people are doing it, and paying for it, for hugging therapy! Hugging strangers -- you are doing the hugging and somebody else is collecting the fee. You both are giving the fee to a third person, and you are doing the work! It is really great.
I was reading a news article some five, six years back. I don't remember exactly what the therapy was called but I remember the picture that was in the magazine. It was of a naked man going on all fours with his tongue drooping out like a dog, barking. And you have to pay for it! You do the whole job.... And people were getting high on it. What else to do? When you have paid two hundred and fifty dollars for being a dog and barking, then it is better to say that you "got it."
Now people are tired of this too. Esalen is dying, EST is finished. EST has been trying -- Werner Erhard came to see me in Poona because at that time it had started falling. In California nothing lasts more than ten years. Every fashion... these are all fashions, but no fashion can last long. So Werner Erhard was in search of something -- and he found it. In the East he saw the hungry people so he brought back home the "Hunger Project," and he started claiming that within ten years there would not be a single hungry human being on the earth.
People were donating, and nobody bothered to ask, "What are you saying? Have you calculated how many people there are? Have you calculated how many

hungry people there are? Have you calculated in ten years how many more hungry people will be there? And how many collections can you have?" But all those collections simply disappeared.

Hunger is there; it has not disappeared -- it has doubled!
But these so-called new cultists are not any better than the politicians. Henry Kissinger was saying exactly the same thing when he was in power, that within ten years there would not be a hungry child around the globe. And nobody asks these people, "Now five years have passed; at least half the hungry people should have disappeared, because otherwise how, within another five years, are things going to change? Hungry people have doubled. Hunger has not disappeared; Henry Kissinger has disappeared! Who knows where this guy is? And who cares!
Werner Erhard cheated people in every possible way. And the beauty of this is, you cheat people in every possible way. Werner Erhard is a Jew, but he changed his name to a German name because it would be difficult for a Jew to exploit Christians; for that a German name is far better. In some way everything imported is always better.
I used to think that this stupid idea existed only in India, but that is not the case. In America nobody bothers with the American guru, but imported from India? -- he must be a great guru. Of course India cannot export cars and high technology, but it can export great gurus. And it goes on exporting them -- and they all end up in California.
When Sheela was looking for a place for your commune, I told her, "Beware of California; just keep away from California."

She said, "Why?"
I said, "You don't ask why; you just keep away. Just forget that California exists. I don't want to be counted amongst Indian gurus because I am neither an Indian, nor am I a guru." But what can you do with these crackpot media people? They start calling you something and that's what you become.
Where is Werner Erhard now? With hunger disappearing has he also disappeared? Authentic people? -- he left his father, mother, his wife, his children, without even telling them that he was going away. He simply escaped, moving thousands of miles away, changed his name, may have changed his hair-do, clothes, and became Werner Erhard. And his parents, his wife, his children were all dependent on him, they were starving. And he was proposing a hunger project -- "within ten years, hunger will disappear from the world."
These people are not different from politicians -- and cannot be, because this is also a power trip. Things that they are telling people not to do, they have been doing exactly those same things.
Just today I had the news: in Georgia, one Christian priest has been electrocuted on the charge of murdering a man. A Christian priest murdering a man? -- seems to be strange. But this is how your world is. In Minneapolis the archbishop of Minneapolis, who was formerly the president of all American churches, has been caught for drunken driving.

And these are the people.... Now he is behind bars -- the president of the American Catholic priests! And these are the people who are teaching against drugs, against this, against that.
Once this disease, AIDS, spreads -- and it is spreading, it is already epidemic, in America too.... The politicians are keeping quiet, the priests are keeping quiet, because the problem is too big, and nobody seems to have any suggestion as to how to solve it, so it is better to keep silent. But how long can you keep silent?

The problem is spreading, and once it spreads and becomes wider, you will be surprised: the profession that will be the topmost in this business of AIDS will be the priests, the nuns, the monks. They will be on the topmost, the most affected by it, because they have been practicing perverted sex longer than anybody else. California is just new. Those monks and nuns have been living in "California" for centuries.
As it appears to me, the disease is spiritual.
Man has come to a point where he finds the way ends.
Going back is meaningless because all that he has seen, lived, shows him there was nothing in it; it has all proved meaningless. Going back has no meaning; going ahead, there is no road: facing him is the abyss. In this situation if he loses the desire, the will to live, it is not unexpected.
It has been experimentally proved that if a child is not brought up by loving people -- the mother, the father, the other small children in the family -- if the child is not brought up by loving people, you can give him every nourishment but somehow his body goes on shrinking.

You are giving everything necessary -- medical needs are fulfilled, much care is being taken -- but the child goes on shrinking.
Is it a disease? Yes, to the medical mind everything is a disease; something must be wrong. They will go on researching the facts, why it is happening. But it is not a disease.
The child's will to live has not even arisen. It needs loving warmth, joyful faces, dancing children, the warmth of the mother's body -- a certain milieu which makes him feel that life has tremendous treasures to be explored, that there is so much joy, dance, play; that life is not just a desert, that there are immense possibilities.
He should be able to see those possibilities in the eyes around him, in the bodies around him. Only then will the will to live spring up -- it is almost like a spring. Otherwise, he will shrink and die -- not with any physical disease, he will simply shrink and die.
I have been to orphanages; one of my friends, Rekhchand Parekh, in Chanda Maharashtra, used to run an orphanage -- nearabout one hundred to one hundred and ten orphans were there. And orphans would come, two days old, three days old; people would just leave them in front of the orphanage. He wanted me to come to see the orphanage. I said, "Sometime later on I will see it, because I know whatever is there will make me unnecessarily sad."
But he insisted, so one time I went, and what I saw.

... They were taking every care, he was pouring his money on those children, but they were all ready to die just any moment. Doctors were there, nurses were there, medical facilities were there, food was there, everything was there. He had given his own beautiful bungalow -- he had moved to a smaller bungalow -- a beautiful garden and everything was there; but the will to live was not there.
I told him, "These children will go on dying slowly."
He said, "You are telling me? I have been running this orphanage for twelve years; hundreds have died. We have tried every possible way to keep them alive, but nothing seems to work. They go on shrinking and one day simply they are no longer there."
If there was a disease the doctor could help, but there was no disease; simply, the child had no desire to live. When I said this to him, it became clear to him. He immediately, that very day, gave the orphanage to the government, and he said, "I have been trying to help these children for twelve years; now I know it is not possible. What they need I cannot give, so it is better that the government takes

it over."
He said to me, "I had come to this point many times, but I am not an articulate man so I could not figure out what it was. But in a vague way I was feeling that something was missing and that goes on killing them."
AIDs is the same phenomenon at the other end.

The orphan child shrinks and dies because his will to live never sprouts, never springs up, never becomes a flowing current.
AIDs is at the other end:
You suddenly feel you are an existential orphan. This existential feeling of being an orphan causes your will to live to disappear. And when the will to live disappears, sex will be the first thing to be affected because your life starts with sex; it is a by-product of sex.
So while you are living, throbbing, hoping, ambitious, and the tomorrow remains the utopia -- so that you can forget all the yesterdays which were meaningless, you can forget today which is also meaningless... but tomorrow when the sun rises and everything will be different.... All the religions have been giving you that hope.
Those religions have failed.
Although you go on keeping the label -- Christian, Jew, Hindu -- it is only a label. Inside, you have lost hope, the hope has disappeared.
Religions could not help; they were pseudo.
Politicians could not help.
They were never intending to help; it was just a strategy to exploit you.
But how long can this false utopia -- political or religious -- help you? Sooner or later, one day man will become mature; and that's what is happening.
Man is becoming mature, aware that he has been cheated by the priests, by the parents, by the politicians, by the pedagogues.

He has been simply cheated by everybody, and they have been feeding him on false hopes. The day he matures and realizes this, the desire to live falls apart. And the first thing wounded by it will be your sexuality. To me that is AIDS.

When your sexuality starts shrinking you are really hoping that something will happen and you will go into eternal silence, into eternal disappearance. Your resistance is not there. AIDs has no other symptoms except that your resistance goes on dropping. At the most you can live two years if you are fortunate and don't get accidentally infected. Each infection will be incurable, and each infection will be weakening you more and more. Two years is the longest the AIDS patient can live; and he may disappear sometime before that. And no treatment is going to help, because no treatment can bring back your will to live.
What I am doing here is multidimensional.
You are not fully aware of what I am trying to do; perhaps you may become aware only when I am gone.
I am trying to give you, not a hope in the future -- because that has failed:
I am trying to give you a hope herenow. Why bother about tomorrow? -- because tomorrow has not helped. For centuries the tomorrow has been keeping you somehow dragging, and it has failed you so many times that now you cannot go on clinging to it. That would be sheer stupidity.

Those who are clinging to it still are only proving that they are retarded in their minds.
I am trying to make this very moment fulfillment, a contentment so deep that there is no need for the will to live.

The will to live is needed because you are not alive.
The will keeps picking you up: you go on slipping down, the will keeps picking you up. I am not trying to give you a new will to live, I am simply trying to teach you to live without any will, to live joyously.
And everybody is capable of living joyously.
It is the tomorrow that goes on poisoning you.
Forget yesterdays, forget tomorrows.
This is our day!
Let us celebrate it and live it.
And just by living it you will be strong enough so that without the will to live you will be able to resist all kinds of diseases, all suicidal attitudes.
Just being fully alive is such a power that not only can you live, you can make others aflame, afire.
This has been a well-known fact.... When there are great epidemics have you not wondered why the doctors, the nurses and others don't get infected? They are human beings just like you, and they are overworked, more vulnerable to infection because they are continually tired.
When there is an epidemic you cannot insist on a five-hour day or six-hour day, and a five-day week. An epidemic is an epidemic; it does not bother about your holidays and your overtime.

You have to work -- people work sixteen hours, eighteen hours, every day, for months. Still, the doctors, the nurses, the Red Cross people, they don't get infected.
What is the problem? Why are others getting infected? These are similar kinds of people. If just having a Red Cross on your shirt... then put the Red Cross on everybody's shirt; on every house, the Red Cross. If the Red Cross is preventing infection it would be so easy -- but that is not the thing.
No, these people are so much involved in helping others, they don't have any tomorrow. This moment is so involving, they don't have any yesterday. They don't have any time to think, or even worry, "I may get infected." Their involvement.... When millions of people are dying, can you think of yourself, and your life, and your death? Your whole energy is moving to help people, to do whatever you can do. You have forgotten yourself, and because you have forgotten yourself you cannot be infected. The person who could have been infected is absent: he is so involved in doing something, he in so lost is some work.
It does not matter whether you are painting or sculpting, or you are serving a dying human being -- it does not matter what you are doing, what matters is: Are you totally involved in the herenow? If you are involved in the herenow you are completely out of the area where infection is possible.

When you are so much involved, your life becomes such a torrential force. And you will see: even a lazy doctor, in a time of epidemic, when hundreds of people are dying, suddenly forgets his laziness. An old doctor suddenly forgets his age.
There have been cases... one case I know personally. In Raipur where I was a professor for a few months, a house caught fire. Raipur is a hot area, a dry area, and it is an everyday thing, houses catching fire. It was very close to the bungalow where I was living, so I ran there. And what I found was that nobody was interested in the house that was burning, everybody was interested in something else.
I somehow made my way in the crowd to see what was the matter. The matter was that a woman who was paralyzed for three years had suddenly come running out. She forgot her paralysis! The moment people told her, "What are you doing?

You are not supposed to run, you can't even walk. For three years you have been in bed" -- when people said that, she fell immediately.
I went into the crowd and I told the woman, "Just try to understand a simple fact. It is good that the house is burned; it has made one thing clear -- that you are not paralyzed. Somehow you have lost the will to live." I brought her to my bungalow.

Her husband had died and on that very day she became paralyzed. It was really a shock, because in India, losing a husband means losing your life; you cannot get married again.

She was young, not more than thirty. For her whole life, fifty years perhaps, she has to live alone, with no child.
She had been working, somehow cleaning people's houses, washing their clothes, but there was no energy in it. While her husband remained alive, although he was sick for at least three years, she continued to work. But the signs were clear that the husband was disappearing. The doctors were hiding it, but you cannot hide-she could see the person was disappearing.
She managed the work somehow to feed her husband and to feed herself. But the day he died she feel ill, and since then for three years she had not risen from the bed; she was paralyzed. Now people were just giving whatsoever they could manage, and she was living on that. She was a beggar. I brought her to my place and I tried to explain to her, "If it was paralysis, whether the house was on fire or not would make no difference. Paralysis cannot understand that the house is on fire, to leave you alone at least for a few minutes and then come back." I asked her, "What happened?"
She said, "I don't know what happened. The moment I saw the house was on fire, I simply forgot everything else: I had to run out." That brought her into the moment. The past, the husband -- dead, alive -- all the misery, all the suffering; the future, fifty years still to be carried on somehow.... This whole ugliness simply disappeared in a single flash! She ran out.

She was herenow. The fire brought her whole being focused -- in the moment.
I told her, "That's what is needed. Don't be bothered by idiots. If this place will not allow you to get married, I will arrange to send you somewhere else. I have friends all over the country; I can send you anywhere. You are beautiful, young -- you can get married, you can live again."
First she was not willing because it was against the tradition and convention. But I am not a person to leave somebody. If I get it into my heart, then.... I dropped everything else. My professors and students said, "Why are you after that woman? Forget about it if she is not willing."
I said, "That is not the question. I know what she wants, but she is not courageous; I just have to persuade her. And it is a challenge to me I am going to persuade her. Till I see her married and settled there will be no peace for me."
And I managed it within eight days, not more than that. The servant who was working with me, seeing my trouble, one morning said, "Sir, if you are so worried, I cannot sleep either. If I can be of any help, I am ready."
I said, "Do you understand what you are saying?"
He said, "If you tell me to jump into the well I will jump, but please, I cannot see you so troubled. I am ready." So I got that woman married to my servant, and just to protect her I moved her to my house.

Of course she was married to my servant so I just said, "Move in." And I was living alone in a big house which the government provides for the professors, so I said, "You live happily. I am alone -- in fact the house is yours, I am confined

to my room. The whole house you enjoy." And she blossomed. When after six months I left that place, she was a totally different woman. And with her, her husband also was so happy.
He said, "I married her out of compassion, and out of concern for you that you may become ill or something. But she turned out to be a jewel. Now I love her, and I will remain grateful to you for my whole life because I had never thought about marriage. I am such a poor man, somehow managing my own food. To get married, and then to have children, then where to get the house, all the problems.... You solved all the problems."
I said, "Don't leave this house, continue to live in it. I am trying to contact the other professor who is coming and I will explain the situation to him. He is also alone so there is not much trouble -- and if needed I will stay. When he comes, I will first convince him to be here and let you live here, and then I will go."
But on the phone he agreed. He said, "If this is the situation -- and I don't need a whole house because I am alone just like you."
I said, "That is perfectly good. And you will be here for at least five or six years.

I cannot stay; otherwise I would have asked the government to let me live here. I have been posted wrongly. I have no work in this college because my qualifications are totally different. They don't need these qualifications; and the qualifications they need, I don't have."
The principal from the very first day wanted me to go back. I said, "I am not going back. And it is not your business: if the minister of education has appointed me here, let him realize his mistake when he realizes it. For the time being why shouldn't I enjoy it? And remember perfectly well that he is my friend. If you try to create any trouble for me, instead of my transfer, your transfer will happen."
He phoned -- his clerk told me that he phoned -- the clerk of the education minister and asked, "Are these two people friends?"
He said, "They are friends. You could have understood it immediately because never before has the order been given directly to the person." The order has to go by post to the person, and the original has to go by post to the institute. Unless the institute receives the order the person cannot come and say, 'I have got the order.'
I brought both orders with me. I had told the education minister, "What nonsense! -- by post it will take six days." And sometimes in India you never know....
I told him, "I know a case: between Jabalpur and Katni -- eighty miles.

.. the letter took thirty-six years to travel eighty miles. Both the persons died -- the one who wrote and the one to whom the letter was written. After thirty years the letter was returned stating, 'the man is dead.' But when it reached there the postman wrote on it, 'There is nobody to receive it -- the man is dead.' It was published in all the newspapers about that great journey, eighty miles! If the envelope had just walked on feet, it would have reached long ago. Thirty-six years!"
So I said, "Don't waste time, just give me both the orders. And you can believe your post office, your postman, but you can't believe me?"
He said, "No, this is not a question of belief -- just bureaucracy."
I said, "Don't mention bureaucracy. I am here; you give me both orders." In fact, I took both orders from his table and I told him to sign; he had to sign. That's how the mistake happened, because if it had gone through the bureaucracy they might have found out that this man was not for this college, this man had been selected for another college; so it was just a misplacement.
The man who had been selected for this college reached the place I was meant tO go to. He asked me, "What should be done?"

I said, "You enjoy it there, I will enjoy it here. Till they find it out themselves you need not inform anybody. You just keep quiet, it has nothing to do with you.

The government sends you -- let the government find it out." It took them six months; just such a small thing... six months. But it was impossible for me then to prolong my postponement so I told the man to come. He was a nice fellow: after two years I visited once, and he had kept my servant and his wife more respectfully than I had. And they were so happy, there was no question.
I asked her, "Has paralysis happened any time?"
She said, "No, no, paralysis, not at all. For these two years I have not even had a common cold. No sickness has happened."
AIDs to me is an existential sickness, that's why the medical profession is going to be in tremendous difficulty unless they try to understand the very root. And for that, medicine will not help; only meditation can help.
Only meditation can release your energy herenow.
And then there is no need for any hope, for any utopia, for any paradise anywhere.
Each moment is a paradise unto itself.
But as far as my qualifications are concerned, I am not qualified to say anything about AIDS. I have never even taken the course on first aid.
So please forgive my entering into something which is not my business. But I go on doing that, and I am going to continue to do that.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
YOU SAY THE RAJNEESHEES NEED TO BE UNORTHODOX, UNTRADITIONAL, UNCONVENTIONAL. IT IS CLEAR WHAT THIS MEANS IN A WORLD FULL OF TRADITIONS AND CONVENTIONS, BUT IN YOUR COMMUNE I FIND IT MORE DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU SPEAK ABOUT THE FLAVOR OF REBELLION IN YOUR COMMUNE?

THE question is very significant. It reminds me of Bertrand Russell's paradox which I talked about a few days before. It will be good to remember it again.
Bertrand Russell became famous because of this paradox; before it he was not known outside Great Britain, and there too only as a very young, intelligent philosopher. But with this paradox he entered into the highest ranks of world philosophers. The paradox was sent to a mathematician, Freger, who was working his whole life on a single theme: he wanted to prove that mathematics can be without any paradox. And he had almost come to the conclusion of his immensely valuable thesis; at that very time Bertrand Russell sent this paradox to him.
It is very simple and yet as complex as only simple things can be. The paradox is, that the government of Great Britain asked all the libraries of the country to make a catalogue of all the books in their library, keep a copy of the catalogue in their library, and send the original copy of the catalogue to the central library of Great Britain. Almost every librarian was puzzled by the end of the catalogue.

The problem faced by every librarian was whether or not to include the catalogue in the catalogue. The order was clear: all the books in the library have to be included in the catalogue. A copy of the catalogue is going to remain in the library; hence, it should be included in it. But to include the catalogue itself in

itself seemed to be absurd.
The catalogue should be outside; while it is being prepared it is not a book in the library -- how can you include a book of the future? The order is only to include the books that are in the library. But the problem becomes difficult because once the catalogue is ready and it goes, one book in the library will remain uncatalogued.
So a few librarians chose the first alternative, a few chose the second alternative; a few included it, a few did not include it. These hundreds of catalogues came to the central national library. Now the librarian was very much in trouble, because he was ordered by the government to make a master catalogue only of those catalogues which don't include themselves.
To separate them was not difficult. He piled those catalogues on one side which had included the catalogue in itself. He piled on the other side the other kind of catalogues, in which only other books were included, the catalogue was not included. Now, he was ordered to make a master catalogue only of those catalogues which didn't include themselves.

He was in a terrible mess.
The problem was again the same: He made the catalogue; now, whether to include this catalogue in the master catalogue or not? The problem had become now more complex. If he does not include the catalogue then one catalogue which does not include itself in it is left out. The order is clear -- the catalogues which do not include themselves are to be in the catalogue.
So the first problem is, if he does not include it then the order is not fulfilled; one catalogue of the same category has been left out. On the other hand, if he includes it then he is not fulfilling the order rightly. He is including one catalogue which includes itself in the master catalogue which is supposed to have only those catalogues which do not include themselves.
Russell sent this paradox to Freger and asked him what his suggestion was as to what should be done. "You are the master authority on dissolving paradoxes, it is a mathematical question." Freger was shattered -- his whole life's work was finished. He was a world famous mathematician... but he did not publish the books which he had finished, in which he had proved that a man-made system is possible without paradoxes, because this paradox.... His masterpiece, his thesis on mathematics, was published posthumously, when he died, because he refused to publish it. What would he answer to Bertrand Russell?
I remind you because this is actually the question.

I have been telling you to be rebellious, not to be orthodox, not to be conventional; be individual, a rebel. The problem is, What to do in this commune of rebels? It is exactly the same problem.
If you are in tune with everybody in the commune, you are no longer a rebel; you have become part of the society, part of a group, part of an organization. Where is your rebellion? You have become orthodox. And I am against your being orthodox.
The second alternative is to rebel, but to rebel against rebellious people can only mean that you become again orthodox, conventional.
It is the same paradox. Paradoxes are all the same; you just have to find out where the similarity is. But to me there is no paradox because I am not Freger. Nobody can shatter me. I am not Bertrand Russell. I can see something more in life than mathematics and philosophy.
Paradoxes exist only in man's mind.
If you have the insight of no-mind there are no paradoxes at all.
All mind systems will have paradoxes, you cannot avoid them. Sooner or later you will stumble upon the paradox in every man-made system.

But there is something which is not man-made:
Existence.
Existence is absolutely beyond paradoxes.
In fact it is something that is not only beyond paradoxes but which enjoys paradoxes, contradictions, and makes a harmony out of contradictions.

Contradictions turn into complementaries.
Only one man in the whole history of America has my respect, and that man is Walt Whitman. I don't consider any other American to be of much worth. But Walt Whitman belongs to the giants of world history.
He is reported to have said one thing which is also true of life, existence. Just the way I have been told again and again that "your statements are contradictory," he was told again and again that "your statements are contradictory."
In response he said, "Yes, I am contradictory because I am vast enough to contain contradictions. You are little, you cannot contain contradictions; that's why you are so much troubled. I am not troubled; I am vast enough, contradictions can coexist in me."
What Walt Whitman is saying is exactly the case with existence. It is so vast, so infinite, that contradictions lose their contradictoriness, they become complementaries.
Take this question: you can look at it as a paradox; then it is exactly another form of Bertrand Russell's paradox. If you rebel you are wrong, because you become orthodox; if you don't rebel you are wrong because you have become orthodox already. But this is only in the mind. Put the mind aside and look into reality.
This commune is not an organization in the sense in which organizations exist. It is not a Catholic church, it is not a communist party.

Organizations have a certain structure, a bureaucracy, a hierarchy.
Here you listen to me, who is nobody.
I am not even part of your commune, I am just a tourist, not even a resident. This house is not my residence, just a guesthouse. I don't have any status in your commune. I am not the head of your commune, the chief I am nobody; even my name is not part. I would have loved to be in red robes, but I have simply avoided it just to make it clear that I am not in any way part of you.
Still you have listened to me who has no power. I cannot enforce anything on you, I cannot order you, I cannot give you commandments. My talks are just exactly that, only talks. I am grateful to you, that you listen to me; to accept what I say or not to accept it is your business. To listen to it, or not to listen to it, is your decision. Your individuality is in no way interfered with.
So the first thing in the organization is missing: the head is missing. And that is the most important thing; when the head is missing you won't even call somebody alive. This organization has a totally different meaning. It is more literally concerned with the origin of the word: it comes from "organ."
Your hand is your organ, your eyes are your organs, your legs are your organs; your whole body consists of millions of organs. Millions of cells are in the small skull, each a living organism.

Who is controlling your body? Your body is an organization -- who is controlling your body? Nobody. There is no one whose order is the law. It functions perfectly well; even when you are asleep it continues to function.
Even if you are in a coma, for months unconscious, your body continues to function. Each cell goes on functioning, each nerve goes on functioning, goes on doing its work. It is a miracle that without there being any bureaucracy, without there being any regimentation, any controlling system, the body goes on

functioning perfectly well.
In fact, if you interfere then the functioning is not perfect. For example, you can try one day.... You have never thought about it: you go on eating all kinds of things, and once they go down your throat you never bother about them, about what happens to them. You think the real work is finished -- it has only begun. The real work is not eating and swallowing, the real work is after that. And it is tremendous.
It goes on so silently -- no noise, no quarrel, no strike, no problem. All food is being separated, divided, being sent to different parts where it is needed. Blood is continuously carrying all nourishment to every corner of the body and in return taking back all the used remains which are of no more use -- dead cells, taking them back.
How does the blood decide what is nourishment, and what has to be sent to a particular spot and delivered there? And what is dead, used, is dangerous if it is left in the system, because it will become poisonous it has to be taken out as quickly as possible and delivered to the place from where it can be thrown out of the body.

You are throwing out in many ways all that is dangerous inside the body, not only through defecation and urination and perspiration -- no, there are so many other ways.
Your hairs are dead cells. That's why when you cut your hair you are not hurt. Cut another part of your body, and you will know! The hairs are dead, they are dead cells. Your nails are dead cells; a certain kind of dead cell, which cannot be thrown in any other way, is being thrown in this way.
The whole body is the true meaning of"organism."
A commune is an organism.
In that sense it is an organization.
So first you have to understand that the commune consists of rebels. And no idiot can be a rebel, only a very intelligent person can be a rebel. For the idiot, the stupid, the mediocre, it is easier to remain with the orthodox conventions, traditions; with the crowd, with the mob.
To be a rebel means you are going on your own:
You are leaving the crowd.
You need courage, you need intelligence.
You have to be a gambler:
You enjoy risking even your very life.
And my commune consists only of rebels.
Now, when intelligent people are together there is no need of any hierarchy. There is no need of anybody telling you "right turn, left turn, turn about, forward march." That kind of thing is needed for retarded people.

I have heard of a philosopher in the second world war -- everybody had to be a participant in the war. This poor philosopher was also asked to go to war. He said, "I am absolutely useless because I cannot do anything before I think about it deeply, profoundly."
They said, "You can think, there is no need to worry, but you have to go to war."
He went. The first day, the drill started. "Left turn!" Everybody turned left, but the philosopher remained standing as he was. He was asked, "Why are you not turning left?" He said, "Why should I turn? I don't see any reason. I am really puzzled why so many people have turned, just because you say, 'Turn left!' First tell me, What is the reason why we should turn left? Why not right?"
The brigadier said, "Are you are a fool or something? I am saying, 'Turn left!"'
The philosopher said, "You can say anything, that does not mean that I have to

do it."
The brigadier left him standing, and ordered people to turn right, to turn this way and that. And finally they were all facing the same way again. Then the philosopher said, "I don't see the point. I have been standing in this position the whole time! These poor chaps have been turning around and around, and finally they have come to the same state where I have always been."
The brigadier inquired at the office, "What to do with this man? What reason can I give him why he has to turn left? This is a training, but that man seems to be strange; he says, 'But why should I be trained to turn left? What is special in the left? And in the first place I don't see the point of any training: I am a trained man.

I am a professor, I am a philosopher -- the whole world knows my name. I am a trained man -- what training are you giving me?"'
The brigadier asked headquarters. They said, "We were aware that there may be some trouble. You send that fellow -- he is a philosopher -- you send him to the mess. Let him do something else, vegetable chopping or something else. You cannot argue with him, you cannot convince him -- there is not time enough. He may take years or lives to be convinced. And he will need a greater professor, greater philosopher than he is. It is beyond you; you just train your idiots, those who never ask why."
The philosopher was sent to the mess. The chief in the mess said, "What kind of work can you do here?"
He said, "I can do thinking. I don't do any other kind of work."
The officer said, "Thinking? What are we going to do with thinking in the mess? But if you are sent, then something has to be done. You do one thing. These peas are here; you make two piles -- bigger peas on one side, smaller peas on the other side."
And you come again to the paradox of Bertrand Russell.... After half an hour, the officer returned and the philosopher was sitting exactly as he had left him and the peas were Lying exactly as he had left them. He had not even touched a single pea. The chief said, "What are you doing? Half an hour has passed, here are the piles?"
The philosopher said, "I have not been told where I have to put the peas which are not big, not small, just the middle size.

And I am figuring it out. I am looking at the peas; two piles won't do. Even three won't do even five won't do. In fact each pea has its own pile because there is no other pea exactly like it. How can I make a pile? In fact they are perfectly fine as they are, individual. No two peas are similar, they have never been similar, will never be similar."
My commune is an organism rather than an organization.
We are intelligent people:
There is no need for anybody else to tell you what to do, how to do.
Your intelligence is your responsibility.
Nobody is going to force any responsibility on you. But I know why the question arises -- because you have been trained from your very childhood.
Just now I was reading about a woman, Judith Martin. She is well known in America as Miss Manners. She is the topmost authority on manners, etiquette, and particularly how to train children. She says that each child is a savage, and you have to teach him as early as possible. And what are the methods of teaching? Two methods: example and nagging. Nagging is a method of teaching children manners....
And what is the purpose of this teaching, this training? So that the child can manage to be diplomatic, can have a face that works in the society, can be

successful in business, in politics. Train him, she says, so he will be able to use others as means.

And of the things that she says the child has to be trained in, one was particularly striking -- that even in such small details the child is not to be left free: when he goes to sleep, he should sleep with half of his face uncovered. Why? So that visitors, guests, can see whom he looks like. Even this has to be taught! He is not free even to cover his face or not to cover his face; he should cover half of his face.

That was very striking. I can understand half uncovered for the guests so that they can see whom he looks like, but why cover half? Why not leave the whole face uncovered so the guest can actually see completely, perfectly? No, half has to be covered because that helps people's imagination. In fact no child looks like anybody, you have to project. And guests, if half is covered, are in a better position to project.

You can imagine about a man or a woman's body when it is covered. When the man or woman is standing naked in front of you, you can have a look; there is no need for imagination. How long can you stare? -- and you look silly. But when a woman or man's body is half covered, covered in such a way that gives scope for imagination.... That's why in PLAYBOY magazine and in all obscene literature, pornographic photographs, magazines, you will see one thing: they don't allow you the complete nudity of the woman or the man.

In many ways they keep a few parts hidden; even if the woman is naked she will be sitting or Lying in such a way that you will be able to see only part of her.

That which you see is not pornography, that which you are not allowed to see, there is the real pornography. The real art of pornography is to keep parts hidden from you which trigger your imagination.

For twenty years, Miss Manners has been teaching American children and their parents all kinds of nonsense. And this has been happening around the world for centuries; this Miss Manners is not new. Everything has to be taught because it has been accepted that the child is basically a savage -- to be more frank, basically evil -- so he has to be put right.

You all have been fixed, put right. So when you become part of a commune like this, the question arises are you to be orthodox here too? I am telling you continually to rebel -- but to rebel against whom? because all here are rebellious people.

One thing -- rebellion is not something that you have to do; it is an approach, an attitude. The attitude is that you will respect yourself as an individual and you will respect everybody else in the same way. Nobody is lower than you, nobody is higher than you, remember. It is very easy to accept the idea that nobody is higher than you. But that is not rebellion, that is jealousy. Communism is not rebellion, it is jealousy.

Rebellion is when you accept that nobody is higher than you, nobody is lower than you. In fact, the categories of lower and higher are inapplicable.

Each individual is so unique that it is not possible to compare two persons. So how can you put somebody higher and somebody lower? -- they are so different and so unique.

Communism is not rebellion. That's why I continuously try to make the distinction between the words revolution and rebellion.

Revolution is orthodox, it is nothing new.

There have been many revolutions in the world, and every revolution has been very orthodox in its functioning. Whether it was the French revolution, or the

Russian revolution, or the Chinese revolution, you can see the pattern there working. There is no uniqueness, it is all the same. And in the end they all fail also in the same way. They succeed in the same way; they fail in the same way.
What is revolutionary about revolution?
And what is the base of all these revolutions?
It is always jealousy.
It is not intelligence, it is a reaction.
A few people have money, many people don't have money. Those who don't have money are boiling within. They also want to have money but they don't have the talent or the opportunity to manage to become rich. Then their jealousy turns into a great ideology, that there should be no classes at all, there should be nobody rich, nobody poor.
But how many people are rich? For example, in Russia when the revolution happened, only two percent of the people were rich; ninety-eight percent of the people were poor.

Now what are you going to do? Two percent of the people are rich -- you can distribute their wealth. But the small amount of the wealth of two percent of the people distributed to ninety-eight percent of the population does not make anyone richer. Yes, they all become equally poor.
All that revolution succeeds in doing is, it makes two percent of the people more poor. Whereas before only ninety-eight percent of the people were poor, now one hundred percent of the people are poor. But this gives tremendous satisfaction to the ninety-eight percent because they dragged those two percent down to their level. They are still poor -- perhaps more poor than before, because in the revolution wealth was not distributed but destroyed.
I had never heard the name Portland before I read a book in 1950 by John Reed: TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD. It was because of John Reed that I came to know Portland. John Reed was born in Portland, lived in Portland, was a journalist in Portland. I have read thousands of books but I can say John Reed's book stands separate in its own glory. He was really a courageous man. He went from Portland to Russia to witness the actual revolution.
And the book is a masterpiece. He was not a communist then but whatever he saw he described, and it is certainly one of the greatest descriptions, an eyewitness description.
When the people entered the czar's palace, he could not believe what they were doing.

In the czar's palace there were perhaps more valuable things than in any other palace in the world. All kings were paupers compared to the Russian czar. The carpets were so valuable that nowhere were there such carpets available. They were specially made by craftsmen from the Middle East who had worked their whole life in making those carpets.
And what were the people doing? They were distributing... they were cutting up those carpets -- because how can you distribute those huge carpets made for huge halls? People were cutting whatsoever they could manage to get -- a piece, something like a souvenir.
There were paintings -- people were tearing paintings. Somebody was taking just the frame because the frame was gold, pure gold, solid gold. But the painting was far more valuable than the gold; the frame was only a frame. Somebody else... but it was such a crowd. You could not take the whole of the painting alone, there were so many people tearing it away from you, trying to get hold of it.
John Reed says at one place, "I was just watching -- what is happening? This is distribution? This is destruction! Nobody is getting anything, just a beautiful

palace is being destroyed. Immensely valuable statues are being broken. People are tearing apart great chandeliers and taking pieces. Nobody can prevent it, it is now a mob. Where are the leaders? And who is going to listen to the leaders in such a situation?"
And this was happening all over the country.

He saw that everywhere houses were being burned. The czar's whole family, including a six-month-old child -- in all, nineteen people -- were burned alive. Now, what was the crime of a six-month-old baby? Just that he was born in the family of the czar? That was just accidental he could have been adopted by somebody. And what was the reason to kill the czar also?
You were going to distribute wealth, not kill people. And now the czar is no longer the czar, you are in power: he is nobody, just a prisoner. What was the point of killing these people -- women, old women, children -- who have nothing left? You have taken everything from them -- now life also has to be distributed?
I remember one time in Jabalpur.... Jabalpur w as one of the most vulnerable cities for Hindu -- mohammedan riots because both communities were almost equally balanced. And strangely, the division of the city was such that the Mohammedan community lived in almost half of the town and the Hindu community in the other half So riots were very simple and easy. It was almost every two, three years that there would be a riot.
Anybody can create one, it is so simple. Somebody can just go and play on a flute before a mosque, and escape. That's enough! Music before a mosque is enough to trigger a riot in which hundreds of people will be killed, houses will be burned. Or just kill a cow before a Hindu temple in the night, and in the morning there is going to be a riot.

It was anybody's... whoever has some vested interest in some riot will do it. And then the mob takes over.
I was in a bookstore... the bookstore was on the first floor sol could see from there what was happening on the street below. And there was no way to leave so I had to simply wait and see. There was, across the street, a big, the biggest watch company of Jabalpur, and people were taking watches, clocks.
One man, a Gandhian, was trying to say, "Don't fight! Hindus and Mohammedans are all brothers. Mahatma Gandhi has been telling us that both the religions are the same." But he was seeing also that people were taking things; nobody was listening to him.
Who bothers about such sermons in such a place where you can get a beautiful watch or a clock or anything, just free? It was yours, you just had to find it. And I saw in the end that man... nothing was left, just an old grandfather clock which was so heavy nobody had bothered to take it; he was carrying that.
I had to come down, and I asked, "What happened?"
He said, "What to do? Nobody listens, I was just losing out. So I thought, 'The sermon I can give again, but only one clock is left there."'
"But," I said, "that doesn't look right for you. You are a Gandhian, dressed in a Gandhi white robe."
He said, "That's all right, but one has to look to one's business too."

Who is going to listen to leaders and their sermons once the mob takes over? Then it is all destruction, fire.
So I don't think they have been able to distribute any wealth in Russia. Yes, They have been able to destroy those two percent of the people. And the ninety-eight percent felt very happy; and since then they have not felt any jealousy because all people are equally poor.
This kind of revolution I don't call a revolution, it is nothing. It is just that you get

fed up with one system, with one imprisonment, and you enter another prison; it is only a change. Hence, I use the word rebellion to make the distinction.
Rebellion is individual.
Revolution is collective.
You need a communist party for a Russian revolution. Without the communist party you cannot make the revolution. To be a rebel, you don't need to first organize a communist party.
You can be a rebel this very moment, the moment you understand that you have been forced by the society; that these Miss Manners and all kinds of stupid people have forced you to become what you are. This is not your reality, this is a facade, painted, created around you, and you have been carrying your own prison everywhere. You simply throw it out. You say, "To hell with Judith Martin and her kind!"
Rebellion is individual.
Hence, only very intelligent people can be rebels.

Revolution is the same mob; the mob that was going to the church starts going to the communist party office. It is the same mob, the same mob mind; they have just changed their church. Now they don't look towards the Vatican, now they look towards the Kremlin; but there is no change. Now, their old trinity of God, the son, and the Holy Ghost, they have dropped; they have chosen a new trinity. Marx, Engels, Lenin -- that is their trinity.
They have their religion -- materialism is their religion. They have an orthodox attitude. Those who were a little bit rebellious... for example, a man like Kerensky, who was the prime minister of Soviet Russia before the revolution.
He died just ten years ago in New York. For all these sixty years nobody even knew where Kerensky had disappeared to; he was running a grocery store in New York. He had to escape from Russia -- not only to escape, he had to hide in such a way that nobody came to know that he was the prime minister under the czar.
He was a very intelligent man, and it was not that he was against communism.
Lenin was not as intelligent a person as Kerensky -- that was the trouble.
Kerensky had said, "Karl Marx was right in his time, but things have changed, and we have to change the Marxian ideology according to the times. We cannot change the times according to the Marxian ideology; we cannot move the clock backwards.

We can make Marx up to date but we cannot change the world and make it according to Karl Marx."
And he was perfectly right. But he was an intellectual, and the mob does not understand the fine, delicate subtleties of thinking and ideology. The masses went with Lenin because he was a great orator -- not a great intellectual, but a great orator. And the mediocre people are not interested in the argument, they are interested in how loudly, how forcibly, how emphatically the person goes on saying his thing. They are interested in authoritativeness. Lenin was an authoritative person.
It is strange authoritative people have always influenced the masses. Now what has Jesus got as an intelligent argument for his philosophy? Not a single word, just authoritative statements: "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Now please give us the detailed argument, the procedure why, how? Why are the poor blessed?
It does not seem so; they are the cursed, the wretched of the earth, and you are calling them blessed -- please give some reasoning. And if they are so blessed, why does God make them poor? And why should He make His blessed people wait till after death to inherit the kingdom of God? Why not give them the

kingdom of God right now? Are they not poor enough yet? Do you want them to become more blessed? For what are you waiting? But there is no argument.

In the whole gospel of Jesus there is not a single reasoning for what he is saying. But the "greatest" religion of the world comes out of this man. Certainly he had some authoritative impact on people.
People are not interested in very intelligent things because they can't understand them. They are impressed by Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, Mao Tse-tung, Joseph Stalin -- all authoritative people. None of them can be said to be above average intelligence; in fact they are below average intelligence. Adolf Hitler cannot have more than the mental age of a thirteen-year-old boy. But people are impressed. Revolutions have been created by authoritative people. And authoritative people are orthodox people. Yes, they are against the old orthodoxy, but they create new orthodoxy. And the new orthodoxy seems to be a revolution. It is not, it is simply changing your handcuffs.
You will have different handcuffs, perhaps better manufactured, more beautiful looking, more ornamental -- but handcuffs are handcuffs, and soon you will realize that the old ones were easier to break because they were already rotten and very old. These new ones it is impossible to get out of; they are well manufactured, well engineered, they are more scientific. Now, in Russia, try to make a revolution....
In czarist Russia, revolution was possible because it was an old, very old, ancient empire, tottering, just needing an excuse to be finished.

But the new empire that is now communistic is fresh, young, with all high technology behind it -- well organized, because it knows what happened to the czar; it won't allow the same to happen to it.
Every revolution dies into another orthodoxy.
It has been always so.
That's why I am not for revolution:
I am for rebellion.
Rebellion is individual.
But when many rebels are there and they want to live together, respecting each other's individuality, each other's freedom, each other's uniqueness -- that's the meaning of a commune. It is not a society. It is not an establishment. It is not an organization in the old sense.
A commune is a communion of individuals who have all rebelled against all kinds of stupidities, superstitions. That is their meeting point. But that does not mean that they create an alternative society, another establishment. Then it would only be revolution.
Try to understand the difference clearly. If they don't create any establishment, and start living intelligently together, howsoever difficult it is -- it is going to be a little difficult; otherwise why have people chosen to make organizations and establishments? -- because it is less difficult.
The trend all over the world is to replace man with the machine, because the machine is more convenient. It never asks for more wages, bonuses, it never goes on strike, never tries to make a trade union; it is very convenient.

So everywhere, man is being shifted out of employment; the machine is taking his place.
Soon you will see that people will be paid if they are ready to remain unemployed. If they are ready to give their place to the machine, they will be paid for it. It is going to happen in the advanced countries very soon because machines can do better work than you, more work than you. There is no question

of a five-hour, six-hour, seven-hour day, or a five-day week, four-day week; there is no question. And no trouble -- if something goes wrong once in a while, you change the part.
With man there is constant trouble. Establishments, organizations, societies, were created to cut down the trouble, make it less and less. But to cut that trouble you have to begin just as Judith Martin says: "From the very beginning the savage child has to be civilized, nagging is the method."
The woman has some nerve! She says nagging is the method. I don't think... what happened to her husband? I don't think that he could have survived; either he would have escaped, or died, or perhaps he would have become a robot. While sleeping he will cover half his face so everybody can know whose husband....
All around the globe people had to create these systems just to create a convenient way to live together; otherwise, if all people are left alone, on their own, there will be chaos. Now, there are two ways.

... Yes, there will be chaos if people are not intelligent; but if people are intelligent, there will be a chaos -- but a chaos out of which stars are born, a chaos which is creative. A certain anarchy will happen but it will not be destructive.
I am an anarchist.
I basically believe in the individual.
I don't believe in the society at all.
I don't believe in civilization, in culture. I simply believe in the individual.
I don't believe in the state, I don't believe in the government. I don't want any government in the world, any state in the world.
I simply want intelligent people to live harmoniously out of their intelligence. And if they cannot live out of intelligence, it is better to die than to become robots, to become machines, to be nagged and to be imprisoned in all kinds of slavery. It is better to be finished. We should live intelligently, and our order will come out of our intelligence, not vice versa.
That's what has been tried before; enforce order so that people can function intelligently. Now, that is absolutely stupid. Once you enforce order you destroy intelligence, you destroy even the possibility of it ever growing. There is no need.

I say, Live intelligently, even at the risk of disappearing from the earth. What harm will it be? If Hindus are not there, Mohammedans are not there, Christians are not there; if nobody goes to the church, and nobody goes to the temple, what harm?
The birds will be there, the deer will be there, the horses will there -- and they will be enjoying, really, that man is gone.

There will be such a celebration that even trees will be dancing; they will forget that they are rooted and they cannot dance, they are not supposed to dance. They will dance if they come to know that man is gone.
Man has been a calamity, a curse to existence.
Rebellion means making man a blessing to existence, not a curse.
It is a risky step, but there is no gain without any risk. And this is such a tremendous change, almost a discontinuity with the past -- not any modified form of the past society, just a totally fresh and new society.
There is no paradox. Here you have to be a rebel, but your rebellion does not mean that you have to go against something which is intelligent, intelligible. You rebel against any stupidity. Any idiocy that happens in the commune, you rebel against it. That is your responsibility, to be on guard that no stupidity, no superstition, starts getting its roots within you. Be alert.

But rebellion does not mean that you have to be unnecessarily destructive just to prove that you are a rebel; otherwise, somebody may think that you look very orthodox: two days have passed and you have not rebelled even once! Rebellion is not something that you have to do every day. It is not some kind of exercise, like going for a morning walk.
Rebellion is your attitude of looking at things, of watching things; what is happening in you and what is happening around you.

No rust should be allowed to settle. Your sword of intelligence should remain shining, that's all. And everybody is keeping his own sword shining, nobody else is keeping your sword shining. Here, nobody is his brother's keeper. You have to be on your own so orthodoxy cannot enter
Bertrand Russell's paradox is mathematical, it is not existential. He should have asked me; he asked the wrong person, Freger -- because even in that mathematical question there is a way out. All that is needed is simply that a catalogue should not be counted as a book, a catalogue is not a book. It is only a question of definition. That poor Freger unnecessarily got disturbed.
He should have simply said, "A catalogue is not a book, because a book has some message, some ideology, some philosophy. What ideology, what message, has a catalogue? A catalogue is only a list, a list of books. Now the list itself cannot be a book."
That is so simple, but what to do? Freger was a great mathematician, Bertrand Russell was a great mathematician and philosopher. I am nobody. But it is always from people who are nobodies that you can find the answers to life. These other people are all stuck with words. They got stuck with the word book; it would have been so simple just to change the definition.
In India there was a situation.... In the Himalayas there is a wild cow, it is called NILGAI 'blue cow'; it has a bluish tinge to its white color.

It is wild and dangerous. It looks like a cow but don't be too much impressed by the word cow. It is not a cow, it is more like a wolf; but it looks like a cow, so its name is cow.
In the Indian parliament there was a problem because the population of these blue cows was increasing so fast and they were coming down from the Himalayas to the plains, destroying people's crops; and they are so dangerous that they were killing people. Their horns are such that they just put their horns into your chest, and their horns will go right through your chest and come out your back. You are finished in a single attack.
People were so afraid.... The cows never used to come down to the plains -- they remained in the Himalayas, so there was no problem. But their population increased so there was not food enough for them there; they started coming down.
Now, in India there is a problem -- the cow is a holy animal, the holy mother, so Hindus are against killing them. The parliament was thinking to kill all these cows which were coming to the plains, to just shoot them; there seemed to be no other way. But the Hindus were against that. They said, "You cannot kill our cows. If you kill our cows then there will be immense trouble" -- and there would have been immense trouble. "They are our mothers."
But one man, a very intelligent man, Doctor Babasaheb Ambedkar..

.. He was a sudra, an untouchable and he was against the Hindus. He was a Hindu, but the lowest, so he was continually trying his hardest: either the sudras should become Mohammedans or they should become Christians, but they should not remain Hindus; because what is the point? -- you live in a society, you are part of a society, and the society treats you absolutely inhumanly. And this

treatment has continued for five thousand years.
The sudra cannot read any Hindu scripture. He cannot even hear somebody reciting it. If a sudra hears it, he will be punished -- he has heard the holy word. The holy word becomes unholy because a sudra has heard it!
Doctor Ambedkar, just by his sheer intelligence, became a world authority on law. He suggested a simple solution: change the name of the cow; call it a blue horse, drop calling it blue cow. And that worked.
A bill came against the blue horse. No Hindu bothered; who bothers about horses? They are nobody's fathers -- blue horses? Nobody bothered about who were these blue horses. Blue horses were shot, killed; and it was only after everything was finished that it was realized that these were the blue cows. But it was too late, and now what to do? They were dead already. Just by changing a little word!
In this paradox of Bertrand Russell's there is nothing much. The catalogue is a list, it is not a book.

And the list cannot contain itself because it is a list of books. And the final, the master list can also be very simple. The master list cannot be included in the list itself because that list is not of master lists, it is of ordinary lists. How can a master list be included in an ordinary list? When you make a list of master lists of all the world libraries, then of course it will go into it. But then the super-master list will be left out. Something has to remain left out. There is no problem, no paradox in it; it is just jugglery of words.
In my commune you have to remain rebels.
Of course you won't have enough chances to use your rebellion -- that's the whole purpose of the commune. You have used your rebellion, your chance to rebel against the orthodoxy; now we will not give you any chances. And you should remain alert that no chances are given that you have to rebel against anything.
In a commune of rebels, every rebel is a guardian, a guard, of the rebellious spirit.
And remember, I am using the words rebellious spirit.
It is not a question of action. Action is needed only when something goes against the spirit.
So whenever anything in the commune goes against the rebellious spirit, destroy it, rebel against!
And you are not going against the commune:
You are saving the commune, the commune of the rebels.

You are saving the rebellious spirit.

THE END.

Question 1
OSHO,
YOU HAVE BEEN PRAISING REBELS, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SO FAR REBELLION HAS CHANGED SITUATIONS ONLY FOR THE WORSE. IS IT NOT BETTER SIMPLY TO ACCEPT WHAT IS? ALSO IT SEEMS THAT WHATEVER HAPPENS, THE EVIL IN THE WORLD BECOMES MORE POWERFUL, MORE CREATIVE. CAN YOU COMMENT?

REBELLION has not happened yet. What has happened s revolution. And you are in a deep misunderstanding of the differences between the two.

Revolution certainly has made things worse, for the simple reason that revolution has to use the same tactics which the older society was using. Not only does it have to use the same tactics, it has to use them more powerfully; only then can it succeed.
For example, in the Russian revolution the czar was one of the greatest violent powers in the world. Now, to revolt against the czar you were compelled to be more violent than he was -- the logic is simple. Hence the communist party trained itself in a far superior way, almost as militia. The czar and his regime could be destroyed because it was clashing with a bigger violent force.
You have to understand the whole extent of the logic of violence. The people who have come Into power through violence, as they did in Russia -- once they are in power, do you think they will suddenly become nonviolent? Their whole training, their whole mind is full of violence, and that violence has been their success.

You cannot drop it. Dropping it will mean betraying the revolution, losing the success that was yours.
Moreover, the people who have come into power through violence are bound to be violent against each other, because there will be a struggle for power in the inner circle of the communist party. Whoever proves to be more violent, more cunning, more inhuman, will become the most powerful man.
That's how Joseph Stallin became the greatest dictator the world has ever known. He w as a nobody in violence as far as the revolution was concerned: he was not even a significant figure, not even a national leader. He belonged to a very backward part of Russia, the Caucasus. And he was not included among the ten most important people who ruled the party and the whole country; he was only the general secretary of the communist party's organization. But he had seen how violence succeeds.
He had seen -- before his eyes -- the world's greatest empire evaporating through violence. He had seen and realized that nothing works except violence, cunningness, cruelty. He learned a great lesson. And he started using the same things in the inner party circles.
It is a well-known fact -- although there is no way to say whether it is true or not, but every possibility is that it is true -- that Lenin was poisoned by Joseph Stalin. Stalin controlled the organization of the party, and he controlled the care that Lenin needed -- lenin was getting old, he was sick.

Lenin's wife, Krupskaya, was very much against Joseph Stalin being around Lenin, but she was helpless; she could not do anything. All orders were going through the general secretary: the doctors, the nurses, the medicines -- everything was decided by him. And Lenin was poisoned very slowly, very slowly, over a two-year period. So slowly slowly, as Lenin became more and more close to death, power started moving into the hands of Joseph Stalin. Whatever he wanted to be signed, he managed to have signed by Lenin.
Lenin, in the last stages, was not even fully conscious -- just conscious enough to sign, to say yes or no; otherwise he was in a cloudy state of consciousness, paralyzed. And in two years of continuous poisoning, his brain must have dwindled down. And he had to depend on Joseph Stalin because Stalin had broken all the bridges between Lenin and the other nine great leaders of the communist party. He was the only bridge.
The reason was given that Lenin needed absolute rest; no crowd, no problems. And he had the signed paper from Lenin that "all authority is given to Joseph Stalin to decide on my behalf" As Lenin died, Joseph Stalin started throwing out important figures one by one.
He was really clever. To fight with nine important leaders of the revolution would

have been difficult. He tried a simple political method; he would manage to set eight against one.

He would create, invent situations in which that one man was caught. And the other eight were great leaders. They were not interested in that one man, but they never knew that this was the way that it was going to happen to all of them.

Within five years almost all the most important people -- Zinovyev, Kamenev -- were killed, murdered. A few escaped from the country just out of fear. Those who remained understood perfectly well that they had to be supporters of Joseph Stalin if they wanted to live. They supported him, they lived -- but they lived as nobodies. Joseph Stalin became sole and whole dictator of the great land, one-sixth of the whole world.

But one violence leads to another violence, there is no end to it -- just as one lie leads to another lie and there is no end to it. This is one of the indications of evil. One evil always leads to another evil, then another evil, and you are caught in a vicious circle. If you don't create another evil your first evil will be exposed. Just to keep it hidden you have to go on continually creating more clouds of evil around it.

Stalin slaughtered almost one million people in Soviet Russia -- because these nine leaders were not all, there were also provincial leaders. Russia is a big country, spreading from one corner of Europe to almost the other corner of Asia; it is a vast continent. He had to kill thousands of provincial leaders.

This was called purification of the party. He said that these people were really of the bourgeoisie, their minds were capitalistic: "And unless they are finished the country is not safe. The enemy is within -- we can fight with the enemy outside, but if the enemy is within, then it will become impossible to fight with the outside enemy."

And of course there were enemies outside, because all capitalist countries wanted to destroy Russia. So Joseph Stalin had a good argument: If you want to survive, then you have to be absolutely one. No other voice -- one single leader." And the people had to submit to it.

The people who had made the revolution were finished by the revolution itself. And the people who came into power after the revolution were not the revolutionaries. They were bureaucrats who knew the methods of bureaucracy and who were capable of becoming slaves of Joseph Stalin.

Sixty years have passed, but the same situation continues -- the fear of the outside world. In Russia they go on magnifying it: the whole world is determined to destroy you, and your only possible way to survive is to remain absolutely committed to the party line. No disagreement is allowed. The whole country has to believe whatsoever comes out of the high command from the Kremlin.

The people who had thought of the revolution, the people who had for decades prepared for the revolution.

.. this was not the revolution that they were preparing for -- that the whole country would become a concentration camp, that everybody would be a prisoner.

In India, when freedom came, one of the most important Urdu poets, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, wrote a beautiful song. In the song he says, "This is not the morning for which we have been working hard, sacrificing everything, suffering every humiliation. This is not that morning. This is not the morning of our dreams. This is not that freedom.

"Nothing has changed, only the rulers are different. The jailers have changed, the

jail is the same. What difference does it make to the prisoner who is the jailer? The rules are the same; in fact, they are more strict now."
Obviously, because this jailer had been a prisoner... now he has become the jailer and he knows how prisoners can overthrow him: he will not leave any loopholes. He knows the way he became the jailer from being a prisoner; now he will break all the bridges so nobody else can take his place.
The new rulers are always more dangerous than the old rulers. Old rulers become relaxed, they start taking it for granted that they are rulers. They are not so alert, they need not be. The new rulers cannot afford that kind of taking-for-grantedness. They know that they can be thrown out. They have thrown others out, and what they have done can be done to them.

For sixty years in Russia the prison has become more and more destructive of humanity, individuality, freedom.
The questioner is right: no revolution has helped -- but please don't call a revolution a rebellion. There is tremendous difference.
Revolutions have been happening down through history.
Rebellion has not happened yet.
And why have revolutions failed? They have failed because they had to use the same methods to throw out the old society, the old civilization, the old sovereignty. They had to use the same methods, there were no other methods -- and slowly slowly they became the same as the old.
Now Joseph Stalin became nothing but a stronger czar than any czar. The strongest and the cruelest czar in Russian history was Ivan the Terrible, but Ivan the Terrible is just Ivan the Pygmy if you compare him with Joseph Stalin. He stands nowhere -- and he was the strongest and the cruelest and the worst czar Russia had seen. That's why he is called "the terrible." But Stalin was a millionfold more terrible -- and more scientifically terrible, technologically terrible. There was no way to escape the grip of Stalin.
But this is bound to happen.... In India I have seen the Gandhian revolution. Gandhi was aware of the fact that if the revolution became violent then its fate would be the same as that of other revolutions.

Revolutionaries, once they are in power, prove to be worse rulers than anybody else. So Gandhi tried to make the revolution non-violent; but he was not aware of many other implications. It was not only the violence, it was also the power.
When a man who has never known power comes into power, he is no longer the same man. It is just as if a beggar suddenly finds a winning lottery ticket in his name. Do you think he is the same man? Yes, he looks the same, but he is no longer the same man.
Leo Tolstoy has a beautiful story. A poor shoemaker becomes interested in becoming rich -- who does not? How long is he going to just go on making shoes for others? Just by making shoes he is not going to become rich, that much is certain; he has to find some quick way. So he starts purchasing a lottery ticket... every month he saves enough money to purchase at least one ticket.
This went on for almost twenty years. He even forgot why he went on purchasing them; it became a habit, an obsession. But one day what happened was, a big limousine came to the poor man's shop, and a man greeted him with suitcases full of notes. The man said, "You have won the lottery."
The shoemaker could not believe it. He said, "What are you saying? I have won the lottery? I have been purchasing tickets for twenty years, and it has never happened. Are you sure?"
The man said, "I am absolutely sure.

You just show me your ticket number. Yes, you have won the lottery!"
What happened to the poor man? He immediately locked the shop and threw the keys into the well -- because now what was the use of those keys and that shop? -- and he took the suitcases full of notes to his house.
In one year's time, he wasted all the money: prostitutes, alcohol, gambling -- whatever was possible, whatever money could do -- he did everything. But after one year, when he opened the suitcase, all the notes were gone.
He looked in the mirror -- that whole year he had been so engaged he hadn't even looked in the mirror. There had been so much to do, and so much money; he had been perhaps the busiest person in the whole world. When he looked in the mirror he could not believe that it was he, because he had grown at least ten years older in just one year. Money does that too.
He had wasted himself. He looked sick, but he had never been sick. He was a healthy man, but now with alcohol and prostitutes and gambling -- with all that together -- he looked as if he was just going to die within a few days. He said, "My God, what have I done?"
He went to the well and jumped in to try to find his keys, because again the shop had to be opened, tomorrow morning. The next morning he opened the shop. People were puzzled; they said, "For one year you were not even seen here."

He said, "Seen here?... Paris, London, New York -- I don't know where I have been, what I have been doing, but that year was one hell of a year. I have never suffered so much before. Now I am not going to purchase another lottery ticket."
But when the first day of the month came, just out of old habit he said, "Who is going to win that lottery again? Such things happen only once in a great while." He purchased the ticket, hoping that he would not win, because he didn't want to win, but old habit....
Just try to see how the human mind functions. You don't want to do it, and still you go on doing it. You have been taking oaths, "I am not going to do it again." And you know, even when you are taking the oath, that you have been taking such oaths your whole life, and breaking them. And you know that this time too you will break it when the time comes.
A drunkard says, "In the name of God -- I touch THE BIBLE -- I say 'I will never drink again.'" But he knows even then that he has done this before. And tomorrow when the time comes then he will forget everything -- all oaths, all God, all Jesus, all THE BIBLE -- and he will say, "Such things people go on doing, and what harm have all those oaths that I have taken and broken done to me? One more will not make much difference." He drinks, and while he is drinking he is thinking that it is not good. It is bad, it is meaningless, he is simply destroying himself.

He does not enjoy it either.
You have to understand man's duality. He does not enjoy something, he does not want to do it, but still he goes on doing it just like a robot.
And the miracle of miracles was that in the first month when the shoemaker purchased the ticket he won the lottery again! And when that limousine came, he said, "My God, don't do it to me again!" But why are you saying this to God? You need not do it again. But he knows that is not possible. He won the lottery, and when the suitcases came again, he did the same that he had done before, saying, "What am I doing? This is not right."
Saying all this, he locked the door of his shop, threw the keys into the well and took the suitcases, saying continuously, "This is not right. I should not be doing it because this time these suitcases are not going to leave me alive. Last time what did they do? They almost finished me! And what kind of cruel God is this? He

won't let me rest for even one month. Again I have to go to Paris, to London, to New York -- and who knows where and what kinds of things I will have to do again."
Gandhi was not aware of one thing -- that power changes people.
Power brings out the worst that is in people.
Everybody carries that power to do evil -- the will, the seed -- but the opportunity is not there, it is only a potential. When power really comes into your hands then all your hidden devils start raising their heads and asking you, "Now is the time, do it; otherwise who knows whether next time you will get the power or not."

The people with Lenin were all violent people, so it is not surprising that the most violent of them did what he did. It seems to be absolutely logical. But the people who were with Gandhi were not violent people, as far as their surface was concerned, as far as their persona was concerned -- they were not violent people.

Nobody could have thought that these people would turn violent, would exploit the country in every possible way. These people were servants of the people; they had lived a life of sacrifice, they had renounced their money, their families, their comforts, and they had suffered all kinds of punishments, imprisonments, beatings. Nobody could have thought....
These were the people whom Gandhi had trusted. And there was apparent reason to trust, because when British government soldiers were beating them, Gandhi's instructions were, "You are not to retaliate, you have just to stand here. Let them kill you, but no violence from your side should be possible" -- and thousands of people behaved in that way.
The British government was in great confusion -- no government has ever been in such confusion. If these revolutionaries had been using violent methods, then there would have been no problem; the British government could have crushed them immediately, shot them all. There would have been no problem -- they were a nuisance, violent, they deserved it.

But these people had not done any violence, had not been a nuisance to anybody. In fact what they were doing were strange things which no revolutionary had ever done. Standing before the governor's house they were reciting form the GITA, reading from THE BIBLE, quoting Jesus; saying prayers from the Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans -- prayers from all these religions they were reciting. Now what to do with these people?
Even the cruelest person would have a second thought: "To shoot these people does not seem to be the right measure." But there was nobody to tell idiots like Winston Churchill, "When revolutionaries are using new methods, why don't you use new methods? Let them recite from THE BIBLE -- your soldiers can also recite from THE BIBLE! What is the problem? You recite loudly! They cannot take over the government by reciting THE BIBLE -- let them recite. You participate, it is good. Let all government people also join them in reciting, and let them be puzzled.
If I had been in Winston Churchill's place that's what I would have done. No non-violent revolutionary has to be sent to jail; this is absolutely ugly. He should not be beaten -- for what? If he is praying, you join in; prayer is a good thing. And invite him: "Come every day. We had forgotten to do our prayers, you have reminded us. Come every day!" Treat them well, offer them a cup of coffee or tea, some sweets to take home for their children.

That would have been the right answer; but in that hollow head of Winston Churchill's it was impossible to have such an insight -- such a simple thing. He started doing what was absolutely unnecessary, which destroyed the British Empire. It was not Gandhi, it was the stupidity of the British Empire itself.
If you confront people who are non-violent with bullets, you cannot survive. The whole world's sympathy was with Gandhi and his revolution; even in Britain the sympathy of British people was with Gandhi. Anybody who has a little sense and humanity -- his sympathy will be with these poor people who are not doing any harm, whom you are shooting, killing... and killing in such a horrible way.
In Punjab there was a place, Jalianwala Baug -- a public park, walled, with only one door. It was a secluded place for large meetings; one hundred thousand people could be seated. There was going to be a meeting of non-violent people, with not even a staff in their hands -- and these were not people who were nonviolent by nature or by tradition. Punjabis, Sikhs... even the Sikh religion says that every Sikh should carry a sword with him -- that is essential. That is part of his religion, he does not need any license.
Even in countries like India where you cannot carry a weapon without a license, the Sikh carries a weapon because it is a question of his religion.

And you cannot hurt anybody's religious feelings -- although it is not such a religious feeling at all. Carrying a sword? -- you can kill anybody. This is not a religious thing.
But the Sikh religion makes it a point, and the British government had been allowing them for three hundred years, so there was a precedent. For three hundred years they had not been prevented; to prevent them now would make them unnecessarily angry. It is better to let them carry their swords.
In Jalianwala Baug most of the people were Sikhs, but because they followed Gandhi they had not brought their swords. Gandhi had said, "No weapons, not even a staff, not even a bamboo should you carry; you should be absolutely unarmed. And let them kill. How many unarmed people can they kill? Let us see how far they can go in inhumanity."
There were one hundred thousand people, and the British government attacked them unnecessarily -- because they were doing nothing; they were just saying prayers and asking God to make the country free. Now, there is no problem in that.
You can ask God not to make the country free -- what is the problem? If they are asking God, you ask God too. You have all the churches and all the priests: let all of them ask God not to make the country free. If it is a question of a fight in prayers, do it in prayers. But they sent General Dyer, a very cruel man, with machine guns and the army.

You can imagine that situation: one door, General Dyer with machine guns at the door, high walls which you cannot climb -- and he started shooting. He killed thousands of people -- children, women, old people -- for no reason. But it created a world uproar. The British government even had to call General Dyer back to England. They had to appoint a special judge to inquire into the case, just for show, because the sympathy was with the Indian revolutionaries: something had to be done.
The responsibility had to be thrown on General Dyer, and he said, "It is none of my responsibility. I received the order from the governor-general, and I am simply a soldier. What can I do except follow the order? And if you want an investigation, then investigate the governor-general. And I know perfectly well that he received the order from Winston Churchill, the prime minister. From

nowhere else could he receive the order." But who listens to a poor general? The investigation continued.
That's how government investigations go on: they continue for a few years, and by that time people forget all about what the matter was, who did it, what happened. So many things have happened since, so many other investigations are going on. Finally the report comes; and the report is all in legal jargon, and nobody knows what the result is. Government investigations never come to any conclusion.

No punishment was given to General Dyer. In fact with what face could the British government punish General Dyer? Yes, he was retired with good arrangements for his future life. This is not a punishment, this is a reward.
These people stood before the machine guns barehanded, opened their shirt fronts, and told the soldiers, "You kill as many as you can, because anyway, living in slavery is worse than death." Finally the British government caved in.
Gandhi had never thought.... These people -- trusted, well-known for years to be absolutely nonviolent, not power-hungry-suddenly changed. When the revolution succeeded and these people came into power they started doing the same things that the British government had been doing. Now they were shooting communists, they were shooting socialists. They forgot completely about non-violence.
What to say about them; you will be surprised to know that even Mahatma Gandhi forgot all about nonviolence. He was asked by an American writer, Louis Fisher, who was writing Gandhi's biography -- it is one of the most beautiful biographies of Gandhi -- he asked Gandhi, "You are talking about non-violence, but if the country becomes independent, are you going to have armies or not?"
Gandhi said, "The answer is obvious. The moment the country is free, there will be no armies."
Louis Fisher asked, "If somebody attacks the country -- because you have been attacked for two thousand years.

... Even with armies and every way to protect yourself, you have been attacked for two thousand years continually, and you have been enslaved again and again. What will happen when you dissolve the armies and throw your arms in the ocean? Then from all around the borders of your country people will rush in. What will you do?"
Gandhi said, "We will welcome them, tell them, 'If you don't have a place in your country, we have enough -- you can come here. Even if we don't have enough, we will share what we have. Live with us.'"
Louis Fisher persisted. He said, "Times have changed. People may not be coming directly, they may be bombing you from the air. What will you do then? -- because there will be no encounter face-to-face to talk."
Gandhi said, "I believe in God and I believe in the soul. We will stand in the open looking upwards, praying that if this is the will of God then we submit to it. But we will pray to God to change the heart of these people who have come to bomb us." Now, this is the man before the revolution -- not much before, just ten years before.
When the revolution succeeded, and Pakistan attacked Indian territory in Kashmir, the prime minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru told Gandhi, "We have to send forces, and you have to bless our forces" -- and Gandhi blessed the forces. Three planes flew over the place where he used to stay in Delhi; he came out into the garden and blessed the planes.

Those were the first planes to attack, and then the army followed.
Now, what happened to this man? Armies were going to be destroyed and he was coming outside to pray to God -- to bless the planes carrying bombs to be dropped on the same people who just a few days before were a part of India. They WERE Indian; but now, on the map, the color has changed, a new line has been drawn. These people are no longer Indians, they are Pakistanis.
Power has its own ways to destroy you.
It destroyed even the non-violent revolutionaries, it destroyed even the non-violent leader. Nobody bothers about it, how Gandhi can still be accepted as non-violent. In his crucial moment he failed. He could not say to Jawaharlal, "Dissolve the armies and let Pakistan come -- they are our people. Let them conquer us, what is the problem? The country was one before, it will be one again. It may not be called India, it may be called Pakistan -- just words."
If I was in his place I would simply have said that.... If that were my philosophy, non-violence -- it is not my philosophy, but if it were my philosophy then I would have gone to the logical conclusion; it is simple. "You all wanted one country and those poor Pakistanis are trying to make it one again; let them do it, help them. The only difference will be, before, if it had remained one it would have been called India.

What difference does it make if now it will be called Pakistan -- which is a far more beautiful word."Pakistan means "the holy land." India is a meaningless word. It was just because the Persians who came to conquer India had no letter for "s" in their language in their alphabet, so the river Sindu they called Hindu, the closest to "s" was "H" -- in their language they can come closest to "s" through "H." So when they crossed the river Sindu, which is the border of India, they called it Hindu, and the land that lies beyond they called Hind.
When the word Hind started moving from Persia into other languages, by the time it reached Rome it became "Ind," and from "Ind" comes the English word India. It is absolutely meaningless; just because Persian does not have the letter "s," that's why it is called India otherwise there is no reason.
Pakistan is a beautiful word. I would have loved and welcomed them. Yes, the country would be Pakistan, their flag would be there -- but what is wrong in it? Their flag is also beautiful -- a green flag, with a star and the moon. It is a beautiful flag, there is nothing wrong in it. The color is good, the symbol is beautiful.
What difference does it make? Perhaps they may have forced Hindus to become Mohammedans -- so what! You have been Hindus for thousands of years, what have you done? Just for a change it is perfectly good.

Be Mohammedans! Rather than them converting you, you allow them; you say, "Please convert us." And then be Mohammedans, and you will be the majority; you will vote in the country, rule the country. It is so simple. Go non-violent the whole way.
If all the Hindus become Mohammedans, who is going to rule the country? These Hindus will still rule the country -- because they are the majority, they are the most educated, they are the most cultured -- and with no problem. And the people who would have attacked them would have been known in history as the greatest idiots.
But even Gandhi could not manage to have the courage to say to Jawaharlal, "This is not right -- this is against our philosophy." No, when power comes in your hands, you think in terms of power, politics, you don't think in terms of philosophy.
Yes, revolutions have all failed.
By their very nature they cannot succeed; hence, I am not for revolutions.

You ask me: when all revolutions have made things worse, why should we not let things be as they are? You don't understand -- that's what rebellion is: let things be as they are, don't disturb. Let nature take its own course. That's what I mean by rebellion.
A rebellious person does not waste his energy in fighting with this and that. I have never been fighting with anything -- arguing against somebody is not fighting.

I enjoy it! I enjoy it so much that many times I forget that I am arguing against myself. To me it is just a game. But I have not been rebelling in any destructive way. And I have not told you to destroy anything, or to destroy the society, or to destroy the government.
I have been telling you, just collect your whole energy from all the sources where you have it involved, and enjoy.
Bring your whole energy to this moment and let things be as they are.
Just the other day Sheela was asking me... she is puzzled, in great anxiety -- it is natural because she has to think of the whole commune -- because the world, economy is going to collapse any day. That is certain, it Is going to collapse.
The dollar goes on rising every day. When I was in India a dollar was worth seven and a half rupees by government rates. From seven to twenty-two... the dollar has become three times more valuable, or, the rupee has lost so much value that it is only one third of its original value. The same is true about all other currencies in the world, because they are all connected
The Australian dollar used to be costlier than the American dollar; even the Australian dollar has gone down below the American dollar. The American dollar is going higher and higher. Our people, who come from all over the world for the festival, are feeling in a great difficulty because this time they will have to arrange at least four times more money to participate because the dollar costs four times more.

This cannot go on forever -- economically there is a limit to everything. At a certain moment the dollar will collapse.
That's how it happened in 1930; first the dollar went higher and higher and higher.... But you cannot go higher forever; where you will go? It went so high that in China just to purchase a single packet of cigarettes you had to carry a bag full of notes. In Germany people were using notes for burning, to make a cup of tea. The notes had lost all value. Even wood was costlier, so it was better to burn the notes themselves.
But this kind of situation cannot last forever. When all the world was in such a turmoil, naturally other countries all disconnected from the dollar; then the dollar flopped. And thousands of people, millionaires committed suicide in America in 1930.
Wall Street became the greatest suicidal point. People were simply jumping from buildings because all was lost. Just a few minutes before they were worth millions of dollars; a few seconds later they were paupers -- and they could not accept that. They would rather jump from a thirty-story building and finish themselves.
This situation can come again, because that's how it had come before: slowly slowly the dollar goes higher.... If President Reagan has any sense it is time to stop the dollar going higher. But he is enjoying, because all Americans are enjoying: "President Reagan has proved a great president -- the dollar is going higher, American prestige is going higher, American money is going higher.

We are at the top!"
But those fools don't understand that sometimes when you fall from the top then only do you understand that those who were at the bottom were far more

fortunate because they could not fall. There was nowhere to fall, they were already sitting at the bottom. Only the people from the top fall.
If President Reagan has any sense... but I cannot conceive that he has that sense, because the whole euphoria in America will disappear. Right now he can do anything because the American feels in a euphoria; but soon the fall will come.
So Sheela was asking me what we have to do -- because once the fall comes we will be in trouble.
I said to her, "Don't be worried, let it come. Before it comes let us enjoy. What can you do?" She thought perhaps we could collect at least enough food for two or three years.
That would be dangerous. If you have food for two or three years collected here, then people all around will attack you because they will not have food, and you will have a three-year food reservoir with you. And when people are dying and hungry, they don't bother, they can do anything. So your food will become a magnetic pull for people.
It is better that whatever happens to the whole world happens to us. Why be worried? It is not only going to happen to us, it is going to happen to the whole world; so whenever it happens to the whole world it will happen to us.

We will not be in any worse condition than anybody else. We will be in a better condition than everybody else because at least we have a commune. Those people will be carrying their whole burden on their own heads, or on the head of a small family. We can share our joy. We can share our sadness. And the mathematics is: when you share joy it increases, when you share your sadness it decreases. We can share our bounty, we can share our poverty. We will not be in any way in more trouble than anybody else. And somehow the world survived 1930; it is going to survive this crisis too.
But who knows when it is going to happen? Perhaps it may not happen. A world war may begin before it. President Reagan may have a heart attack. If he has a heart then it is always possible to have a heart attack. If you don't have, only then are you secure. I suspect that he has, but who knows?
Even an artificial heart can fail; the battery can run down, anything is possible. So don't be worried about tomorrow. I told Sheela, "Don't be bothered about tomorrow. Today is enough unto itself. Enjoy, live, and we will see when tomorrow comes; whatever we can do, we will do."
That's what I mean by rebellion.
Not bothering about the future, that is the rebel's mind. If death comes, then it is okay; we have lived, there is no grudge. Only those who have not lived will feel grumpy when death comes.

We are living totally; if death comes it is perfectly good. Any time is the right time, it will find us ready. And we don't have much. You can keep your suitcases ready -- if death comes, you just take your suitcase. Or you can even fold your tent, saying, "It will just take ten minutes for me to fold this. I am bringing my tent, because with such a crowd going with you there may be trouble." We can bring our tents.
Those who have lived do not bother about death. It is only the people who have missed life who are continuously afraid of death.
So I told her, "You forget about it. This moment is enough to live, to do, to create. Next moment we will see. We will be there, and whatever will be possible we will do. And if nothing is possible then one can always die gracefully. Death is not an indignity."
Yes, you can live with indignity, then you will die also with indignity. You can live

without grace, then you will die also without grace.
Your death will be the culmination point of your life.
Live with dignity, live with joy, live with grace -- and death cannot be anything else.
It will be the very climax of your life.
This is my meaning of the rebel. We are not revolutionaries -- the very word is too orthodox. It is as old as anything else; you can find revolutionaries as far back as you can find human beings.

There have always been revolutionaries who have been changing society. And the questioner is right, that each time the revolution comes, things become worse.
They are bound to become worse for the simple reason that if you can throw a regime.... For example, if you can throw the regime of Adolf Hitler, then you have to be a slightly bigger Adolf Hitler; otherwise you cannot throw it. It is a very simple phenomenon.
Why could Adolf Hitler not be thrown out? Do you think efforts were not made? There were communists, there were socialists, there were democrats -- and the communist party was the most organized party in Germany. Adolf Hitler's success is simply the success of brutality. It will be helpful if you understand.
When he made his party, the Nazi party, there were only nineteen members. The communist party was the largest party with thousands of members. The old regimers was tottering. After the first world war, Germany had lost its nerve, it was no longer a strong nation. Every possibility was there that the communist party would take over. With nineteen people what could Adolf Hitler do? But he managed.
What did he do? He had a certain strategy. He would not allow anybody else's meeting to be arranged. For example, if a communist meeting was called, his nineteen people would be there among the crowd with weapons and tear gas bombs, and they would disturb the meeting.

And they would beat the audience who had just come to listen, who had nothing to do.... A great communist leader was going to speak; some in the audience were simply people who had come to listen to what he wanted to say. And they were beaten; somebody was killed and the meeting was a chaos.
Slowly it became clear that you could not attend a communist meeting. They had thousands of members, but this small group of criminals managed one thing: nobody else except them could hold a meeting without any disturbance. In their meeting there was no disturbance because they were the disturbers.
So when Adolf Hitler was having a meeting.... And people are addicts. There are political addicts -- if they don't go to a political meeting for a few days then something troubles them; they start feeling that something is missing.
Now, the socialist party, the communist party, democrats, liberals -- nobody can hold a meeting. The first program of Adolf Hitler was to make it clear to the whole country that the only man who could hold a meeting without any violence to the audience was Adolf Hitler. And he made it clear with a simple strategy. He was the only man who was in the news, who was on the media, because he was the only political leader who was being heard -- and thousands of people were coming to listen to him.
And those idiots -- socialists, communists, liberals, democrats -- could not even figure out his strategy.

It was such a simple strategy. They could not even figure it out why his meetings were not being disturbed. Who were the people who disturbed their meetings?

It was simple, there was no need to do any field work. Just sitting in your chair, in your room, you could have worked out that these were the people who were disturbing other people's meetings. Their meetings were not disturbed because those people were functioning in a conventional way. They had never thought that this would be a political strategy.
Then Adolf Hitler was the only speaker, Adolf Hitler was the only man in the news; the membership of the Nazi party started growing in leaps and bounds. Within two years he had thousands of followers -- and all the other parties were simply crushed. Before the election he managed it -- that there was no other party except the Nazi party. He came into power.
Now, if you want to throw Adolf Hitler out of power -- and he needs to be thrown out -- you cannot do it unless you go one step lower in humanity than him. Now, how is the revolution going to succeed?
If the revolution succeeds, that means a bigger Adolf Hitler succeeds. But that is the failure of the revolution, not the success. So it fails either way. Either you fail, then Adolf Hitler remains there; or you succeed, and you prove to be a bigger Adolf Hitler. Revolution fails in either case.

So it is true, revolutions have not helped, they have created worse conditions for people.
But rebellion has never been tried.
Revolution is a collective effort to overthrow the government.
Rebellion is individual.
It overthrows nobody; it simply dissolves the individual's hypocrisy.
The rebel drops his facade.
He is not against any regime, against any society. He is not bothered by all that nonsense. Those who are interested in that, let them do their work. The rebel is simply very self-oriented.
I have been condemned by many sources around the world because I teach people selfishness. Yes, I teach selfishness. It is not a condemnation, this is my whole philosophy. I teach you to be selfish because unselfishness has been taught for thousands of years and it has not helped anybody.
I teach you to be just self-oriented.
Drop all the rubbish that is in you.
Clean yourself and start living as if you are the first and the last man in the world.
The first, so that you don't have to carry the burden of the past, because there is no past. And the last, so that you need not worry about the future, about what will happen to your children. They will take care of themselves.
You think of yourself and live intensely at the innermost core of your being.
That's what rebellion is:
Let things be as they are.

But you are not a thing, you are a being:
Change yourself, transform yourself
THE END.